



EVANGELI २

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

*WITH 83 ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R A  
AND OTHER ARTISTS*



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE MASS.

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GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK

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# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

## Voices of the Night

1839

Ποτνια, ποτνια νύξ,  
υπνοδοτειρα των πολυπόνοι βροτῶι,  
ἐρεβόθεν ἰδι μολε μόλε καταπτερος

Αγαμεμόνιοι  
υπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὡς τε συμφορὰς  
διοιχόμεθ, οἰχομεθα

EURIPIDES

### PRELUDE

PLEASANT it was, when woods were  
green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs be-  
tween,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go,  
Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,

I

But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves  
Underneath whose sloping eaves,  
The shadows hardly move  
Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground,  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound —

II

A slumberous sound, a sound that  
brings

The feelings of a dream,  
As of innumerable wings,  
As when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream

And dreams of that which cannot die  
Bright visions came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie  
And gaze into the summer sky  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea,

Dreams that the soul of youth engender  
Ere Fancy has been quelled  
Old legends of the monkish page  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the ring of age,  
And chronicles of Eld

And, loving still these quaint old  
themes

Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams  
That, crossed by shades and sunny  
gleams

Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song

Therefore at Pentecost which brings  
The spring, clothed like a bride  
When nestling buds unfold their  
wings

And bishop's-caps have golden rings  
Musing upon many things  
I sought the woodlands wide

The green trees whispered low and  
mild

It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a  
child

And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
Still they looked at me and smiled  
As if I were a boy

And ever whispered mild and low  
"Come, be a child once more!  
And waved their long arms to and fro  
And beckoned solemnly and slow,  
Oh I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood  
Solemn and silent everywhere!  
Nature with folded hands seemed  
there,

Kneeling at her evening prayer!  
Like one in prayer I stood

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombre pines,  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine darted  
through,

Spread a vapour soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines

And falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low hispings of the summer rain  
Dropping on the ripened corn,  
As once upon the flower

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!  
Ye were so sweet and wild!  
And distant voices seemed to say  
'It cannot be! This pass away!  
Other themes demand thy lay  
Thou art no more a child!

'The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs,  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise  
Holy thoughts, like stars arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings

"Learn that henceforth thy song  
shall be

Not mount uns capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below

'There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds!  
A mighty river roars between  
And whoever looks therein  
Sees the heavens all hushed with sin,  
Sees not its depths nor bounds

'Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast,  
Our hopes like withered leaves, fall  
fast,  
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!  
We can return no more!'

Look then into thine heart, and  
write!

Yes into Life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight  
All solemn Voices of the Night  
That can soothe thee or affright —  
Be these henceforth thy theme

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Ἀστραση, τριλλιστος

I HEARD the triling garments of the  
Night  
Sweep through her marble halls !  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with  
light  
From the celestial walls !  
I felt her presence, by its spell of  
might,  
Stoop o'er me from above ,  
The calm, majestic presence of the  
Night,  
As of the one I love  
I heard the sounds of sorrow and  
delight  
The manifold soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the  
Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.  
From the cool cisterns of the mid-  
night air  
My spirit drank repose ,  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows  
there —  
From those deep cisterns flows  
O holy Night ! from thee I learn to  
bear  
What man has borne before !  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of  
Care,  
And they complain no more  
Peace ! Peace ! Orestes like I breathe  
this prayer !  
Descend with broad-winged flight  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for,  
the most fair,  
The best beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG  
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream !"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they  
seem  
Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ,  
But to rest, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day  
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and  
brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave  
In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !  
Trust no Future, how'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act — yet in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead  
Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ,  
Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again  
Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

WHEN the hours of Day are num-  
bered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ,  
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire light  
Dance upon the parlour wall ,  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door  
The beloved the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more ,  
He, the young and strong, who  
cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !



They the holy ones and weakly  
Who the cross of suffering bore  
Folded their pale hands so meekly  
Spoke with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beautiful,  
Who unto my youth was given  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes  
Like the stars so still and saint like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended  
Breathing from her lips of air

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is  
 Death  
 And with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a  
 breath  
 And the flowers that grow between  
 "Shall I have nought that is fur?  
 saith he,  
 ' Have nought but the bearded  
 grain?  
 Though the breath of these flowers is  
 sweet to me  
 I will give them all back again "

He gazed at the flowers with tearful  
 eyes  
 He kissed their drooping leaves,  
 It was for the Lord of Paradise  
 He bound them in his sheaves  
 My Lord has need of these flowerets  
 gay  
 The Reaper said, and smiled  
 " Dear tokens of the earth are thou,  
 Where he was once a child.  
 ' They shall all bloom in fields of  
 light,  
 Transplanted by my care  
 And saints, upon their garments white  
 ' These sacred blossoms wear '

And the mother gave, in tears and  
 pain,  
 The flowers she most did love,  
 She knew she should find them all  
 again  
 In the fields of light above  
 O not in cruelty not in wrath,  
 The Reaper came that day,  
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
 And took the flowers away

### THE LIGHT OF STARS

THE night is come but not too soon,  
 And sinking silently,  
 All silently, the little moon  
 Drops down behind the sky  
 There is no light in earth or heaven,  
 But the cold light of stars,  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars

Is it the tender star of love?  
 The star of love and dreams?  
 O no! from that blue tent above,  
 A hero's armour gleams  
 And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
 When I behold afar,  
 Suspended in the evening skies,  
 The shield of that red star  
 O star of strength! I see thee stand  
 And smile upon my pain,  
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
 And I am strong again  
 Within my breast there is no light,  
 But the cold light of stars,  
 I give the first watch of the night  
 To the red planet Mars  
 The star of the unconquered will,  
 He rises in my breast  
 Serene, and resolute and still,  
 And calm, and self-possessed  
 And thou too whosoever thou art,  
 That redest this brief psalm,  
 As one by one thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm  
 O fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know ere long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong

### THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous  
 tale,  
 Some legend strange and vague,  
 That a midnight host of spectres pale  
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague  
 Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
 With the wan moon overhead,  
 There stood as in an awful dream,  
 The army of the dead  
 White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
 The spectral camp was seen,  
 And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
 The river flowed between  
 No other voice nor sound was there,  
 No drum nor sentry's pace,  
 The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
 As clouds with clouds embrace  
 But, when the old cathedral bell,  
 Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
 The white pavilions rose and fell  
 On the alarmed air



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Down the broad valley, fast and far,  
The troubled army fled,  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of  
man

That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms, vast and  
wan,  
Beleaguer the human soul

Encamped beside Life's rushing  
In Fancy's misty light, [stream,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,

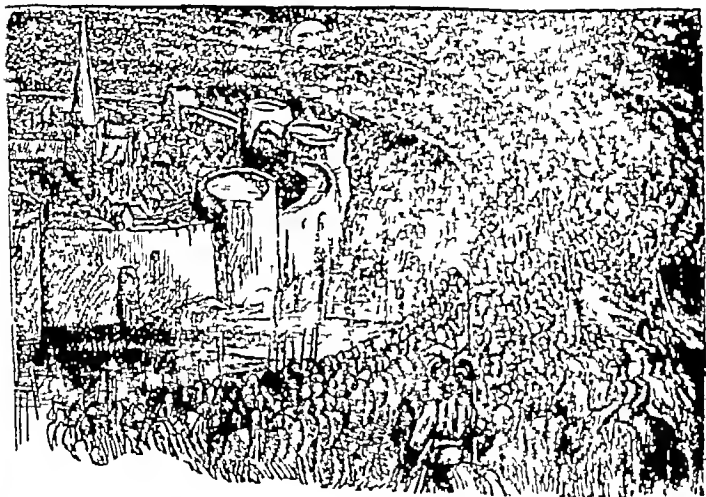
And, with a sorrowful deep sound  
Flows the River of Life between

No other voice, nor sound is there  
In the army of the grave,  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church  
bell

Entreats the soul to pray  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled,  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.



### FLOWERS

SPAKE full well in language quaint  
and olden

One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,

When he called the flowers, so blue  
and golden

Stars that in earth's firmament do  
—shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our  
history

As astrologers and seers of old,

Yet not wrapped about with awful  
mystery

Like the burning stars which they  
beheld

Wondrous truths and manifold as  
wondrous,

God hath written in those stars  
above,

But not less in the bright flowerets  
under us

Stands the revelation of his love.

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of  
ours,

Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth,—these  
golden flowers

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a  
part

Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and  
heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight  
shining,

Blossoms flaunting in the eye of  
day,

Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver  
lining,

Buds that open only to decay,

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous  
tissues,

Flaunting gaily in the golden light,  
Large desires, with most uncertain  
issues,

Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more  
than seeming,

Workings are they of the self-same  
powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers

Everywhere about us are they glow-  
ing,

Some like stars, to tell us Spring is  
born,

Others, their blue eyes with tears o'er-  
flowing,

Stand like Ruth amid the golden  
corn,

Not alone in Spring's armorial bear-  
ing,

And in Summer's green emblazoned  
field,

But in arms of brave old Autumn's  
wearing,

In the centre of his brazen shield,

Not alone in meadows and green  
alleys,

On the mountain-top, and by the  
brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland  
valleys,

Where the slaves of nature stoop  
to drink.

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast  
alone,

But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in  
stone,

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling  
towers,

Speaking of the Past unto the Present  
Tell us of the ancient Games of  
Flowers,

In all places, then, and in all seasons  
Flowers expand their light and  
soul like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive  
reasons,

How akin they are to human  
things

And with childlike, credulous affec-  
tion

We behold their tender buds ex-  
pand,

Emblems of our own great resurrec-  
tion,

Emblems of the bright and better  
land



### MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow,  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll,  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray—Pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers,  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year



Crowned with wild flowers and with  
heather  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer like a day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! O, the old man  
gry  
Loveth that ever soft voice,  
Gentle and low

To the crimson woods he saith —  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's  
breath —

"Pry do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead,  
Cold in his arms it lies,  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!

Then comes with an awful roar,  
Gathering and pouring on,  
The storm wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would the rains that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast  
There shall be a darker day  
And the stars from heaven down east,  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleison!  
Christe, eleison!

# INVOL

Yf voices that arose  
After the Evening's close  
And whispered to my restless heart  
repose!

Go breathe it in the ear  
Of all who doubt and fear  
And say to them Be of good  
cheer!

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
That in the groves of balm  
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more  
With the perpetual roar  
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost,  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death encamps !

## Earlier Poems.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MOST PART DURING MY COLLEGE LIFE, AND ALL  
OF THEM BEFORE THE AGE OF NINETEEN]

### AN APRIL DAY

When the warm sun that brings  
Seed time and harvest, has returned  
again,

Is sweet to visit the still wood, where  
springs

The first flower of the plum

I love the season well  
When forest glades are teeming with  
bright forms

Nor dark and many-folded clouds  
foretell

The coming-on of storms

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance and  
thrives,

Though stricken to the heart with  
Winter's cold,

The drooping tree revives

The softly warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and  
coloured wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that  
moves along

The forest openings

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green  
slope throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills  
And wide the upland glows

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, over-reaching  
far,

Is hollowed out, and the moon dips  
her horn

And twinkles many a star

Inverted in the tide,  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling  
shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by  
side,

And see themselves below

Sweet April!—many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are  
wed,

Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn  
brought

Life's golden fruit is shed

### AUTUMN

With what a glory comes and  
goes the year !

The buds of spring, those beautiful  
harbingers

Of sunny skies, and cloudless times,  
enjoy

Life's newness, and earth's garniture  
spread out

And when the silver habit of the  
clouds

Comes down upon the autumn sun,  
and with

A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His high inheritance of golden fruits

A pomp and pageant fill the splendid  
scene

There is a beautiful spirit breathing  
now

Its mellow richness on the clustered  
trees,

And, from a beaker, full of richest  
dies



Pouring new glory on the autumn woods	By the wayside a-weary	Through
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.	the trees	
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,	The golden robin moves.	The purple
Lifts up her purple wing and in the vales	finch	
The gentle wind, a sweet and pas- sionate wooer,	That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds	
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life	A winter bird, comes with its plain- tive whistle	
Within the solemn woods of ash deep- crimsoned,	And pecks by the witch hazel, whilst aloud	
And silver beech, and maple yellow- leaved	From cottage roofs the warbling blue- bird sings,	
Where Autumn like a faint old man, sits down	And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke, Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail	
	O what a glory doth this world put on	

I or him who, with a fervent heart,  
 goes forth  
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and  
 looks  
 On duties well performed, and days  
 well spent  
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow  
 leaves,  
 Shall have a voice and give him elo-  
 quent teachings.  
 He shall so hear the solemn hymn,  
 that Death  
 Has lifted up for all that he shall go  
 To his long resting place without a  
 tear

### HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PL-  
 IASKIS BANNER

When the dying flame of day  
 Through the charnel shot his ray  
 Far the glimmering tapers shed  
 Faint light on the cowed head,  
 And the censer burning swung,  
 Where, before the altar, hung  
 The blood red banner, that with  
 prayer  
 Had been consecrated there.  
 And the nun's sweet hymn was heard  
 the while  
 Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle

"Take thy banner! May it wave  
 Proudly o'er the good and brave,  
 When the battle's distant wail  
 Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
 When the clarion's music thrills  
 To the hearts of these lone hills  
 When the spear in conflict shakes,  
 And the strong lance shivering  
 breaks

"Take thy banner! and, beneath  
 The battle clouds encircling  
 wreath,  
 Guard it!—till our homes are  
 free!  
 Guard it!—God will prosper  
 thee!  
 In the dark and trying hour,  
 In the breaking forth of power,  
 In the rush of steeds and men,  
 His right hand will shield thee  
 then

'Take thy banner! But, when  
 night  
 Closes round the ghastly fight,  
 If the vanquished warrior bow,  
 Spare him!—By our holy vow,  
 By our prayers and many tears,  
 By the mercy that endears,  
 Spare him!—he our love hath  
 shared!  
 Spare him!—as thou wouldst be  
 spared!  
 "Take thy banner!—and if e'er  
 I thou shouldst press the soldier's  
 bier,  
 And the muffled drums should  
 beat  
 To the tread of mournful feet  
 Then this crimson flag shall be  
 Martial cloak and shroud for  
 thee"

The warrior took that banner proud,  
 And it was his martial cloak and  
 shroud!

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
 That dwells where'er the gentle south  
 wind blows,  
 Where, underneath the white-thorn,  
 in the glade,  
 The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing  
 the soft air,  
 The leaves above their sunny palms  
 outspread  
 With what a tender and impassioned  
 voice  
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of  
 thought  
 When the fast-ushering star of Morn-  
 ing comes  
 O'er-riding the gray hills with golden  
 scarf,  
 Or when the cowed and dusky-  
 sandaled Eve,  
 In mourning weeds, from out the  
 western gate,  
 Departs with silent pace! That  
 spirit moves  
 In the green valley, where the silver  
 brook,  
 From its full liver, pours the white  
 cascade,  
 And, babbling low amid the tangled  
 woods



Slips down through moss grown  
stones with endless laughter  
And frequent on the everlasting  
hills  
Its feet go forth when it doth wrap  
itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the  
storm  
And shouts the stern strong wind  
And here and  
The silent mystery of these deep  
woods  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts  
from earth  
As to the sunshine and the pure  
bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence  
gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet  
shades  
For them there was an eloquent voice  
in all

The sylvan pomp of woods the  
golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on  
its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and  
gentle wings,—  
The swelling upland, where the side-  
long sun [goes —  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening,  
Groves through whose broken roof  
the sky looks in  
Mountain and shattered cliff, and  
and sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains,—and  
mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that  
doth fill  
The world and in these wayward  
days of youth,

My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
 As a bright image of the light and  
 beauty  
 That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly  
 forms  
 We worship in our dreams, and the  
 soft hues  
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and  
 flush the clouds  
 When the sun sets Within her eye  
 The heaven of April, with its chang-  
 ing light,  
 And when it wears the blue of May, is  
 hung,  
 And on her lip the rich, red rose  
 Her hue  
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
 When twilight makes them brown,  
 and on her cheek  
 Blushes the richness of an autumn  
 sky,  
 With ever-shifting beauty Then her  
 breath,  
 It is so like the gentle air of spring,  
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers,  
 it comes  
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
 To have it round us,—and her silver  
 voice  
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
 Heard in the still night, with its  
 passionate cadence

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's  
 wide arch  
 Was glorious with the sun's returning  
 march,  
 And woods were brightened, and soft  
 gales  
 Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales  
 The clouds were far beneath me,—  
 bathed in light,  
 They gathered midway round the  
 wooded height,  
 And, in their fading glory, shone  
 Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
 As many a pinnacle, with shifting  
 glance,  
 Through the gray mist thrust up its  
 shattered lance  
 And rocking on the cliff was left  
 The dark pine blasted, bare, and  
 cleft  
 The veil of cloud was lifted, and  
 below

Glowed the rich valley, and the river's  
 flow  
 Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
 Or glistened in the white cascade,  
 Where upward, in the mellow blush  
 of day  
 The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral  
 way

I heard the distant waters dash,  
 I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
 And richly, by the blue lake's silver  
 beach,  
 The woods were bending with a silent  
 reach  
 Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
 The music of the village bell  
 Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills  
 And the wild horn, whose voice the  
 woodland fills,  
 Was ringing to the merry shout  
 That faint and far the glen sent out  
 Where, answering to the sudden shot,  
 thin smoke,  
 Through thick-leaved branches, from  
 the dingle broke

If thou art worn and hard beset  
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst  
 forget,  
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that  
 will keep  
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul  
 from sleep,  
 Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
 Dim the sweet look that Nature  
 wears

WOODS IN WINTER

WHEN Winter winds are piercing chill  
 And through the hawthorn blows  
 the gale,  
 With solemn feet I tread the hill  
 That overbrows the lonely vale  
 O'er the bare upland, and away  
 Through the long reach of desert  
 woods,  
 The embracing sunbeams chastely  
 play  
 And gladden these deep solitudes.  
 Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
 The summer vine in beauty clung,  
 And summer winds the stillness broke  
 The crystal icicle is hung





Where, from their frozen urns mute  
springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair  
scene  
When birds sang out their mellow  
And winds were soft, and woods were  
green  
And the song ceased not with the

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale desert woods! within your  
crowd,  
And gathering winds, in hoarse ac-  
cord  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your  
song  
I hear it in the opening year —  
I listen, and it cheers me long

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

On sunny slope and beechen swell  
The shadowed light of evening fell,  
And, where the maple's leaf was brown

With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of  
Around a far uplifted cone, [white  
In the warm blush of evening shone,  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening  
stirred

The tall gray forest, and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave

They sang that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior's head,  
But as the summer fruit decays  
So died he in those naked days

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid,  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads

Before, a dark haired virgin trun  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain,  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts and eyes of grief  
Leaving the war-horse of their chief

Stripped of his proud and martial  
dress,

Unurbed, unreined, and riderless  
With darting eye, and nostril spread  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came, and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd

They buried the dark chief—they  
freed

Beside the grave his battle steed  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing  
neigh

Arose—and on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again

Ballads

1842

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River clad in broken and corroded armour and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport generally known hitherto as the old Windmill though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rasin, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838-9 says—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante Gothic architecture and which, especially in the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century that style which some authors have from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon, and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch nor any approximation to it is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with old Northern architecture will concur THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERRECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies of course to the original building only and not to the alterations which it subsequently received, for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely

occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a windmill and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same effect may be referred the windows the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern.

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing for that it is nothing but a windmill? and nobody could mistake it but one who had the like in his head."

'SPEAK I speak I thou fearful guest I

Who with thy hollow breast  
Sull in rude urn our drest

Comest to haunt me I  
Wript not in Eastern balms

But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking nms

Why dost thou haunt me?

Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December,

And like the water's flow

Under December's snow

Came a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber

"I was a Viking old I

My deeds though manifold

No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee I

Take heed that in thy verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse

Else dread a dead man's curse I

For this I sought thee

"Far in the Northern land

By the wild Baltic's strand

I, with my childish hand

Tamed the ger falcon,

And with my skates fast bound

Skimmed the half frozen Sound

That the poor whimpering hound

Trembled to walk on

"Oft to his frozen lair

Tracked I the grisly bear

While from my path the hare

Fled like a shadow,

Oft through the forest dark

Followed the were wolf's bark

Until the soaring lark

Sang from the meadow

"But when I older grew,

Joining a corsair's crew,

O'er the dark sea I flew

With the marauders

Wild was the life we led

Many the souls that sped,

Many the hearts that bled,

By our stern orders.

' Many a vessel bent

Wore the long Winter out,

Often our midnight shout

Set the coals crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale

Measured in cups of ale

Drinking the oxen-pail,

Filled to overflowing

' Once as I told in gleam

Tales of the stormy sea

Soft eyes did gaze on me

Burning yet tender,

And as the white star shine

On the dark Norway pine

On that dark heart of mine

Tell their soft splendour

' I wooed the blue-eyed maid

Yielding yet half afraid

And in the forest's shade

Our vows were plighted

Under its loosened vest

I lured her little breast,

I lured her within their nest

By the hawk's flight

' Bright in her father's hall

Shields gleamed upon the wall,

Loud sang the minstrels all,

Chanting his glory,

When of old Hildebrand

I asked his daughter's hand,

Woe did the minstrels stand

To hear my story

' While the brown ale he quaffed

Loud then the champion laughed,

And as the wind gusts waft

The sea foam brightly,

So the loud laugh of scorn,

Out of those lips unshorn

I from the deep drinking horn

Blew the foam lightly

She was a Prince's child,

I but a Viking wild

And though she blushed and smiled,

I was discarded I

Should not the dove so white

Follow the sea mew's flight

Why did they leave that night

Her nest unguarded?

' Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she

Among the Norsemen I—  
When on the white sea strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen

" Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,

When the wind failed us,  
And with a sudden blow  
Came round the gusty blow,  
So that our foe we saw

Laugh as he hailed us

" And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death was the helmsman's hail,

Death without quarter I  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel,  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water I

" As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant  
Sucking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden

" Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o'er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward,  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward

" There lived we many years,  
Time dried the maiden's tears,  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother,  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies,  
Ne'er shall the sun arise  
On such another I

" Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen I  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful I  
In the vast forest here,  
Cling in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
O death was grateful I

" Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
My soul ascended I  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool!* to the Northland! *skool!* \*  
—Thus the tale ended

# THE LUCK OF EDENHALL. FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded and the "shards" of the Luck of Edenhall, still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland, and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

Of Edenhall the youthful Lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call,  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries, mid the drunken revellers  
all,  
" Now bring me the Luck of Eden-  
hall I "

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking glass of crystal tall,  
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord " This glass to  
praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal I "  
The graybeard with trembling hand  
obeys,  
A purple light shines over all,  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it  
light,  
" This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain Sprite,  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,  
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!* "

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should  
be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall I  
Deep draughts drink we right will-  
ingly,  
And willingly ring, with merry call,  
Kling! clang! to the Luck of Eden-  
hall I "

\* In Scandinavia this is the customary salu-  
tation when drinking a health. I have slightly  
changed the orthography of the word in order  
to preserve the correct pronunciation

First rings it deep and full and mild  
Like to the song of a nightingale,  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild,  
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,

The glorious Luck of Edenhall

"For its keeper takes a race of might  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall,  
It has lasted longer than is right,  
Klang! Klang!—with a harder blow  
than all

Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!

As the goblet ringing flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall,  
And through the rift the wild flames  
start,

The guests in dust are scattered all  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall

In storms the foe, with fire and  
sword,

He in the night had scaled the wall  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful  
Lord,

But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall

On the morrow the butler gropes  
alone,

The graybeard in the desert hall,  
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,  
He seeks in the dismal ruins fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall

'The stone wall, saith he, "doth fall  
aside,

Down must the stately columns fall,  
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride,  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,  
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea  
And the skipper had taken his little  
daughter,  
To bear him company

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn  
buds

That ope in the month of May

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth

And he watched how the veering flaw  
did blow

The smoke now West, now South

Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden  
ring

And to night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his  
pipe

And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,

A gale from the North-east,

The snow fell hissing in the brine,

And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote  
amain

The vessel in its strength

She shuddered and paused, like a  
frighted steed,

Then leaped her cable's length

Come hither! come hither! my little  
daughter,

And do not tremble so,

For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's  
coat

Against the stinging blast,

He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

'O father! I hear the church bells  
ring

O say what may it be?

'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound  
coast!

And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot  
live

In such an angry sea!"

'O father! I see a gleaming light,  
O say what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the  
gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes



Then the maiden clasped her hands  
and prayed  
That saved she might be,  
And she thought of Christ who stilled  
the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee

And fast through the midnight dark  
and drear, [snow,  
Through the whistling sleet and  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land,  
It was the sound of the trampling surf,  
On the rocks and the hard sea-  
sand

The breakers were right beneath her  
bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the  
crew  
Like icicles from her deck





Miscellaneous Poems.

1841, 1846, 1858

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands,  
The smith, a mighty man is he  
With large and sinewy hands,  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan,  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.



Week in week out, from morn till  
night

You can hear his bellows blow,  
You can hear him swing his heavy  
sledge,

With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door,  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys,  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir  
And makes his heart rejoice

It sounds to him like her mother's  
voice

Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies,  
And with his hard, rough hand he  
wipes

A tear out of his eyes

Toiling—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes,  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close!  
Something attempted something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks thanks to thee, my worth-  
friend

For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought,  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought

ENDYMION

THE rising moon has hid the stars,  
Her level rays, like golden bars  
Lie on the landscape green  
With shadows brown between

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low

On such a tranquil night as this  
She woke Endymion with a kiss

When, sleeping in the grove,  
He dreamed not of her love

Like Dinn's kiss, unasked unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought,  
Nor voice nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze

It comes—the beautiful the free,  
The crown of all humanity,—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one

It fits the boughs, whose shadows  
deep

Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him who slumbering lies

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so recursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own

Responds—as if, with un-seen wings  
An angel touched its quivering strings,  
And whispers in its song,  
"Where hast thou staved so  
long?"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRIZLER

A YOUTH, light hearted and content,  
I wander through the world,  
Here Arab-like is pitched my tent,  
And straight again is furled

Yet oft I dream that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked

I wake! Away that dream,—away!  
Too long did it remain!  
So long that both by night and day  
It ever comes again

The end lies ever in my thought,  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought,  
Then dropt the child asleep

But now the dream is wholly o'er  
I bathe mine eyes and see [more  
And wander thro' the world once  
A youth so light and free

Two locks—and they are wondrous  
Left me that vision mild, [fair—  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening red,  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead



### GODS-ACRE

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase  
which calls  
The burial-ground Gods Acre! It  
is just, [walls,  
It consecrates each grave within its  
And breathes a benison o'er the  
sleeping dust

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name  
imparts

Comfort to those, who in the grave  
have sown [their hearts,  
The seed that they had garnered in  
Their bread of life—alas! no more  
their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise  
again

At the great harvest, when the arch-  
angel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff  
and grain

Then shall the good stand in immortal  
bloom,

In the fair gardens of that second  
birth,  
And each bright blossom mingle its  
perfume

With that of flowers which never  
bloomed on earth

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,  
turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed  
we sow,  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human har-  
vests grow !

## IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

*No hay pájaros en los nidos de estaño*  
—Spanish Proverb

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear  
The darting swallows soar and sing  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue bird prophesying Spring  
So blue yon winding river flows  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind  
blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.  
All things are new —the buds the  
leaves  
That gild the elm trees nodding  
crest  
And even the nest beneath the eaves —  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !  
All things rejoice in youth and love  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night  
Maiden, that read st this simple rhyme  
Enjoy thy youth it will not stray,  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O, it is not always May !  
Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth  
To some good angel leave the rest,  
For Time will teach thee soon the  
truth  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !

## THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and  
dreary,  
It runs and the wind is never weary,  
The vine still clings to the mouldering  
wall  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall  
And the day is dark and dreary

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,  
It runs, and the wind is never weary,  
My thoughts still cling to the moulder-  
ing Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in  
the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repin-  
ing,  
Behind the clouds is the sun still  
shining,  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and  
dreary

## TO THE RIVER CHARLES

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows bright and  
free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !  
Four long years of mingled feeling  
Half in rest and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters sterling  
Onward like the stream of life  
Thou hast taught me Silent River !  
Many a lesson deep and long,  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
I can give thee but a song  
Oft in sadness and in illness  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me like a tide  
And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream  
Not for this alone I love thee  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.  
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide  
thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear  
More than this,—thy name reminds  
me  
Of three friends, all true and tried  
And that name like magic binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side

Friends my soul with joy remembers !  
How like quivering flames they  
start,

When I fan the living embers  
On the hearthstone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !  
That my spirit leans to thee,  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me

### BLIND BARTIMEUS

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates  
Of Jericho in darkness waits,  
He hears the crowd,—he hears a  
breath  
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth !"  
And calls in tones of agony,  
'Ιησοῦ, ἐλεησοί με'

The thronging multitudes increase,  
Blind Bartimeus hold thy peace !  
But still above the noisy crowd,  
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud  
Until they say, "He calleth thee !"  
Θαρσεῖ, ἔγειραι, ζῶντι σε'

Then saith the Christ as silent stands  
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my  
hands?"

And he replies, "O give me light !"  
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !  
And Jesus answers, Ὑπαγε  
Ἡ πίστις σοὶ σεσώκε σε'

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three  
'Ιησοῦ, ἐλεησοί με'  
Θαρσεῖ, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε !  
Ἡ πίστις σου σεσώκε σε'

### THE GOBLET OF LIFE

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim,  
And though my eyes with tears are  
dim,

I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow

No purple flowers,—no garlands  
green,  
Concern the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippo-  
crene,

Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-  
tween  
Thick leaves of mistletoe

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and  
crowned, [browned  
Whose seed and foliage sun in-  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore

It gave new strength and fearless  
mood,  
And gladiators fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness  
Nor prize the coloured waters less  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learnt to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live

The prayer of Ajax was for light,  
Through all that dark and desperate  
fight,

The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race

O suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !  
The Battle of our Life is brief, [hef,—  
The alarm—the struggle,—the re-  
Then sleep we side by side.



### MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !  
Thou whose looks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing with a timid glance  
On the brooklet's swift advance  
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream

Then why pause with undecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath  
snares!

Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June

Childhood is the bough, where  
slumbered

Birds and blossoms many-numbered,—  
Age, the bough with snows encum-  
bered

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows

Bear a lily in thy hand,  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal,

And that smile, like sunshine dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art

~~~~~

### EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad, his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its  
sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and  
bright,  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man  
said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and  
wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and  
rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine trees withered  
branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-  
night.  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

# Poems on Slavery.

1843

[The following Poems with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October I had not then heard of Dr Channing's death. Since that event the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

## TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING

Thy pages of thy book I read  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart responding ever said  
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold

At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's in the days of old  
Half battles for the free

Go on until this land retakes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice that cried  
To John in Patmos 'Write!

Write! and tell out this bloody tale  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,  
This dread Apocalypse.

## THE SLAVES DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand,  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand  
Again in the mist and shadow of sleep

He saw his Native Land  
Wide through the landscape of his dreams

The lordly Niger flowed,  
Beneath the palm trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road

He saw once more his dark eyed queen  
Among her children strud,  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks

They held him by the hand!—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank,  
His bridle reins were golden chains,  
And with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank

Before him, like a blood red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew,  
From morn till night he followed their flight

O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyæna scream  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds

Beside some hidden stream,  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,

Through the triumph of his dream  
The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty,  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud

With a voice so wild and free  
That he started in his sleep and smiled

At their tempestuous glee  
He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day,  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep

And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!



# THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay,  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay

Where will o'-the-wisps and glow-  
worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake,  
Where waving mosses shroud the  
pine, [vine  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous  
Is spotted like the snake,

Where hardly a human foot could  
pass,

Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green  
morass [grass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled  
Like a wild beast in his lair

A poor old slave, infirm and lame,  
Great scars deformed his face,

On his forehead he bore the brand of  
shame, [frame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled  
Were the livery of disgrace

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free,  
Like squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth,  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth!

## THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY  
She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,  
In valleys green and cool,  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love  
And thus she walks among her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes  
Subduing even rude village churls  
By her angelic looks

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One who came to save,  
To cast the captive's chains aside,  
And liberate the slave  
And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free,  
And musical as silver bells  
Their falling chains shall be  
And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity

For she was rich and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And laboured in her lands  
Long since, beyond the Southern sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she in meek humility  
Now earns her daily bread  
It is their prayers which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace,  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

### THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT

Loud he sang the Psalm of David !  
He a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free  
In that hour, when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear

Songs of triumph and ascriptions  
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion,  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison  
Sang of Christ the Lord ansen,  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But ah ! what holy ange,  
Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?  
And what earthquake's arm of might  
Breaks his dungeon gates at night ?

### THE WITNESSES

In Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Like skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of daws,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Flot ships with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave ship swims,  
Loaded with human forms,  
Who e fettered fleshless limbs,  
Are not the sport of storms

There are the bones of Slaves,  
They gleam from the abyss,  
They cry from wailing waves  
We are the Witnesses !

Within Earth's wide domains  
Are markets for men's lives  
Their necks are galled with chain  
Their wrists are cramped with  
gates

Dead bodies, that the Lite  
In deserts makes its prey,  
Murders that with affright  
Scare school-boys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds,  
Anger and lust, and pride  
The foulest rankest weeds  
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves,  
They glare from the abyss  
They cry, from unknown graves,  
" We are the Witnesses !

### THE QUADROON GIRL.

The Slave in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail,  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale

Under the shore his boat was tied  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator slide  
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange flowers and spice,  
Reached them from time to time,  
Like airs that breathe from Paradise  
Upon a world of crime

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,  
Smoked thoughtfully and slow,  
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,  
He seemed in haste to go

He said " My ship at anchor rides  
In vonder broad lagoon,  
I only wait the evening tides,  
And the rising of the moon "

Before them, with her face upraised,  
In timid attitude,  
Like one half curious, half amazed,  
A Quadroon maiden stood

Her eyes were large, and full of light,  
Her arms and neck were bare,  
No garment she wore save a kirtle  
bright

And her own long raven hair  
And on her lips there played a smile  
As holy, meek and faint  
As lights in some cathedral aisle  
The features of a saint

' The soil is barren —the firm is old,  
The thoughtful Planter said  
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,  
And then upon the maid

His heart within him was at strife  
With such recurring gains, [life  
For he knew whose passions gave her  
Whose blood ran in her veins

But the voice of nature was too weak  
He took the glittering gold  
Then pale as death grew the maiden's  
cheek

Her hands as icy cold

The Slaver led her from the door,  
He led her by the hand,  
To be his slave and paramour  
In a strange and distant land !

### THE WARNING

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who  
tore

The lion in his path,—when, poor  
and blind, [more,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven no  
Shorn of his noble strength and  
forced to grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A prisoner to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid  
His desperate hands, and in its  
overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him those  
who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe,  
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and  
jest of all,

Expired, and thousands perished in  
the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this  
land,

Shorn of his strength, and bound in  
bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise  
his hand [monweal,

And strike the pillars of this Com-  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish  
lies

## The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems.

1845.

### CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges

Then, with deep sonorous clangour  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air  
Save that footsteps here and t' ere

Of some burgner home returning  
By the street lamps faintly burning  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And sto'en marches of the night  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision  
Mingled with the fortune telling  
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges  
In the quaint old Flemish city

And I thought how like these chime  
Are the poet's airy ravines  
All his rhymes and roundels  
His conceits and songs and ditties  
From the belfry of his brain  
Scattered downward though in vain  
On the roofs and stones of cities  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear

And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies  
Till he hears or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous  
eyes

Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I as by night I lay  
In Bruges at the Fleur-de-Ble  
Listening with the wild delight  
To the chimes that through the night,  
Rang their changes from the belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city

### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt still it watches o'er the town.  
As the summer morn was breaking on that lofty tower I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness like the weeds of widowhood.  
Thick with towns and hamlets studded and with streams and vapours gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver round and vast the landscape lay  
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,  
Wreaths of snow white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost like, into air  
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower  
From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high,  
And the world beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky  
Then most musical and solemn bringing back the olden times  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,  
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir,  
And the great bell tolled among them like the chanting of a friar  
Visions of the days departed shadowy phantoms filled my brain,  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again  
All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip Giv de Dampierre.  
I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old,  
Stately dames like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.\*

\* Philippe de Bourgoigne, surnamed Le Bon, married Isabel of Portugal on the 10th of January 1380, and on the 11th instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep laden argosies,  
Ministers from twenty nations, more than royal pomp and ease.  
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground,  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound,  
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between  
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold,  
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.\*  
And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote,  
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat,  
Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,  
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land! †  
Then the sound of drums aroused me The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.  
Hours had passed away like minutes, and before I was aware  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun illumined square

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### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

THIS is the place Stand still, my  
Let me review the scene, [steed  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church  
with thee,

O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass,  
Between them and the moving boughs  
A shadow, thou didst pass

Thy dress was like the lilies  
And thy heart as pure as they  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,

The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!"  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn

Through the closed blinds the golden  
Poured in a dusty beam, [sun  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's flutter-  
ing leaves

That on the window lay

Long was the good man's sermon  
Yet it seemed not so to me,  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me,  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee

\* The Golden Dragon, taken from the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent, by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

† The inscription on the alarm bell at Ghent is "Mynen naem is Roland als ik liep is er brand, and als ik luyt is er victorie in het land" My name is Roland when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land

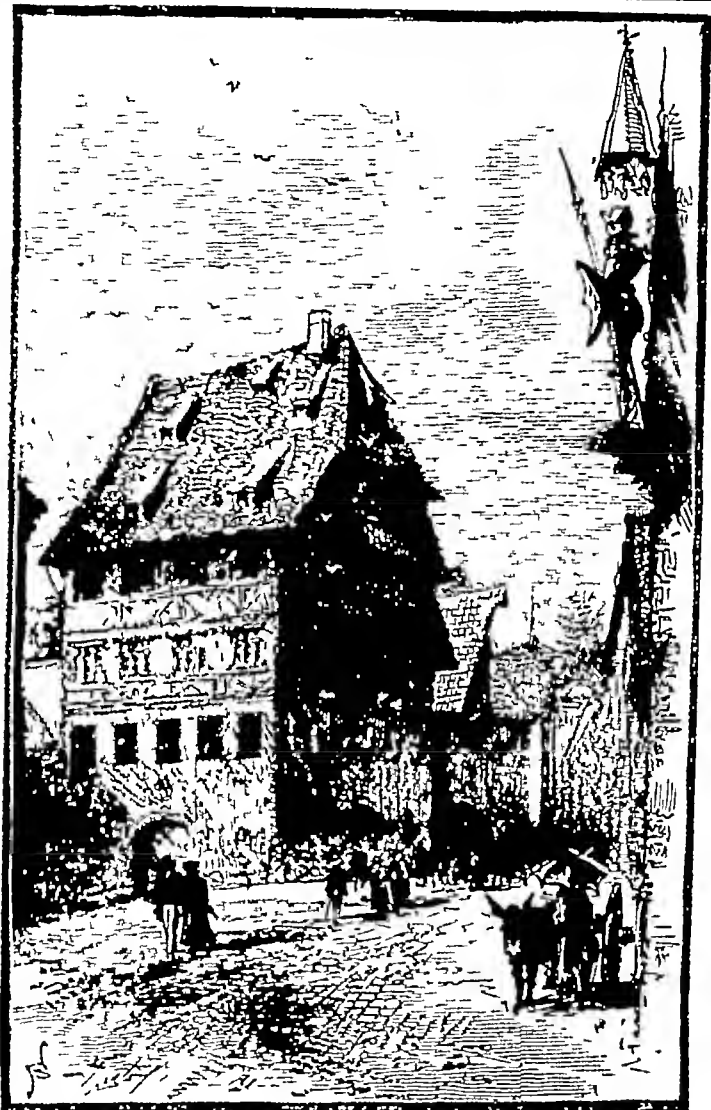
# IOANGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

But now, alas! the place seems  
Thou art no longer here [changed,  
Part of the sunshine of the scene  
With thee did disappear  
Though thoughts deep rooted in my  
heart,  
Like pine trees dark and high,

Subdue the light of noon, and breathe  
A low and ceaseless sigh,  
This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some cloud that near us  
hangs  
Shines on a distant field.

## NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz where across broad meadow-lands  
Pile the blue Franconian mountains Nuremberg the ancient, stands.  
Quaint old town of toil and traffic quaint old town of art and song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng,  
Memories of the Middle Ages when the emperors, rough and bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying centuries old,  
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,  
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.  
In the court yard of the castle bound with many an iron band,  
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand,  
On the square the oriel window where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.  
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart,  
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own  
In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust  
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust,  
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air  
Here when Art was still religion with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art,  
Hence in silence and in sorrow toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered seeking for the Better Land.  
Ere he lies the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,  
Dead he is not but departed—for the artist never dies.  
Four seems the ancient city and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement that he once has breathed its air!  
Though the streets so broad and stately these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walled of yore the Mastersingers chanting rude poetic strains.  
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild  
Building nests in Fame's great temple as in spouts the swallows build  
As the weaver plied the shuttle wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,  
Thanking God whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom  
In the fumes of dust and cinders in the tissues of the loom  
Hence Hans Sachs the cobbler poet laureate of the gentle craft  
Warden of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed



But his house is now an ale-house with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,  
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,\*  
As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long"

\* Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision —

An old man,  
Gray and white and dove like  
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,  
And read in a fair great book,  
Beautiful with golden clasps"

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his care and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair

Vanished is the ancient splendour and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry

Not thy councils not thy Kaiser's, win for thee the world's regard,  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard

Thus O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay

Gathering from the pavement's crevice as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil

### THE OCCULTATION OF ORION \*

I SAW as in a dream sublime  
The balance in the hand of Time  
O'er East and West its beam im-  
pendent  
And day with all its hours of light  
Was slowly sinking out of sight  
While opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended  
Like the astrologers of old  
In that bright vision I beheld  
Greater and deeper mysteries  
I saw with its celestial keys  
Its chords of air its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Aeolian lyre  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars  
And through the dewy atmosphere,  
Not only could I see but hear  
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,  
In sweet vibration sphere by sphere,  
From Dian's circle light and near  
Onward to vaster and wider rings  
Where chanting through his beard  
of snows  
Majestic mournful Saturn goes  
And down the sunless realms of space  
Reverberates the thunder of his bass  
Beneath the sky's triumphal arch  
This music sounded like a march  
And with its chorus seemed to be  
Preluding some great tragedy  
Sirius was rising in the east  
And slow ascending one by one  
The kindling constellations shone.  
Begirt with many a blazing star

Stood the great giant Algebar,  
Orion hunter of the beast  
His sword hung gleaming by his side  
And on his arm the lion's hide  
Scattered across the midnight air  
The golden radiance of its hair

The moon was pallid but not faint,  
And beautiful as some fair saint,  
Screening moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay  
As if she feared the voice of God  
Unarmed with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars  
As on the glowing coals and bars  
That were to prove her strength, and  
try  
Her holiness and her purity

Thus moving on with silent pace  
And triumph in her sweet pale face  
She reached the station of Orion  
Aghast he stood in strange alarm  
And suddenly from his outstretched  
arm

Down fell the red slin of the lion  
Into the river at his feet  
His mighty club no longer bent  
The forehead of the bull, but he  
Peeled as of yore beside the sea  
When blinded by Anopion  
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,  
And climbing up the mountain gorge,  
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun

Then through the silence overhead,  
An angel with a trumpet said  
For evermore for evermore  
The reign of violence is over  
And like an instrument that flings  
Its music on another's strings  
The trumpet of the angel east

\* Astronomically speaking this title is in correct as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song and not from that of science and will, I trust be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose



Upon the heaven brent's blast  
And on from sphere to sphere the  
words

Reechoed down the burning chords,—  
'I or evermore for evermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!'

\*\*\*

### THE ARSENAL AT SPRING- FIELD

Thus is the Arsenal From floor to  
ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the bur-  
nished arms,  
But from their silent pipes no anthem  
pealing  
Startles the village with strange  
alarms

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild  
and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches  
those swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal  
Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful sym-  
phonics,

I hear even now the infinite fierce  
chords,

The cries of agony, the endless  
groan,

Which through the ages that have  
gone before us, [own

In long reverberations reach our

On helm and harness rings the Saxon  
hammer,

Through Cimbric forest roars the  
Norseman's song,

And loud amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the  
Fartr gong

I hear the Florentine, who from his  
palace

Wheels out his battle-bell with  
dreadful din,



And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of  
serpent's skin,

The tumult of each sacked and burn-  
ing village

The shout that every prayer for  
mercy drowns

The soldier's revels in the midst of  
pillage

The wail of famine in beleaguered  
towns

The bursting shell, the gateway  
wrenched asunder

The rattling musketry, the clashing  
blade,

And ever and anon, in tones of  
thunder

The dirge of the cannonade

Is it, O man with such discordant  
noises [these

With such accursed instruments as  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and  
kindly voices,

And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the  
world with terror

Were half the wealth bestowed on  
camps and courts

Given to redeem the human mind  
from error

There were no need for arsenals nor  
forts

The warrior's name would be a name  
abhorred!

And every nation that should lift  
a arm

Its hand against a brother on its  
forehead

Would wear for evermore the curse  
of Cain!

Down the dark future through long  
generations

The echoing sounds grow fainter  
and then cease,

And like a bell, with solemn sweet  
vibrations

I hear once more the voice of Christ  
say "Peace!"

Peace and no longer from its brazen  
portals

The blast of War's great organ  
shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the im-  
mortals

The holy melodies of love arise.

# TO A CHILD

DEAR child! low radiant on thy  
mother's knee,  
With merry making eyes and jocund  
smiles

Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,

With many a grotesque form and face  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!

The lady with the gay mask  
The dancing girl, the brave brashaw

With bearded lip and chin  
And leaning idly over his gate

Beneath the imperial fan of state  
The Chinese mandarin

With what a look of proud command  
Thou shal'st in thy little hand

The coral rattle with its silver bells  
Making a merry tune!

Thousands of years in India's  
Thou coral grew in slow degrees

Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!

Those silver bells

Reposed of yore

As shapeless ore

Far down in the deep sunken wells  
Of darksome mines

In some obscure and sunless place  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base

Or Potosi's overwhelming fumes!

And thus for thee, O little child,

Through many a danger and escape

The tall ships passed the stormy cape,

For thee in foreign lands remote

Beneath the burning tropic skies

The Indian peasant chasing the wild  
goat

Himself as swift and wild

In falling clutched the frail arbute

The fibres of whose shallow root,

Uplifted from the soil betrayed

The silver veins beneath it hid

The buried treasures of dead centuries.

But lo! thy door is left ajar!

Thou hearest footsteps from afar!

And at the sound

Thou turnest round

With quick and questioning eyes

Like one who in a foreign land

Beholds on every hand

Some source of wonder and surprise!

And restlessly, impatiently

Thou strivest, strugglest to be free.

## THE BELFARY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison-walls to thee  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on  
the floor,  
That won thy little beating heart  
before,  
Thou struggledst for the open door  
Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
Or the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of me-  
mory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country dwelt  
And yonder meadows broad and damp  
The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread,  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head

But what are these grave thoughts to  
thee?

Out, out! into the open air!  
Thy only dream is liberty,  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the  
tree,

With cheeks as round and red as they,  
And now among the yellow stalks  
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
As restless as the bee  
Along the garden-walks  
The tracks of thy small carriage-  
wheels I trace,

And see at every turn how they efface  
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of  
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane, [ants  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy  
realm!

What! tired already! with those sup-  
pliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a  
poet's book,  
Or murmuring sound of water as it  
flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with  
repose!

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal  
hues, [dews,  
And shining with the argent light of  
Shall for a season be our place of rest  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent  
nest,  
From which the laughing birds have  
taken wing  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant  
swing  
Dream-like the waters of the river  
gleam,  
A soulless vessel drops adown the  
stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides  
of sleep

O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison!  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate!  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous  
thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear,  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life appears,  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years,  
And yet upon its outer rim,

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

A luminous circle faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here  
Rounds and completes the perfect  
sphere,

A prophecy and intimation  
A pale and feeble adumbration,  
Of the great world of light that lies  
Behind all human destinies.  
Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil —  
To struggle with imperious thought  
Until the overburdened brain  
Weary with labour, famt with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum retain  
Only its motion not its power —  
Remember in that perilous hour  
When most afflicted and oppressed  
From labour there shall come forth  
rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along

Of the great army of the poor  
O'er desert sand, or dangerous moor

Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward, for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility,  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they  
smote

The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that  
hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer,  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold,  
For, like Acastes' shaft of old  
The swift thought hurls as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies

## THE NORMAN BARON

"Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique de maladie et de péril de mort les nobles se repentent de posséder des serfs comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu qui avait créé tous les hommes son image."—THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre*

In his chamber weak and dying  
Was the Norman baron lying [dered  
Loud, without, the tempest thun-  
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was death the gainer  
Spite of vassal and retainer  
And the lands his sires had plundered  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster  
From the missal on his knee

And amid the tempest pealing  
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells that from the neighbouring  
Rang for the Nativity [blosser,

In the hall the serf and vassal [sail,  
Held that night, their Christmas was-  
Many a carol old and saintly  
Sang the minstrels and the waits

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen  
That the storm was heard but faintly  
Knocking at the castle-gates

Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused a while and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear

"Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
'Misereere, Domine!'



In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched crea-  
tures

By his hand were freed again

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust

But the good deed, through the ages,  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane  
How beautiful is the rain !  
How it clatters along the roofs  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing  
spout !

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ,  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber  
Looks at the twisted brooks ,  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ,  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted  
hide  
Stretches the plain  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand !  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover scented gale  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well watered and smoking  
soil.

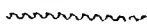
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word

Near at hand  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures and his fields of grain  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ,  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water drops  
Down to the graves of the dead  
Down through chasms and gulfs pro-  
found,  
To the dreary fountain head  
Of lakes and rivers underground ,  
And sees them when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun

Thus the Seer  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to  
birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to  
earth ,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable  
wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.



## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

### THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church tower  
I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea  
And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon  
Among the long black rafters,  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the  
ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away,  
As, sweeping and eddying through  
them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The sea weed floated wide  
And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears  
How often, O how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at mid-  
night  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

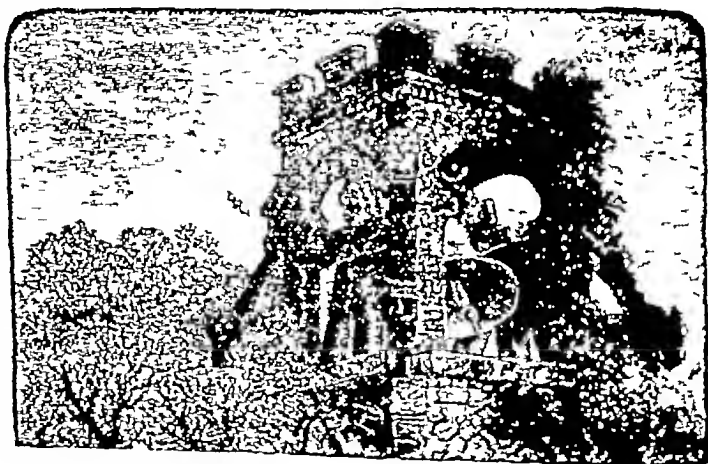
How often, O how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!  
For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear  
But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea,  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me  
Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years  
And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then  
I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow!  
And for ever and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes,  
The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omrahaws,  
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken  
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?  
How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the  
prairies? [mountains?  
How canst thou breathe in this, who hast breathed the sweet air of the  
Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,  
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down trodden millions  
Starve in the garrets of Europe and cry from its caverns that they, too,  
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!  
Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!  
There as a monarch thou reignest In autumn the leaves of the maple  
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches  
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk horn,  
 Or by the roar of the Running-Water or where the Omahwa  
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet !  
 Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?  
 Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows or the mighty Behemoth,  
 Who unharmed on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder  
 And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?  
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes  
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
 Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
 Merciless current ! and wonder afar on the prairies the camp-fires  
 Gleam through the night and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak  
 Marks not the buffalo's track nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race,  
 It is a caravan whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !  
 Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts like the blast of the east wind,  
 Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !



### CURFEW

I

SOLEMNLY mournfully  
 Dealing its dole,  
 The Curfew Bell  
 Is beginning to toll.  
 Cover the embers  
 And put out the light  
 Toil comes with the morning  
 And rest with the night  
 Dark grow the windows  
 And quenched is the fire  
 Sound fades into silence,—  
 All footsteps retire.  
 No voice in the chambers  
 No sound in the hall !  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all !

I

The book is completed,  
 And closed like the day  
 And the hand that has written it  
 Lays it away  
 Dim grow its fancies,  
 Forgotten they lie,  
 Like coals in the ashes,  
 They darken and die.  
 Song sinks into silence,  
 The story is told,  
 The windows are darkened,  
 The hearthstone is cold.  
 Darker and darker  
 The black shadows fall,  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all !

The Seaside and the Fireside.

1849

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DEDICATION

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens,  
So walking here in twilight, O my friends !  
I hear your voices softened by the distance,  
And pause and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance  
If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation  
Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent to ken,  
That reaches me when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken  
Kind messages, that pass from hand to hand  
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—  
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !  
The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spoke from the printed leaves or pictured faces !  
Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance,  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,     •  
But live for ever young in my remembrance  
Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a river  
Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations  
Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk  
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion,  
Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand majestic symphonies of ocean  
Therefore I hope as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !





## BY THE SEASIDE.

### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"BUILD me strong, O worker  
Master!  
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel  
That shall laugh at all disaster  
And with wave and wind wrestle!  
The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard heart  
For his heart was in his work, and the  
Giveth grace unto every art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride.  
And with a voice that was full of glee  
He answered, Ere long we will  
Launch  
A vessel as goodly and strong and  
staunch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man  
Its counterpart in miniature  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he laboured his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of  
wood  
And above them all and strangest of  
all  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and  
tall  
Whose picture was hanging on the  
With bows and stern raised high in air  
And balconies hanging here and there  
And signal lanterns and flags aloft  
And eight round towers, like those that  
frown  
From some old castle looking down  
Upon the draw-bridge and the moat.



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

The blocks well placed upon the ship  
Happy, thrice happy every one  
Who sees his labour well begun  
And not perplexed and multiplied  
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot long day was over,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still.  
And within the porch a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales  
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main  
And ships that never came back again  
The chance and change of a sailor's  
life

Went and plenty rest and strife,  
His roving fancy like the wind  
That nothing can stay and nothing  
can bind

And the magic charm of foreign lands  
With shadows of palms and shining  
sands

Where the tumbling surf  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf  
And the trembling maiden held her  
breath

At the tales of that awful pitiless sea  
With all its terror and mystery  
The dim dark sea, so like unto death  
That divides and yet unites mankind!  
And whenever the old man paused a  
glean

From the bowl of his pipe would a  
while illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom  
And thoughtful faces as in a dream,  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest  
Tenderly on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew  
With timbers fashioned strong and  
true, [knee  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-  
Till framed with perfect symmetry  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the  
side

The heavy hammers and mallets plied  
Till after many a week at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!

And around it columns of smoke, up  
wreathing, [seething  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling,  
Caldron that flowed  
And overflowed [sheathing  
With the black tar, heated for the  
And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his  
men —

' Build me straight O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle!

With oak-iron brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the land  
That, like a thought, should have  
control

Over the movement of the whole,  
And near to the anchor, whose giant  
hand [the land

Would reach down and grapple with  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellow-  
ing blast!

And at the bows an image stood  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind  
It was not shaped in a classic mould  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old  
Or rising from the water  
But modelled from the Master's  
daughter!

On many a dreary and misty night,  
I will be seen by the rays of the  
signal light  
Speeding along through the run and  
the dark

Like a ghost in its snow-white sail  
The pilot of some phantom bark  
Guiding the vessel in its flight  
By a path none other knows aught!  
Behold at last  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place,\*

\* Vessels are sometimes though not usually,  
launched fully rigged. I have availed myself  
of the exception as better suited to my pur-  
poses than the general rule but the reader  
will see by the following extract of a letter  
from a friend in Portland, Maine that it is  
neither a blunder nor a poetic licence —  
'In this State and also, I am told in New  
York ships are sometimes rigged upon the  
stocks, in order to save time or to make a  
show. There was a fine large ship launched

Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !  
Long ago  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell,—those lordly pines !  
Those grand, majestic pines !  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers  
Panting beneath the goad, [road  
Dragged down the weary, winding  
Those captive kings so straight and  
tall,

To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And, naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should not  
see again

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars  
Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friend-  
less,

In foreign harbours shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'Twill be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet  
and endless !

All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in his splendours dight, [sight  
The great sun rises to behold the

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest,  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,

last summer at Ellsworth, full, rigged and  
spared. Some years ago a ship was launched  
here with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo  
aboard. She sailed the next day and was  
never heard of again ! I hope this will not be  
the fate of your poem !"

His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honour of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering,  
blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read, [head,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run  
The worthy pastor—  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its world,  
That has the vessel for its fold  
Leaping ever from rock to rock,  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its  
course.

Therefore hespake, and thus said he —  
" Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound are we  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's  
bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise [skies,  
And climb the crystal wall of the  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer  
brink.

Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

By ourselves  
That rock and rife  
With endless and unceasing motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean  
Ah! if our souls but pause and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To tell and the task we have to do,  
We sail secure and safe  
The Fortune lies on whose shining  
The light we see and the sounds we  
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master  
With a gesture of command  
Waved his hand  
And at the word  
Loud and sudden there, as heard  
All around them and below  
The sound of hammers' blow on the  
Knocking away the shores and spars  
And see! she starts!  
She starts—she moves—she seems to  
feel

The thrill of life along her keel  
And spinning with her foot the  
ground,  
With one exulting joyous bound  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout prolonged and  
loud  
That to the ocean seemed to say—  
Take her—O bridegroom, old and  
gray  
Take her to thy protecting arms  
With all her youth and all her  
charm!

How beautiful she is! How fair  
She lies within those arms that  
press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave right on-  
ward's e'er!  
The moistered eye the trembling lip  
Are no the signs of doubt or fear

Sail forth into the sea of life  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
—and safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!

For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust,  
and in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives!

Thou too, sail on O Ship of State!  
Sail on O U. S. strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fear,  
With all the hopes of future years  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of  
steel  
Who made each mast, and sail and  
What anvil rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and with what heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy  
hope!  
Fear no sudden sound and  
Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
Tis but the stepping of the sail,  
and not a reef made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts our hopes are all with  
thee

Our heart our hopes our prayers  
Our faith our tears  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

## THE EVENING STAR

Just above your sandy bar  
As the day grows fonder and dim-  
mer  
Low, and lowly a single star  
Lights the air with a dusky glim-  
mer

Into the ocean faint and far  
Falls the trail of its golden splen-  
dour  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever resplendent, soft, and tender

Cherished rising out of the sea,  
Showered thus glorious and thus  
emulous  
Leaving the arms of Calliope  
For ever tender, soft and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falchion  
brightly  
Is it a God or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

And I want pleasant visions haunt me  
As I lie up on the sea!  
All the old romantic legends  
All my dream-world back to me  
Scent of oak and firs of seashore  
Such as grow in ancient lore;  
And the singing of the sailors  
And the answer from the shore!  
Most of all, the Seaside lullaby  
Hums me oft and truer long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldo  
And the sailor's merry song  
Like the long waves on a sea beach,  
Where the sun has silver shine  
With a soft monotonous cadence,  
Flows its undimmed line lines,—  
Telling how the Count Arnaldo,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Sat a fair and stately galley  
Steering onward to the land,—  
How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sunbeams had slowly  
Peered upon the mast to here,  
Till his soul was full of longing  
And he cried, with lips like strong—  
"Behold me! for the love of heaven  
Teach me too that wondrous  
song!"  
"Wouldst thou?"—so the helmsman  
answered  
"Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery!  
In each sail that skins the horizon  
In each lullaby blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley  
Hear those mournful melodies,  
Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Send a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT

Thine twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.  
But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,

And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night  
Close, close it is pressed to the  
window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness,  
To see some form arise  
And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low  
What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?  
And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the  
mother,  
Drive the colour from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT \*

Soil onward with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corner Death,  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east wind was his breath  
His lordly ships of ice  
Glistened in the sun,  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run  
His sails of white sea mist  
Dripped with silver rain,  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leadens shadows o'er the main  
Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed,  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas! the land-wind failed  
Alas! the land wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night,

\* "When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hum* to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived through much tempest at Plymouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—*DELRAP'S American Biography*, 1203.

And never more on sea or shore  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck  
The Book was in his hand,  
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near  
He said by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea mysteriously  
The fleet of Death rose all around

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds,  
Every mast as it passed  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold!  
As of a rock was the shock  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark  
They drift in close embrace  
With mast and run to the Span-  
ish main

Yet there seems no change of place

Southward for ever southward  
They drift through dark and day  
And like a dream in the Gulf stream  
Sinking vanish all away

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea  
And on its outer point some miles  
away,

The Lighthouse lifts its massive  
masonry [day  
A pillar of fire by night of cloud by

Even at this distance I can see the  
tides [base

Upheaving, break unheard along its  
A speechless wrath that rises and  
subsides

In the white lip and tremor of the  
face

And as the evening darkens lo! how  
bright, [twilight air

Through the deep purple of the  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of  
its light

With strange unearthly splendour  
in its glare!

Not one alone, from each projecting  
cape [verge

And perilous reef along the ocean's

Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless  
surge.

Like the great giant Christop'ler it  
stands [wave,

Upon the bank of the tempestuous  
Wading far out among the rocks and  
sands

The night o'er all in manner to save

And the great ship sail outward and  
return

Bending and bowing o'er the billowy  
sails

And ever joyful as they see it born,  
They wave their silent welcomes  
and farewells

They come forth from the darkness  
and their sails

Gleam for a moment only in the  
blaze

And eager face as the light unveils  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while  
they gaze

The manner remembers when a child  
On his first voyage he saw it fade  
and sink

And when returning from adventures  
wild [brink

He saw it rise again o'er ocean's

Steadfast serene, immovable, the  
same

Year after year, through all the  
silent night

Burns on for evermore that quenchless  
flame [light!

Shines on that inextinguishable

It sees the ocean to its bottom clasp  
The rocks and sea sand with the

kiss of peace

It sees the wild winds lift it in their  
grip

And hold it up and shake it like a  
fleece.

The startled waves leap over it, the  
storm

Smites it with all the scourges of the  
rain

And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the

hurricane.

The sea bird wheeling round it with  
the din [cries

Of wings and winds and solitary

## BY THE FIRESIDE

Blinded and maddened by the light  
 within, [and dies  
 Dashes himself against the glare,  
 A new Prometheus, chained upon the  
 rock,  
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of  
 Jove, [shock,  
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the  
 But hails the mariner with words of  
 love.  
 "Sail on! it says, "sail on, ye  
 stately ships!  
 And with your floating bridge the  
 ocean span, [eclipse,  
 Be mine to guard this light from all  
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto  
 man!"

### THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD

WE sat within the farmhouse old,  
 Whose windows, looking o'er the  
 bay, [cold  
 Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and  
 An easy entrance night and day  
 Not far away we saw the port  
 The strange, old fashioned, silent  
 town  
 The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
 The wooden houses, quaint and  
 brown  
 We sat and talked until the night,  
 Descending filled the little room,  
 Our faces faded from the sight,  
 Our voices only broke the gloom  
 We spake of many a vanished scene,  
 Of what we once had thought and  
 said, [been,  
 Of what had been, and might have  
 And who was changed, and who was  
 dead,

And all that fills the hearts of friends,  
 When first they feel with secret pain,  
 Their lives henceforth have separate  
 ends,  
 And never can be one again

The first slight serving of the heart,  
 That words are powerless to express,  
 And leave it still unsaid in part,  
 Or say it in too great excess

The very tones in which we spake  
 Had something strange, I could but  
 mark,  
 The leaves of memory seemed to make  
 A mournful rustling in the dark

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
 As suddenly, from out the fire  
 Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
 The flames would leap and then ex-  
 pire

And, as their splendour flashed and  
 failed, [main —  
 We thought of wrecks upon the  
 Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
 And sent no answer back again

The windows, rattling in their frames  
 The ocean, roaring up the beach  
 The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
 All mingled vaguely in our speech,

Until they made themselves a part  
 Of fancies floating through the  
 brain  
 The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
 That send no answer back again

O flames that glowed! O hearts that  
 yearned!  
 They were indeed too much akin  
 The driftwood fire without that  
 burned, [glowed within  
 The thoughts that burned and

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

### RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however watched  
 and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there! [fended,  
 There is no fireside, howsoever de-  
 But his one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead,  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children  
 crying,  
 Will not be comforted!





Let us be patient! These severe  
afflictions  
Not from the ground arise  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists  
and vapours  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad, funereal  
tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps

There is no Death! What seems so  
is transition,

This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian  
Whose portal we call Death

She is not dead,—the child of our  
affection,—

But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor  
protection  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and  
seclusion,  
By guardian angels led  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's  
pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead

Day after day we think what she is  
doing

In those bright realms of air,  
Year after year, her tender steps pur  
suing,

Behold her grown more fair

Thus do we walk with her, and keep  
unbroken

The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance,  
though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives

Not as a child shall we again behold  
For when with raptures wild [her,  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child,

But a fair maiden, in her Father's  
mansion,

Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's ex-  
pansion

Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with  
emotion

And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning  
like the ocean,

That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the  
feeling

We may not wholly stay,  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way

### THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme

Nothing useless is, or low,  
Each thing in its place is best,  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled,  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,  
Leave no yawning gaps between,  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part,  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
Make the house, where Gods may  
dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base,  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky

~~~~~

### SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot  
clime

Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of  
Time,  
The minister of Thought

How many weary centuries has it  
been

About these deserts blown!  
How many strange vicissitudes has  
seen,  
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it over,  
When to Egypt from the patriarch's  
sight  
His favourite son they bore

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and  
bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread,  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the  
air  
Scattered it as they sped,

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love  
and faith  
Illumed the wilderness,

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's  
palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian  
psalms  
In half articulate speech,



Or caravans that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart,  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of  
Fate  
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may  
have passed!  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at  
last

It counts the passing hour  
And as I gaze these narrow walls ex-  
pand,—  
Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting  
sand,  
Its unimpeded sky

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast  
This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting  
sun,  
Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow  
run  
Till Thought pursues in vain

The vision vanishes! These walls  
again  
Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain,  
The half hour's sand is run!

THE OPEN WINDOW

THE old house by the lindens  
 Stood silent in the shade,  
 And on the gravelled pathway  
 The light and shadow played  
 I saw the nursery windows  
 Wide open to the air,  
 But the faces of the children  
 They were no longer there.  
 The large Newfoundland house-dog  
 Was standing by the door,  
 He looked for his little playmates,  
 Who would return no more.  
 They walked not under the lindens,  
 They played not in the hall,  
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
 Were hanging over all  
 The birds sang in the branches,  
 With sweet, familiar tone,  
 But the voices of the children  
 Will be heard in dreams alone!  
 And the boy that walked beside me,  
 He could not understand  
 Why closer in mine, ah! closer,  
 I pressed his warm, soft hand!

PEGASUS IN POUND

ONCE into a quiet village,  
 Without haste and without heed,  
 In the golden prime of morning,  
 Strayed the poet's winged steed  
 It was Autumn, and incessant  
 Piped the quails from shocks and  
 sheaves,  
 And, like living coals, the apples  
 Burned among the withering leaves  
 Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
 From its belfry gaunt and grim,  
 'Twas the daily call to labour,  
 Not a triumph meant for him  
 Not the less he saw the landscape,  
 In its gleaming vapour veiled  
 Not the less he breathed the odours  
 That the dying leaves exhaled.  
 Thus, upon the village common,  
 By the schoolboys he was found,  
 And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
 Put him straightway into pound  
 Then the sombre village crier,  
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,

Wandered down the street proclaim-  
 ing

There was an estray to sell  
 And the curious country people,  
 Rich and poor, and young and old,  
 Came in haste to see this wondrous  
 Winged steed, with mane of gold  
 Thus the day passed, and the evening  
 Fell, with vapours cold and dim,  
 But it brought no food nor shelter,  
 Brought no straw nor stall, for  
 him  
 Patiently and still expectant,  
 Looked he through the wooden  
 bars,  
 Saw the moon rise over the landscape,  
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars,  
 Till at length the bell at midnight  
 Sounded from its dark abode,  
 And, from out a neighbouring farm-  
 yard,  
 Loud the cock Alectryon crowed  
 Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
 Breaking from his iron chain,  
 And unfolding far his pinions,  
 To those stars he soared again  
 On the morrow, when the village  
 Woke to all its toil and care,  
 Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
 And they knew not when nor  
 where

But they found, upon the greensward,  
 Where his struggling hoofs had  
 trod,  
 Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
 From the hoof-marks in the sod  
 From that hour, the fount unfailing  
 Gladdens the whole region round,  
 Strengthening all who drink its  
 waters,  
 While it soothes them with its  
 sound

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-  
 HORN

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
 Ere yet his last he breathed,  
 To the merry monks of Croyland  
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—  
 That, whenever they sat at their  
 revels,  
 And drank from the golden bowl,



They might remember the donor  
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas  
And bade the goblet pass,  
In their beards the red wine glistened  
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul o' Wildaf  
They drank to Christ the Lord,

And to each of the Twelve Apostles  
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
Of the dismal days of yore,  
And as soon as the horn was empty  
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the  
pulpit,  
Like the murmur o' many bees

## BY THE FIRESIDE

The legend of good St. Guthlac,  
And St. Paul's homilies,  
Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomaeus,  
Proclaimed the midday lit hour  
And the Yule log crackled in the  
chimney,  
And the Abbot bowed his head,  
And the monks slipped and she-  
kered,  
But the Abbot was stark and dead.  
Yet still in his pallid fingers  
He clutched the golden bowl,  
In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
Had sunk and dissolved his soul  
But not for this their revels  
The jovial monks forbore,  
For they cried, "I'll hush the goblet"  
"We must drink to one Saint more!"

### TLGNERS DEATH

I HEARD a voice that cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And through the misty air  
Pressed like the mournful cry  
Of sunward sailing cranes  
I saw the pallid corpse  
Of the dead sun  
Borne through the Northern sky  
Plucks from Nifelhelm  
Lifted the sheeted mists  
Around him as he passed  
And the voice for ever cried,  
"Balder the Beautiful  
Is dead, is dead!"  
And died away  
Through the dreary night,  
In accents of despair  
Balder the Beautiful,  
God of the summer sun,  
Fairest of all the Gods!  
Light from his forehead beamed,  
Runes were upon his tongue,  
As on the warrior's sword  
All things in earth and air  
Bound were by magic spell  
Never to do him harm,  
Even the plants and stones,  
All save the mistletoe,  
The sacred mistletoe!

No der, the blind old God,  
Whose feet are shod with silence,  
Pierced through that gentle breast  
With his sharp spear, by fraud  
Made of the mistletoe,  
The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,  
With horse and harness,  
As on a funeral pyre,  
Odin placed  
A ring upon his finger,  
And whispered in his ear

They hunched the burning ship!  
It floated far away  
Over the misty sea,  
I'll like the sun it seemed,  
Sinking beneath the waves  
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song,  
Farer than the old  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards and sing

Build it again,  
O ye bards,  
Farer than before!  
Ye fathers of the new race,  
I lead upon morning dew,  
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!  
The law of love prevails!  
Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
O ye bards of the North,  
Of Vikings and of Jarls!  
Of the days of Eld  
Preserve the freedom only,  
Not the deeds of blood

### GASPAR BECERRA

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame,  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of  
fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill,  
But, alas! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still

From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been  
brought,  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought,

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within  
thee!"

And the startled artist woke,—  
Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quenched the glowing  
wood,  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.



O thou sculptor painter poet!  
Take this lesson to thy heart  
That is best which lieth nearest  
Shape from that thy work of art

~~~~~  
THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of  
men  
And bring them back to heaven again

The first a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre,  
Through groves he wandered, and by  
streams  
Playing the music of our dreams

The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market-place,  
And stirred with accents deep and  
loud

The hearts of all the listening crowd  
A gray old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contribution from its mouths of gold

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be,  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind, but in degree,  
I gave a various gift to each  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach

"These are the three great chords  
of might,

And he whose ear is tuned right  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony "

### SUSPIRIA

TAKE them, O Death! and bear  
away, [own!

Whatever thou canst call thine  
Thine image, stamped upon this clay  
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them O Grave! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to our-elves!

Take them O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

### HYMN

#### FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION

CHRIST to the young man said "Yet  
one thing more

If thou wouldst perfect be, [poor,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the  
And come and follow me!

Within this temple Christ again, un-  
seen,

Those sacred words hath said,  
And his invisible hands to day have  
been

Laid on a young man's head

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon his arm and  
say,

"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall  
be

To make the scene more fair,  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
I like the beloved John [breast,  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's  
And thus to journey on!

## Translations.

### THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL CUILLE

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might  
Relicase this little tragedy aught  
Let me attempt it with an English quill  
And take, O reader, for the deed the will

JASMIN the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouche pleine d'oiseaux*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne, and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

Those who may feel interested in knowing something about "Jasmin, Coiffeur"—for such is his calling—will find a description of his person and mode of life in the graphic pages of *Blair and the Pyrenees* (vol. i. p. 369 *et seq.*), by Louisa Stewart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

AT the foot of the mountain height  
Where is perched Castél Cuillé,  
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree  
In the plain below were growing white,



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

This is the song one might perceive  
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So far a bride shall leave her home!  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So far a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rights attending,  
Seemed from the clouds descending,  
When lo! a merry company  
Of rosy village girls clean as the eye,  
Each one with her attendant swain,  
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain,  
Presembling there, so near unto the sky,  
Rejoicing angels that kind Heaven has sent  
For their delight and our encouragement!

Together blending,  
And soon descending  
The narrow sweep  
Of the hill side steep,  
They wind afloat  
Toward Saint Amant,  
Through leafy alleys  
Of verdurous valley,  
With merry sallies  
Singing their chant

"The roads should blossom the roads should bloom,  
So far a bride shall leave her home!  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So far a bride shall pass to day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,  
With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue, without one cloud of gloom,  
The sun of March was shining brightly  
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly  
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,  
A rustic bride, ah! how sweet it is!  
To sounds of joyous melodies,  
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom

A band of maidens  
Gaily frolicking  
A band of youngsters  
Wildly rollicking!

Kissing,  
Caressing,  
With fingers pressing,  
Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance  
Their retreat and advance

Tramp whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest,  
While the bride, with roguish eyes  
Springing with them, now escapes and cries  
Those who catch me  
Married verily  
This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,  
And all attain what they pursue,  
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,  
And the linen kirtle round her waist

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among  
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,  
So joyous, with such laughing air,  
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?  
And yet the bride is fair and young!  
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,  
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?  
O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow,  
Never bore so lofty a brow!  
What lovers!—they give not a single caress!  
To see them so careless and cold to-day,  
These are grand people, one would say  
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half way up the hill,  
In yon cottage, by whose walls  
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,  
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,  
Daughter of a veteran old,  
And you must know, one year ago,  
That Margaret, the young and tender,  
Was the village pride and splendour,  
And Baptiste her lover bold  
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared,  
For them the altar was prepared,  
But alas! the summer's blight,  
The dread disease that none can stay,  
The pestilence that walks by night,  
Took the young bride's sight away

All at the father's stern command was changed,  
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged,  
Weaned at home, ere long the lover fled,  
Returned but three short days ago,  
The golden chain they round him throw,  
He is enticed, and onward led  
To marry Angela, and yet  
Is thinking ever of Margaret

Then suddenly a maiden cried,  
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!  
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain side  
A woman, bent and gray with years,  
Under the mulberry-trees appears,  
And all towards her run, as fleet  
As had they wings upon their feet

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,  
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind  
She telleth fortunes, and none complain  
She promises one a village swain,  
Another a happy wedding-day,  
And the bride a lovely boy straightway  
All comes to pass as sheavers,  
She never deceives, she never errs

But for this once the village seer  
Wears a countenance severe,  
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white  
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright  
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,  
Who like a statue stands in view ,



Changing colour, though he might,  
When the bridegroom's inkling and gray,  
Takes the bride by the hand,  
And with blessing of her reedy wand,  
Making fingers of the cross, doth say,—  
Thou, Angela, beware!  
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,  
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!  
And she was silent, and the maidens fair  
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear,  
But on a little streamlet silver-clear  
What are two drops of turbid rain?  
Saddened a moment, the bridal train  
Resumed the dance and song again,  
The bridegroom only was pale with fear,

And down green alleys  
Of verdurous valleys,  
With merry sallies,  
They sang the refrain —

“The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,  
So fair a bride shall leave her home !  
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,  
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

II

And by suffering worn and weary,  
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,  
Thus lamented Margaret,  
In her cottage lone and dreary —

“He has arrived ! arrived at last !  
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past,  
Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !  
And knows that of my night he is the star !  
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,  
And count the moments since he went away !  
Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,  
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !  
What joy have I without thee ?—what delight ?  
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery,  
Day for the others ever, but for me  
For ever night ! for ever night !  
When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !  
I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.  
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude,  
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes !  
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,  
A heaven all happiness like that above,  
No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !  
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,  
When seated by my side my hand he presses,  
But when alone, remember all !  
Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !  
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,  
I need some bough to twine around !  
In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !  
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !  
What then—when one is blind ?

“Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !  
Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !  
O God ! what thoughts within me waken !  
Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !  
He will return ! I need not fear !  
He swore it by our Saviour dear,  
He could not come at his own will,  
Is weary, or perhaps is ill !  
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,  
Prepares for me some sweet surprise !  
But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !  
And that deceives me not !—tis he ! tis he !  
And the door ajar is set,  
And poor, confiding Margaret

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Rises with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes,  
 'Tis only Paul, her brother who thus cries —  
 Angela the bride has passed!  
 I saw the wedding guests go by  
 Tell me my sister why were we not asked?  
 For all are there but you and I!

Angela married! and not dead  
 To tell her secret unto me!  
 O speak! who may the bridegroom be?  
 My sister, tis Baptiste, thy friend!

A cry the blind girl gave but nothing said  
 A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheek,  
 An icy hand as heavy as lead  
 Descending as her brother speaks  
 Upon her heart that has ceased to beat  
 Suspends a while its life and heat  
 She stands beside the boy not conscious  
 A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed

At length the bridal song again  
 Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

'Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!  
 Sister dost thou hear them ringing?  
 How merrily they laugh and jest!  
 Would we were hidden with the rest!  
 I would don my hose of homespun grey,  
 And my doublet of linen striped and grey,  
 Perhaps they will come for they do not wait  
 Till to-morrow at seven o'clock! It is said!

I know it! answered Margaret  
 Whom the vision with aspect black as jet  
 Mastered again and its hand of ice  
 Held her heart crushed as in a vice!  
 Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday  
 To-morrow put on thy doublet grey!  
 But leave me now for a while alone  
 Away with a hop and a jump went Paul,  
 And as he whistled along the hall,  
 Entered Jane, the crippled crone

Holy Virgin! what dreadful heart!  
 I am faint and weary, and out of breath!  
 But thou art cold — art chill as death  
 My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?  
 Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride,  
 And, as I listened to the song,  
 I thought my turn would come ere long  
 Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.  
 Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
 To me such joy they prophesy,  
 Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide  
 When they behold him at my side  
 And poor Baptiste what savest thou?  
 It must seem long to him, — methinks I see him now!  
 Jane shuddering her hand doth press  
 Thy love I cannot all approve,  
 We must not trust too much to happiness —

## TRANSLATIONS

Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less ! "

" The more I pray, the more I love !

*It is no sin, for God is on my side ! "*

It was enough , and Jane no more replied

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold ,

But to deceive the beldame old

She takes a sweet, contented air ,

Speaks of foul weather, or of fair,

At every word the maiden smiles !

Thus the beguiler she beguiles ,

So that, departing at the evening's close,

She says, " She may be saved ! she nothing knows !

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !

Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess !

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,

Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

### III

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,

And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,

Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,

How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterer caressed,

The one puts on her cross and crown,

Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,

And flaunting, fluttering up and down,

Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,

Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ,

But in their stead for something gropes apart,

That in a drawer's recess doth lie,

And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,

Convulsive clasps it to her heart

The one, fantastic, light as air,

'Mid kisses ringing,

And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,

Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,

And whispers, as her brother opens the door,

" O God ! forgive me now ! "

And then the orphan, young and blind,

Conducted by her brother's hand

Towards the church, through paths unscanned,

With tranquil air, her way doth wind

Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,

Round her at times exhale,

And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,

But brumal vapours gray

Near that castle, fair to see,

Crowded with sculptures old in every part,

Marvels of nature and of art,

And proud of its name of high degree,

A little chapel, almost bare



At the base of the rock, is builded there,  
All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
Above each jealous cottage roof  
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
And its blackened steeple high in air,  
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!  
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"

"Yes seest thou not our journey's end?  
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?  
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!  
Dost thou remember when our father said,  
The night we watched beside his bed,  
'O daughter I am weak and low,

Take care of Paul I feel that I am dying!  
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?  
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud,  
And here they brought our father in his shroud  
There is his grave, there stands the cross we set,  
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?

## TRANSLATIONS

Come in ! The bride will be here soon  
Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to swoon ! '

She could no more—the blind girl, weak and weary '  
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,  
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter ?"—and she started ,  
And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted ,  
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore  
Her steps towards the open door ,  
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid  
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,  
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,  
Touches the crown of filigrane  
Suspended from the low-arched portal,  
No more restrained, no more afraid,  
She walks, as for a feast arraved,  
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night  
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,  
With booming sound,  
Sends forth, resounding round,  
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell  
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ,  
And yet the guests delay not long,  
For soon arrives the bridal train,  
And with it brings the village throng

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,  
For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,  
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,  
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ,  
To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper  
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper  
"How beautiful ! how beautiful she is !

But she must calm that giddy head,  
For already the Mass is said ,  
At the holy table stands the priest ,  
The wedding ring is blessed , Baptiste receives it  
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it  
He must pronounce one word at least !  
'Tis spoken , and sudden at the groomsmen's side  
"Tis he ! " a well-known voice has cried.  
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath  
Opens the confessional, and the blind girl, see !  
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death  
As holy water be my blood for thee !"  
And calmly in the air a knife suspended !  
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,  
For anguish did its work so well,  
That ere the fatal stroke descended,  
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,  
The De Profundis filled the air ,  
Decked with flowers, a single hearse  
To the churchyard forth they bear  
Village girls in robes of snow



Follow, weeping as they go,  
Nowhere was a smile that day,  
No ah no! for each one seemed to say —

' The road shall mourn and be veiled in gloom,  
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!  
Should mourn, and should weep ah, well-away!  
So fair a corpse shall pass o-day!



### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOËL BOURGIGNON DE GUI BARÔZAI

I HEAR along our street  
Pass the minstrel throngs,  
Hark! they play so sweet,  
On their hautboys Christmas songs!  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring  
Every day the chimes,  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

Shepherds at the grange  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang  
Songs devout and sweet,  
While the rustlers rang,  
There they stood with freezing feet  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

Nuns in frigid cells  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something else  
Christmas songs at times have tried.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !  
  
Washerwomen old,  
To the sound they beat,  
Sing by rivers cold,  
With uncovered heads and feet

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

Who by the fireside stands  
Stamps his feet and sings ,  
But he who blows his hands  
Not so gay a carol brings  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire !

## Evangeline.

### A TALE OF ACADIE

1847

#### PREFATORY NOTE.

THE story of "EVANGELINE" is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Séjour. Whether the accusation was founded on fact or not, has not been satisfactorily ascertained, the result however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes and dispersed throughout the other colonies at a distance from their much loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest

This is the forest primeval, but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean  
Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre

Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures, and is patient,  
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ,  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded still the little village of Grand Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number



Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides but at stated seasons the floodgates  
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village  
Strongly built were the houses with frames of oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

## EVANGELINE

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows, and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway  
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within-doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them  
Reverend walked he among them, and up rose matrons and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome  
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice of republics  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows,  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners,  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.  
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres, and with him, directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters,  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes,  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-  
leaves

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of lily that feed in the meadows  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music  
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath, and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow  
Under the sycamore-trees were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road side,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard, <sup>[harrows,</sup>

There stood the broad wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the  
There were the folds for the sheep and there in his feathered straggle,  
Strutted the lordly turkey and crowed the cock with the self same  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter  
Bursting with hay were the barns themselves a village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch and a scarecrow  
Under the sheltering eaves led up to the odorous corn loft  
There too the dove cot stood with its neck and ears out in vantage  
Murmuring ever of love while above in the variant breeze  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation

Thus, at peace with God and the world the farmer of Grand-trail  
Lived on his sunny farm and Evangeline improved his household  
Many a youth as he knelt in the church and opened his mind  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deep devotion  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment  
Many a suitor came to her door by the darkness befriended  
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of the door  
Knew not which beat the louder his heart or the knocker of iron,  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village  
Bolder grew and pressed her hand in the dance less hesitated  
Hurried words of love that seemed a part of the music  
But among all who came young Gabriel took a welcome  
Gabriel Lajeunesse the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village and honored of all men  
For since the birth of time throughout all ages and centuries  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from early childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister and both rich in faith  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village had taught them the letters  
Out of the self-same book with the hymns of the church and the psalm song  
But when the hymn was sung and the daily work complete  
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith  
There at the door they stood with wondering eyes to behold him  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,  
Nailing the shoe in its place while near him the fire of the cart wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake coiled round in a circle of cinders  
Oft on autumnal eves when without in the gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy through every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the labourer's blows  
And as its panting ceased and the sparks expired in the ash  
Merrily laughed and said they were nuns going into the chapel  
Oft on sledges in winter as swift as the swoop of the eagle  
Down the hill side bounding they glided away o'er the meadows  
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nest on the rafters  
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings  
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow  
Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children  
He was a valiant youth and his face like the face of the morning  
Gladdened the earth with its light and ripened thought into action  
She was a woman now with the heart and hopes of a woman  
"Sunshine of St Eulalie" was she called, for that was the sunshine  
Which, as the farmers believed would load their orchards with apples,  
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children



II

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice bound,  
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands  
 Harvests were gathered in, and wild with the winds of September  
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel  
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inelement  
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey  
 Till the hives overflowed, and the Indian hunters asserted  
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes  
 Such was the advent of autumn Then followed that beautiful season,  
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!  
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape  
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood  
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
 Was for a moment consoled All sounds were in harmony blended.

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him,  
While arrayed in his robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew each glittering tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness  
Day with its burden and heat had departed and twilight descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky and the herds to the homestead  
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening  
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
Proud of her snow white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,  
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection  
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea side  
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,  
Patient full of importance and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
Walking from side to side with a lordly air and superbly  
Waving his bushy tail and urging forward the stragglers,  
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept, their protector  
When from the forest at night through the starry silence the wolves howled  
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour  
Cheerily leading the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks  
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
Painted with brilliant dyes and adorned with tassels of crimson,  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms  
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand, whilst loud and in regular cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended  
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,  
Echoed back by the barns anon they sank into stillness,  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent

In-doors, warm by the wide mouthed fire-place idly the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
Faces clumsily carved in oak on the back of his arm-chair  
Laughed in the flickering light and the pewter plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine  
Fragments of song the old man sang and carols of Christmas  
Such as at home, in the olden time his fathers before him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated  
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her  
Silent a while were its treadles at rest was its diligent shuttle  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel like the drone of a bagpipe  
Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together  
As in a church when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles or words of the priest at the altar  
So in each pause of the song with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch and the door swung back on its hinges



Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him  
 "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as the footsteps paused on the threshold,  
 "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come take thy place on the settle  
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee,  
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco,  
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling  
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."  
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,  
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside —  
 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy brad!  
 Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them  
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe"  
 Pausing a moment, to take pipe that Evangeline brought him,  
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued —  
 "Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors,  
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth with their cannon pointed against us  
 What their design may be is unknown, but all are commanded  
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate  
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."  
 Then made answer the farmer — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
 Brings these ships to our shores Perhaps the harvests in England



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children '  
'Not so thinketh the folk in the village,' said, warmly, the blacksmith,  
Shaking his head, as in doubt, then, heaving a sigh, he continued —  
Louisburg is not forgotten nor Beau Séjour nor Port Royal  
Many already have fled to the forest and lurk on its outskirts,  
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow  
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds,  
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower '  
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer —  
'Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields  
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,  
Than were our fathers in forts besieged by the enemy's cannon '  
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow  
Fall on this house and hearth, for this is the night of the contract  
Built are the house and the barn The merry lads of the village  
Strongly have built them and well, and, breaking the glebe round about  
them,  
Filled the barn with hay and the house with food for a twelvemonth  
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn  
Shall we not then be glad and rejoice in the joy of our children > "  
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,  
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered

### III

BENT like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean  
Bent but not broken by age was the form of the notary public,  
Shocks of yellow hairs like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
Over his shoulders, his forehead was high and glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose with a look of wisdom supernal  
Father of twenty children was he and more than a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.  
Four long years in the time of the war had he languished a captive  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English  
Now though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and childlike  
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children,  
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest  
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,  
And of the white Létié, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
Died and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children,  
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable  
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell  
And of the marvellous powers of four leaved clover and horseshoes,  
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village  
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
Knocked from his pipe the ashes and slowly extending his right hand,  
'Father Leblanc he exclaimed "thou hast heard the talk in the village,  
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these slups and their errand."  
Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public, —  
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser,  
And what their errand may be I know not better than others  
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
Brings them here for we are at peace, and why then molest us?  
God's name! shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith  
Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?  
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!'



But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—  
 “Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice  
 Triumphs, and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”  
 This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
 When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them  
 “Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them  
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted,  
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty  
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace  
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice  
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose and the bolts of the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay built walls the necklace of pearls was woven.  
Silenced, but not convinced when the story was ended, the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak but findeth no language,  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window panes in the winter

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table  
Filled till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
Nut brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré,  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded and duly and well were completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin  
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver,  
And the notary rising and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
Wiping the foam from his lip he solemnly bowed and departed,  
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside  
Till Evangeline brought the draught board out of its corner  
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manoeuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned or a breach was made in the kang-row  
Meanwhile apart in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
Sat the lovers, and whispered together beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows  
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven  
Blossomed the lovely stars the forget-me-nots of the angels

Thus passed the evening away Anon the bell from the belfry  
Rang out the hour of nine the village curfew and straightway  
Rose the guests and departed, and silence reigned in the household.  
Many a farewell word and sweet good night on the door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart and filled it with gladness  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden  
Silent she passed through the hall and entered the door of her chamber  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs by the hand of Evangeline woven  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds being proofs of her skill as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp for the mellow and radiant moonlight  
Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till the heart of the  
maiden  
Swelled and obeyed its power like the tremulous tides of the ocean.  
Ah! she was fair exceeding fair to behold as she stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!  
Little she dreamed that below among the trees of the orchard  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow

## EVANGELINE

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight  
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.  
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass  
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

### IV

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning  
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocond hugh from the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced  
Thronged were the streets with people, and noisy groups at the house doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted,  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's  
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant  
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father,  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated,  
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waiscoats.  
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
Hair, as it waved in the wind, and the jolly face of the fiddler  
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.  
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*  
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows,  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them  
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away And lo! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat  
Thronged ere long was the church with men Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women They stood by the graves, and hung on the head stones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest  
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal With loud and dissonant clangour  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers  
Then arose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Holding aloft in his hands with its seals, the royal commission.  
'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by His Majesty's orders  
Clement and kind has he been—but how you have answered his kindness,  
Let your own hearts reply!' To my natural make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do—which to you I know must be grievous



Yet must I bow and obey and deliver the will of our monarch,  
Namely that all your lands and dwellings and cattle of all kinds,  
Forfeited be to the Crown—and that you yourselves from this province  
Be transported to other lands—God grant you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects a happy and peaceable people!  
Prisoners now I declare you—for such is his Majesty's pleasure!'—  
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,  
Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch from the house roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds and seek to break their inclosures,  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger  
And by one impulse moved they madly rushed to the doorway  
Vain was the hope of escape, and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer, and high over the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea a spar is tossed by the billows

## EVANGELINE

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion, and wildly he shouted,—  
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance.  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"  
More he ran would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Tchern  
Entered, with serious men, and ascended the steps of the altar  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng, and thus he spake to his people  
Deep were his tones and solemn, in accents measured and mournful  
Spake he, and, after the tocsin's thrum distinctly the clock strikes.  
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?  
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
Is this the fruit of my toils of my vigils and prayers and privations?  
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, O Father forgive them!"  
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak,  
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts, and the Ave Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven

Meanwhile had spread in the village tidings of all, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing from house to house, the women and children  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun that, descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch and emblazoned its windows  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table,  
There stood the wheaten loaf and the honey fragrant with wild flowers  
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy,  
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer  
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows  
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness and patience!  
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within, and in vain at the door and the windows



Stood she and listened and looked until overcome by emotion,  
Gabriel! cried she aloud with tremulous voice but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead nor the gloomier grave of the living  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber

## EVANGELINE

In the dead of night she heard the whispering rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window  
Keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created !  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven ,  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning

### V

FOUR times the sun had risen and set , and now on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping mounds of the farm-house  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
For they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen  
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried , and there on the sea beach  
Piled in confusion by the household goods of the peasants  
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ,  
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
Leaving far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard  
Flutter the women and children thronged On a sudden the church doors  
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient Acadian farmers  
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,  
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters  
Foremost the young men came , and, raising together their voices,  
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions —  
" Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience !  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the way-side,  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith like voices of spirits departed

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—  
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—  
" Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another,  
Nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mischances may happen ! "  
Smiling she spake these words , then suddenly paused, for her father  
Saw she slowly advancing Alas ! how changed was his aspect !  
Gone was the glow from his cheek and the fire from his eye, and his footsteps  
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom  
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,  
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not  
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking  
Busily plied the freighted boats , and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children  
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties





So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father  
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight  
 Deepened and darkened around, and in haste the reflux ocean  
 Fled away from the shore and left the line of the sand beach  
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed,  
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,  
 Like to a gipsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,  
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers  
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
Drugging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors  
Then, as the night descended the herds returned from their pastures,  
Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders,  
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—  
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid  
Silence reigned in the streets, from the church no Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows

But on the shore meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from the wrecks in the tempest  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard and of men, and the crying of children  
Onward from fire to fire as from hearth to hearth in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melus's desolate sea-shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,  
Even as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
Vainly offered him food, yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,  
But, with a vacant stare ever gazed at the flickering fire-light  
' *Benedicite* ' murmured the priest in tones of compassion  
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents  
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,  
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow  
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,  
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them  
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals  
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together  
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea and the ships that lay in the roadstead  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were [martyr  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
" We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré !  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,  
Thinking the day had dawned, and anon the lowing of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted  
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and their fences, and madly rushed o'er the mea-  
dows

Overwhelmed with the sight yet speechless the priest and the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them,  
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side and wailed aloud in her terror  
Then in a swoon she sank and lay with her head on his bosom  
Through the long night she lay in deep oblivious slumber,  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
Pallid with tearful eyes and looks of saddest compassion  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses  
Then a familiar voice she heard as it said to the people —  
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard"  
Such were the words of the priest And there in haste by the seaside,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches  
But without bell or book they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea and mingled its roar with the dirges  
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean  
With the first dawn of the day came heaving and hurrying landward  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking,  
And with the ebb of that tide the ship sailed out of the harbour,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins

## PART THE SECOND

### I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation with all its household gods into exile  
Exile without an end and without an example in story  
Far asunder on separate coasts the Acadians landed,  
Scattered were they like flakes of snow when the wind from the north east  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland  
Friendless homeless, hopeless they wandered from city to city  
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—  
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth  
Friends they sought and homes, and many despairing, heart broken,  
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church yards  
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things  
Fair was she and young but alas! before her extended  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished and hopes long dead and abandoned,



As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine  
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished,  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
Into the East again, from whence it late had arisen  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour,  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,  
 But it was long ago in some far off place or forgotten  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others, "O yes! we have seen him  
 He was with Basil the blacksmith and both have gone to the prairies,  
*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers."  
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others "O yes! we have seen him  
 He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana  
 Then would they say,—"Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?  
 Are there not other youths as far as Gabriel? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?  
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc the notary's son, who has loved thee  
 Many a tedious year, come give him thy hand and be happy!  
 Thou art too far to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses  
 Then would Evangeline answer serenely but sadly — I cannot!  
 Whither my heart has gone there follows my hand and not elsewhere  
 For when the heart goes before like a lamp and illumines the pathway,  
 Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness  
 And thereupon the priest her friend and father-confessor,  
 Said with a smile — "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!  
 Talk not of wasted affection! affection never was wasted  
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning  
 Back to their springs like the run shall fill them full of refreshment,  
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain  
 Patience accomplish thy labour accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong and patient endurance is godlike,  
 Therefore accomplish thy labour of love till the heart is made godlike  
 Purified, strengthened perfected and rendered more worthy of heaven!"  
 Cheered by the good man's words Evangeline laboured and waited  
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean  
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered "Despair not!"  
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted over the shards and thorns of existence  
 Let me essay "O Muse!" to follow the wanderer's footsteps, —  
 Not through each devious path each changeful year of existence,  
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley  
 Far from its margin at times and seeing the gleam of its water  
 Here and there in some open space and at intervals only,  
 Then drawing nearer its banks through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
 Though he behold it not he can hear its continuous murmur  
 Happy at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet

II

It was the month of May Far down the Beautiful River,  
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash  
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat that was rowed by Acadian boatmen  
 It was a band of exiles a raft as it were from the shipwrecked  
 Nation scattered along the coast now floating together  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune,  
 Men and women and children who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide the Father Felician  
 Onward o'er sunken sands through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river,  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders

## EVANGELINE

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove cots  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward  
They, too, swerved from their course, and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mud air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them,  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed  
As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest  
Soundless above them the banniers of moss just stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches,  
But not a voice replied, no answer came from the darkness,  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence  
Then Evangeline slept, but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,  
Silent at times then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers  
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades, and before them  
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
And with the heat of noon, and numberless sylvan islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along invited to slumber  
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended  
Under the boughs of Wachita willows that grew by the margin,  
Safely their boat was moored, and scattered about on the greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil the weary travellers slumbered.  
O'er them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar  
Swinging from its great arms the trumpet flower and the grape-vine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending descending  
Were the swift humming birds that flitted from blossom to blossom.  
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it  
Filled was her heart with love and the dawn of an opening heaven  
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers  
Northward its prow was turned to the land of the bison and beaver  
At the helm sat a youth with countenance thoughtful and careworn  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written  
Gabriel was it who weary with writing unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow  
Swiftly they glided along close under the lee of the island,  
But by the opposite bank and behind a screen of palmettos,  
So that they saw not the boat where it lay concealed in the willows,  
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars and unseen were the sleepers,  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden  
Swiftly they glided away like the shade of a cloud on the prairie  
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance  
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke and the maiden  
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest — 'O Father Felician!  
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders  
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
Or has an angel passed and revealed the truth to my spirit?  
Then with a blush, she added — Alas for my credulous fancy!  
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning  
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered —  
Daughter thy words are not idle, nor are they to me without meaning  
Feeling is deep and still and the word that floats on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden  
Therefore trust to thy heart and to what the world calls illusions  
Gabriel truly is near thee for not far away to the southward  
On the banks of the Teche are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin  
There the long wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
There the long absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-fold  
Beautiful is the land with its prunies and forests of fruit-trees,  
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
Bending above and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey  
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape,  
Twinkling vapours rose and sky and water and forest  
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together

## EVANGELINE

Hanging between two skies, a cloud, with edges of silver,  
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water  
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness  
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
Glowed with a light of love, as the skies and waters round her  
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen  
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad, then soaring to madness  
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes  
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation,  
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion  
Slowly they entered the Tèche, where it flows through the green Opelousas.  
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that rose from a neighbouring dwelling,—  
Sounds of a horn they heard and the distant lowing of cattle.

### III

NEAR to the bank of the river overshadowed by oaks, from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted  
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree and carefully fitted together  
Large and low was the roof, and on slender columns supported,  
Rose wreathed vine encircled, a broad and spacious verandah,  
Haunt of the humming bird and the bee, extended around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
Situated the dove cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing and endless contentions of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees, but the house itself was in a shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose  
In the rear of the house from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending  
Full in his track of light like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman arrayed in gutters and doublet of deerskin  
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness  
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening



Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house through the gate of the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder,  
 When they beheld his face they recognised Basil the blacksmith  
 Hearty his welcome was as he led his guests to the garden  
 There in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer,  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns or sitting silent and thoughtful  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not and now dark doubts and misgivings  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart, and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said,— If you came by the Atehafalvri  
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous? "  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed  
 Tears came into her eyes and she said with a tremulous accent,—

Gone? is Gabriel gone? and concealing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her overburdened heart gave way and she wept and lamented  
 Then the good Basil said —and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
 Be of good cheer my child it is only to day he departed  
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.  
 Moody and restless grown and tired and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests on rivers trapping the beaver  
 Therefore be of good cheer, we will follow the fugitive lover,  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison

Then glad voices were heard and up from the banks of the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms came Michael the fiddler  
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
 'Long live Michael, they cried, 'our brave Acadian minstrel!'  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession, and straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past while Basil enraptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long and embracing mothers and daughters  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,  
 All his domains and his herds and his patriarchal demeanour,  
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take  
 them,

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.  
 Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the airy veranda,  
 Entered the hall of the house where already the supper of Basil  
 Waited his late return, and they rested and feasted together  
 The touch

## EVANGELINE

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars, but within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight  
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,  
Thus he spoke to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened —  
“Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless  
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!  
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers,  
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer  
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water  
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom, and grass grows  
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer  
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies,  
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber  
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses  
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle  
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,  
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,  
So that the guests all started, and Father Felician, astounded,  
Suddenly prused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils  
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and grayer —  
“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!  
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,  
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell!”  
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching  
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda  
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,  
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman  
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours  
Friend clasped friend in his arms, and they who before were as strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,  
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together  
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding  
From the recordant strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle,  
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,  
All things forgotten beside they gave themselves to the maddening  
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music  
Dreamlike, with burning eyes and the rush of fluttering garments

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future,  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose and loud in the midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
Came o’er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden  
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,



Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie  
Silent it lay with a silvery haze upon it, and fire flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,

## EVANGELINE

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Uphursin"  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!  
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!  
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?”  
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded  
Like a flute in the woods, and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence  
“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness,  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “To-morrow!”

Bright rose the sun next day, and all the flowers of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal  
“Farewell!” said the priest as he stood at the shadowy threshold,  
“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the Bridegroom was coming  
“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling with Basil descended  
Down to the river’s brink where the boatmen already were waiting  
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,  
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,  
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert  
Not that day nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,  
Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him, but vague and uncertain  
Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country,  
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Wearv and worn they alighted and learned from the garrulous landlord  
That on the day before, with horses and guides, and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies

### IV

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
Lift through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant’s waggon,  
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and the Owyhee,  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska,  
And to the South from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas  
Over them wander the buffalo herds and the elk and the roebuck,  
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses,  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel,  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael’s children,  
Staining the desert with blood, and above their terrible war-trails

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Circles and sails aloft on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders,  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift running rivers,  
And the grim taciturn bear the anchorite monk of the desert  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook side,  
And over all is the sky the clear and crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them



into this wonderful land at the base of the Ozark Mountains  
Gabriel far had entered with hunters and trappers behind him.  
Day after day with their Indian guides the maiden and Basil  
Followed his flying steps and thought each day to overtake him  
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw the smoke of his camp-fire  
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain, but at nightfall  
When they had reached the place they found only embers and ashes  
And though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,  
Hope still guided them on as the magic Fata Morgana  
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once as they sat by their evening fire there silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people  
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel Comanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.

## EVANGELINE

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome  
Gave they with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them  
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers  
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire light  
Flushed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their  
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when see had ended  
Still was mute, but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain she spake and repeated the tale of the Mowis,  
Mowis the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came arose and passed from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest  
Then, in those sweet low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,  
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom  
That, through the pines over her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,  
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow  
It was no earthly fear A breath from the region of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of night, and she felt for a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom  
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along, — 'On the western slope of these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus,  
Loud hush their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear 'em'  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, —  
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!  
Thither they turned their steeds, and behind a spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines  
Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches  
Silent, with heads uncovered the travellers nearer approaching  
Kneelt on the swarded floor and joined in the evening devotions.  
But when the service was done, and the Benediction had fallen  
Forth from the hands of the priest like seed from the hands of the sower  
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
Welcome, and when they replied he smiled with benignant expression,  
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in the forest,  
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam  
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-cake  
Feasted and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher  
Soon was their story told, and the priest with solemnity answered —

‘Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel seated  
On this mat by my side where now the maiden reposes  
Told me this same sad tale then arose and continued his journey,  
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness,  
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow flakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed  
‘Far to the North he has gone,’ continued the priest, ‘but in autumn,  
When the chase is done will return again to the Mission  
Then Evangeline said and her voice was meek and submissive,—  
‘Let me remain with thee for my soul is sad and afflicted  
So seemed it wise and well unto all, and betimes on the morrow  
Mounting his Mexican steed with his Indian guides and companions  
Homeward Basil returned and Evangeline stayed at the Mission

Slowly slowly slowly the days succeeded each other —  
Days and weeks and months, and the fields of maize that were springing  
Green from the ground when a stranger she came now waving before her  
Lifted their slender shafts with leaves interlacing and forming  
Cloisters for mendicant crows and grinnings pillaged by squirrels  
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear for that betokened a lover  
But at the crooked laughed and called it a thief in the corn field  
Even the blood red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover

Patience! the priest would say, ‘have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!’

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
See how its leaves all point to the north as true as the magnet,  
It is the compass flower that the finger of God has suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk to direct the traveller’s journey  
Over the sea like pathless limitless waste of the desert  
Such in the soul of man is faith The blossoms of passion  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance  
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly  
Only this humble plant can guide us here and hereafter  
Crown us with asphodel flowers that are wet with the dews of nepenthe.

So came the autumn and passed and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not,  
Blossomed the opening spring and the notes of the robin and blue bird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood yet Gabriel came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird or hue or odour of blossom  
Far to the north and east it said in the Alleghian forests  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river

## EVANGELINE

And with returning guides that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission  
When over weary ways by long and perilous marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin

Thus did the long sad years glide on and in seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden,—  
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,



Now in the noisy camps and the battle fields of the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities  
Like a phantom she came and passed away unremembered  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey,  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended  
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow  
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning

### V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded  
There all the air is balm, and the perch is the emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molest  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country



There old René Leblanc had died, and when he departed,  
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants  
 Something at least there was in the friendly street of the city  
 Something that spake to her heart and made her no longer a stranger,  
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
 For it recalled the past the old Acadian country,  
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters  
 So when the fruitless search the disappointed endeavour,  
 Ended to recommence no more upon earth uncomplaining  
 Thither as leaves to the light were turned her thoughts and her footsteps  
 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
 Roll away and afar we behold the landscape below us  
 Sun-illumined with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
 So fell the mists from her mind and she saw the world far below her  
 Dark no longer but all illumined with love, and the pathway  
 Which she had climbed so far lying smooth and far in the distance  
 Gabriel was not forgotten Within her heart was his image  
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth as last she beheld him,  
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence  
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not for it was not  
 Over him years had no power, he was not changed, but transfigured,  
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent,  
 Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others,  
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her  
 So was her love diffused but like to some odorous spices  
 Suffered no waste nor loss though filling the air with aroma  
 Other hope had she none nor wish in life but to follow  
 Meekly with reverent steps the sacred feet of her Saviour  
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy, frequenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected  
 Night after night when the world was asleep as the watchman repeated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city  
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper  
 Day after day in the gray of the dawn as slow through the suburbs  
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
 Met he that meek pale face returning home from its watchings

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight with naught in their claws but an osseous  
 And as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
 Flooding some silver stream till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life and overflowing its natural margin  
 Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence  
 Wealth had no power to bribe nor beauty to charm, the oppressor,  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger,—  
 Only alas! the poor who had neither friends nor attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse home of the homeless  
 Then in the suburbs it stood in the midst of meadows and woodlands,—  
 Now the city surrounds it but still with its gateway and wicket  
 Meek in the midst of splendour its humble walls seem to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord — The poor ye always have with you  
 Thither, by night and by day came the Sister of Mercy The dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought indeed, to behold there,  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

## EVANGELINE.

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance,  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse  
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty  
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,  
While intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco  
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit,  
Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials are ended , ”  
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness  
Senselessly moved about the assiduous careful attendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and theaching brow and in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead and concealing their faces,  
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-side  
Many a languid head, uprised as Evangeline entered,  
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison  
And as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time,  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder,  
Ran through her frame and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man  
Long, and thin and gray were the locks that shaded his temples,  
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood,  
So are wont to be changed the faces of those that are dying  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over  
Motionless senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
“ Gabriel ! O my beloved ! and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood,  
Green Acadlin meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village and mountain and woodlands, and, walking under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth Evangeline rose in his vision  
Tears came into his eyes, and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name for the accents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken  
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom



Sweet was the light of his eyes but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now the hope and the fear and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, ' Father, I thank Thee! "

Still stands the forest primeval, but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
Duly the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and for ever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval, but under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race with other customs and language  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy,  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest

## The Courtship of Miles Standish

1858

I

### MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,  
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,  
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,  
Strode with a martial air Miles Standish the Puritan Captain  
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him and prising  
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,  
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—  
Cutlass and corslet of steel and his trusty sword of Damascus,  
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence  
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.  
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,  
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron,  
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already  
Flaked with patches of snow as hedges sometimes in November  
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,  
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window,  
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,  
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives  
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels!"  
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May-Flower

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,  
Spoke, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth  
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here  
Burnished and bright and clean as if for parade or inspection!  
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders, this breastplate,



Well I remember the day ! once saved my life in a skirmish,  
 Here in front you can see the very dent of the bullet  
 Fired point blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero  
 Had it not been of sheer steel the forgotten bones of Miles Standish  
 Would at this moment be mould' in their grave in the Flemish morasses,  
 Thereupon answered John Alden but looked not up from his writing  
 ' Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet,  
 He in his mercy preserved you to be our shield and our weapon !'  
 Still the Captain continued unheeding the words of the stripling  
 ' See how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging,  
 That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.  
 Serve yourself would you be well served, is an excellent adage,  
 So I take care of my arms as you of your pens and your inkhorn.  
 Then too there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,  
 Twelve men all equipped having each his rest and his matchlock,  
 Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

And, like Cæsar I know the name of each of my soldiers!  
Thus he said with a smile that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams  
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment  
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued  
‘Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted  
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,  
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,  
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen  
Now we are ready, I think for any assault of the Indians,  
Let them come, if they like and the sooner they try it the better,—  
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore sachem or pow-wow,  
Aspinet, Simoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahmon!’

Long at the window he stood and wistfully gazed on the landscape,  
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east wind,  
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel blue rim of the ocean,  
Lying silent and still, in the afternoon shadow and sunshine  
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape  
Gloom intermingled with light and his voice was subdued with emotion  
Tenderness put regret as after a pause he proceeded  
‘Yonder there, on the hill by the sea lies buried Rose Standish,  
Beautiful rose of love that bloomed for me by the wayside!  
She was the first to die of all who came in the May-Flower!  
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,  
Fetter to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,  
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!’  
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down and was thoughtful

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them  
Prominent three distinguished alike for bulk and for binding,  
Brisse’s Artillery Guide and the Commentaries of Cæsar,  
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,  
And, as if guarded by these between them was standing the Bible  
Musing a moment before them Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful  
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,  
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,  
Or the Artillery practice designed for belligerent Christians  
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman  
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book and in silence  
Turned over the well worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,  
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest  
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Busily writing epistles important to go by the May-Flower  
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest God willing!  
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,  
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla  
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

### II

#### LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,  
Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain,  
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar  
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand palm downwards,  
Heavily on the page, ‘A wonderful man was this Cæsar!  
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow  
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!’



## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning,  
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases  
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,  
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,  
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, trim-turbaned stripling,  
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,  
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,  
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,  
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,  
Thus made answer and spoke, or rather stammered than answered  
"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it,  
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—  
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!  
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,  
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth  
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it,  
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing  
Now, as I said before I was never a maker of phrases  
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,  
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not  
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,  
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,—  
That, I confess, I am afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!  
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar  
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases  
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,  
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added  
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me,  
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!  
Then made answer John Alden 'The name of friendship is sacred  
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!  
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,  
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand

### III

#### THE LOVERS' ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,  
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest  
Into the tranquil woods, where blue birds and robins were building  
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,  
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom  
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict  
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.  
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,  
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,  
Washes the bitter sea the merciless surge of the ocean!  
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,  
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?  
Was it for this I have loved and waited, and worshipped in silence?  
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow  
Over the wintry sea to the desolate shores of New England?  
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption  
Rise, like an exhalation the misty phantoms of passion  
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan







Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway, Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow storm Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken, Now it was all too late, the golden moment had vanished ! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring time, Talked of their friends at home and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow " I have been thinking all day, ' said gently the Puritan maiden, " Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge rows of England,— They are in blossom now and the country is all like a garden, Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,

And at the end of the street the village church, with the  
 Climbing the old gray tower and the quiet prayer in the churchyard  
 Kind are the people I live with and dear to me in my old  
 Still my heart is so sad that I wish myself back in Old England  
 You will say it is wrong but I cannot help it I almost  
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched I

Thereupon answered the youth " Indeed I do not condemn you  
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter  
 Yours is tender and trusting and needs a stronger to lean on,  
 So I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage  
 Made by a good man and true Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth "

Thus he delivered his message the dextrous writer of letters —  
 Did not embellish the theme nor array it in beautiful phrases  
 But came straight to the point and blurted it out like a schoolboy,  
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly  
 Blunt with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maid  
 Looked into Alden's face her eyes dilated with wonder  
 Feeling his words like a blow that stunned her and rendered her speechless,  
 Till at length she exclaimed interrupting the ominous silence

If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me  
 Why does he not come himself and take the trouble to woo me?  
 If I am not worth the wooing I surely am not worth the making!  
 Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,  
 Making it worse as he went by saying the Captain was busy —  
 Had no time for such things — such things! the words grating harshly  
 Fell on the ear of Priscilla and swift as a flash she made an answer  
 Has he no time for such things as you call it before he is married,  
 Would he be likely to find it, or make it after the wedding?

That is the way with you men, you don't understand us you cannot  
 When you have made up your minds after thinking of this one and that one,  
 Choosing selecting rejecting comparing one with another  
 Then you make known your desire with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
 And are offended and hurt and indignant perhaps that a woman  
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected  
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing  
 This is not right nor just for such a woman's affection  
 Is not a thing to be asked for and had for only the asking  
 When one is truly in love one not only says it but shows it.  
 Had he but waited a while had he only showed that he loved me  
 Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,  
 Old and rough as he is, but now it never can happen.

Still John Alden went on unheeding the words of Priscilla  
 Urging the suit of his friend explaining persuading expanding,  
 Spoke of his courage and skill and of all his battles in Flanders,  
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction  
 How in return for his zeal they had made him Captain of Plymouth,  
 He was a gentleman born could trace his pedigree plainly  
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall in Lancashire England  
 Who was the son of Ralph and the grandson of Thurston de Standish  
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded  
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent  
 Combed and wattled gules and all the rest of the blazon  
 He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature  
 Though he was rough he was kindly she knew how during the winter  
 He had attended the sick with a hand as gentle as woman's,



Somewhat hasty and hot he could not deny it, and headstrong,  
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always  
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature,  
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous,  
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"



## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,  
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and must of the evening  
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain  
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,  
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders,  
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanour,  
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue  
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us,  
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming  
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city  
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened"

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,  
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened,  
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,  
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal  
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken  
Words so tender and cruel "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?  
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armour  
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.  
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,  
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.  
Wildly he shouted, and loud "John Alden! you have betrayed me!  
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!  
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler,  
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?  
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!  
You, who lived under my roof whom I cherished and loved as a brother,  
You, who have fed at my board and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping  
I have entrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—  
You, too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!  
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward  
Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber  
Chafing and choking with rage, like cords were the veins on his temples  
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,  
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,  
Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians  
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,  
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,  
Buckled the belt round his waist and, frowning fiercely, departed  
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard  
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.  
Then he rose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,  
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,  
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,  
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,  
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming,  
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,  
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,  
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,  
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation,  
So say the chroniclers old, and such is the faith of the people!  
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,  
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect,

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL IVORAS'

While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible  
Ponderous, bound in leather brass studded, printed in Holland,  
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattle snake glittered,  
Filled like a quiver with arrows a signal and challenge of warfare,  
Brought by the Indian and sparkling with arrowy tongues of defiance  
This Miles Standish beheld as he entered, and heard them debating  
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace  
Talking of this and of that contriving suggesting, objecting,  
One voice only for peace and that the voice of the Elder,  
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted  
Rather than any were slain for this was but Christian behaviour!  
Then out spake Miles Standish the stalwart Captain of Plymouth  
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger  
'What! do you mean to make war with mill and the water of roses?  
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted  
There on the roof of the church or is it to shoot red devils?  
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage  
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!'  
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,  
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language  
'Not so thought Saint Paul nor yet the other Apostles  
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!  
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,  
Who had advanced to the table and thus continued discoursing  
'Leave this matter to me for to me by right it pertaineth  
War is a terrible trade but in the cause that is righteous,  
Sweet is the smell of powder, and thus I answer the challenge!

Then from the rattlesnake's skin with a sudden, con-emptuous gesture,  
Jerking the Indian arrows he filled it with powder and bullets  
Full to the very jaws and handed it back to the savage,  
Saying in thundering tones "Here take it! this is your answer!"  
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage  
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,  
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest

### THE SAILING OF THE MAY-FLOWER

JUST in the gray of the dawn as the mists uprose from the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth,  
Clanging and clinking of arms and the order imperative 'Forward!  
Given in tones suppressed a tramp of feet and then silence.  
Figures ten in the mist, marched slowly out of the village  
Standish the stalwart it was with eight of his valorous army  
Led by their Indian guide by Hobomok, friend of the white men,  
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage  
Giants they seemed in the mist or the mighty men of King David,  
Giants in heart they were who believed in God and the Bible,—  
Ay who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines  
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning  
Under them loud on the sands the serried billows advancing,  
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched when at length the village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours  
Sweet was the air and soft, slowly the smoke from the chimneys



Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward,  
Men came forth from the doors, and pruned and talked of the weather  
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the *Mary-Ann*,  
Talked of their Captain's departure and all the dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming,  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains!  
Beautiful on the sails of the *Mary-Ann* riding at anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors  
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,  
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward, anon rang  
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes  
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure  
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!  
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bibles



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty !  
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,  
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea shore,  
Eager, with tearful eyes to say farewell to the May-Flower,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,  
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever  
He had beheld Miles Standish who came back late from the council,  
Stalking into the room and heard him mutter and murmur,  
Sometimes it seemed a prayer and sometimes it sounded like swearing  
Once he had come to the bed and stood there a moment in silence,  
Then he had turned away and said 'I will not awake him,  
Let him sleep on it is best, for what is the use of more talking?  
Then he extinguished the light and threw himself down on his pallet,  
Dressed as he was and ready to start at the break of the morning —  
Lovered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,  
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac ready for action.  
But with the dawn he arose in the twilight Alden beheld him  
Put on his corslet of steel and all the rest of his armour,  
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus  
Take from the corner his musket and so stride out of the chamber  
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,  
Often his lips had essayed to speak imploring for pardon,  
All the old friendship came back with its tender and grateful emotions,  
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—  
Pride, and the sense of his wrong and the burning fire of the insult.  
So he beheld his friend departing in anger but spake not,  
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death and he spake not !  
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying  
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert  
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,  
And, with the others in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore  
Down to the Plymouth Rock that had been to their feet as a door-step  
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master already a little impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide or the wind might shift to the eastward  
Square built, hearty and strong with an odour of ocean about him,  
Speaking with this one and that and cramming letters and parcels  
Into his pockets capacious and messages mingled together  
Into his narrow brain till at last he was wholly bewildered.  
Nearer the boat stood Alden with one foot placed on the gunwale  
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,  
Seated erect on the thwarts all ready and eager for starting  
He too was eager to go and thus put an end to his anguish  
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,  
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him  
But as he gazed on the crowd he beheld the form of Priscilla  
Standing dejected among them unconscious of all that was passing  
Fixed were her eyes upon his as if she divined his intention,  
Fixed with a look so sad so reproachful imploring and patient  
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,  
As from a verge of a crag where one step more is destruction.  
Strange is the heart of man with its quick mysterious instincts,  
Strange is the life of man and fatal or fated are moments,  
Whereupon turn as on hinges the gates of the wall adamantine !  
'Here I remain !' he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,  
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong  
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,  
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean  
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,  
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection  
Flout, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!  
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me, I heed not  
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!  
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,  
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps  
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence  
Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness,  
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,  
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,  
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,  
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him  
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance  
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,  
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,  
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,  
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,  
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!  
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims  
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May-Flower!  
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon was heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors  
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor  
Then the yards were braced, and all sail set to the west wind,  
Blowing steady and strong and the May-Flower sailed from the harbour,  
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward  
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,  
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,  
Borne on the sand of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,  
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human,  
Then, as if filled with the spirit and wrapped in a vision prophetic,  
Baring his hoary head the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took  
courage

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them  
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred  
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered  
Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean  
Gleamed the departing sail like a marble slab in a graveyard,  
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping  
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,  
Watching them from the hill, but while they spake with each other  
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished  
So they returned to their homes, but Alden lingered a little,  
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows  
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,  
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters

VI  
PRISCILLA

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,  
Thinking of many things and most of all of Priscilla  
And as it thought had the power to draw to itself, like the lodestone,  
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,  
Lo! as he turned to depart Priscilla was standing beside him

"Are you so much offended you will not speak to me?" said she,  
"Am I so much to blame that yesterday when you were pleading  
Warmly the cause of another my heart impulsive and wayward  
Pleaded your own and spake out forgetful perhaps of decorum?  
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying  
What I ought not to have said yet now I can never unsay it  
For there are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotion,  
That if by chance it be shaken or into its depths like a pebble  
Drops some careless word it overflows and its secret  
Spilt on the ground like water can never be gathered together  
Yesterday I was shocked when I heard you speak of Miles Standish  
Praising his virtues transforming his very defects into virtues,  
Praising his courage and strength and even his fighting in Flanders,  
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,  
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest in exalting your hero  
Therefore I spake as I did by an irresistible impulse.  
You will forgive me I hope for the sake of the friendship between us  
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!  
Thereupon answered John Alden the scholar the friend of Miles Standish  
'I was not angry with you with myself alone I was angry,  
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping  
'No! interrupted the maiden with answer prompt and decisive,  
'No you were angry with me for speaking so frankly and freely  
It was wrong I acknowledge for it is the fate of a woman,  
Long to be patient and silent to wait like a ghost that is speechless,  
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence  
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women  
Sunless and silent and deep like subterranean rivers  
Running through caverns of darkness unheard unseen and unfruitful  
Chafing their channels of stone with endless and profitless murmurs  
Thereupon answered John Alden the young man the lover of women  
'Heaven forbid it Priscilla and truly they seem to me always  
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,  
More like the river Euphrates through deserts of Havilah flowing,  
Filling the land with delight and memories sweet of the garden!  
Ah by these words I can see again interrupted the maiden,  
"How very little you prize me or care for what I am saying  
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving  
Frankly I speak to you asking for sympathy only and kindness,  
Straightway you take up my words that are plain and direct in earnest  
Turn them away from their meaning and answer with flattering phrases  
This is not right is not just is not true to the best that is in you,  
For I know and esteem you and feel that your nature is noble,  
Lifting mine up to a higher a more ethereal level  
Therefore I value your friendship and feel it perhaps the more keenly  
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many  
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases  
Most men think so fine in dealing and speaking with women,  
But which women reject as insipid if not as insulting

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Mute and amazed was Alden and listened and looked at Priscilla, Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another, Stood there embarrassed and silent and seeking in vain for an answer So the maiden went on and little divined or imagined What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless "Let us then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship It is no secret I tell you nor am I ashamed to declare it I have liked to be with you, to see you to speak with you always So I was hurt at your words and a little affronted to hear you Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish For I must tell you the truth much more to me is your friendship Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him " Then she extended her hand and Alden, who eagerly grasped it Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely Healed by the touch of that hand and he said, with a voice full of feeling, "Yes we must ever be friends, and of all who offer you friendship Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest, and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May-Flower, Distant, but still in sight and sinking below the horizon, Homeward together they walked with a strange indefinite feeling, That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert. But as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine, Lighter grew their hearts and Priscilla said very archly "Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household, You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you, When you returned last night and said how ungrateful you found me " Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,— Told her his own despair and the direful wrath of Miles Standish Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest, "He is a little chimney and heated hot in a moment! But as he gently rebuked her and told her how much he had suffered,— How he had even determined to sail that day in the May-Flower, And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,— All her manner was changed and she said with a faltering accent, "Truly I thank you for this how good you have been to me always!"

Thus as a pilgrim devout who toward Jerusalem journeys, Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition, Slowly but steadily onward reeding, yet ever advancing, Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings Urged by the fervour of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings

### XII

## THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward, Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea shore, All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour of powder Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest. Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort,

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,  
Thus to be flouted, rejected and laughed to scorn by a maiden,  
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted !  
Ah ! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour !

" I alone am to blame he muttered, " for mine was the folly  
What was a rough old soldier grown grim and gray in the harness  
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?  
'Twas but a dream —let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others !  
What I thought was a flower is only a weed, and is worthless,  
Out of my heart will I pluck it and throw it away, and henceforward  
Be but a fighter of battles a lover and wooer of dangers !  
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,  
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest  
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them

After a three days march he came to an Indian encampment  
Pitched on the head of a meadow between the sea and the forest,  
Women at work by the tents and the warriors horrid with war-paint,  
Seated about a fire and smoking and talking together,  
Who when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men  
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre, and musket  
Straightway leaped to their feet and two from among them advancing  
Came to parley with Standish and offer him furs as a present,  
Friendship was in their looks but in their hearts there was hatred  
Braves of the tribes were these and brothers gigantic in stature,  
Huge as Goliath of Gath or the terrible Og, king of Bashan,  
One was Pecksuot named and the other was called Wattawamat.  
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,  
Two-edged trenchant knives with points as sharp as a needle.  
Other arms had they none for they were cunning and crafty  
Welcome English ! they said —these words they had learned from the  
traders

Touching at times on the coast to barter and chaffer for peltries  
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish  
Through his guide and interpreter Hobomok friend of the white man,  
Begging for blankets and knives but mostly for muskets and powder  
Kept by the white man they said concealed with the plague, in his cellars,  
Ready to be let loose and destroy his brother the red man !  
But when Standish refused and said he would give them a Bible  
Suddenly changing their tone they began to boast and to bluster,  
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
And with a lofty demeanour thus vauntingly spake to the Captain  
' Now Wattawamat can see by the fiery eyes of the Captain  
Angry is he in his heart, but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman  
But on a mountain at night, from an oak tree riven by lightning,  
Forth he sprang at a bound with all his weapons about him,  
Shouting Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ?  
Then he unsheathed his knife and whetting the blade on his left hand  
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,  
Saying with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning  
I have another at home with the face of a man on the handle,  
By and by they shall marry, and there will be plenty of children !

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self vaunting insulting Miles Standish  
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom  
Drawing it half from its sheath and plunging it back, as he muttered,  
By and by it shall see, it shall eat, ah, ah ! but shall speak not !

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH



This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us  
He is a little man, let him go and work with the women!

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians  
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,  
reigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,  
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush  
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly  
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.  
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,  
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples  
Headlong he leapt on the boaster, and snatching his knife from its scabbard,  
Plunged it into his heart, and reeling backward the savage  
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.  
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,  
And like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,  
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.  
Then came a cloud of smoke and out of the cloud came the lightning  
Out of the lightning thunder, and death unseen ran before it.  
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,  
Hotly pursued and beset, but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,  
Fled not, he was dead Unswerving and swift had a bullet  
Passed through his brain and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward  
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,  
Silent with folded arms stood Hobomok friend of the white man  
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth  
"Pecksuot bragged very loud of his courage his strength and his stature,—  
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man, but I see now  
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish  
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,  
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat  
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,  
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord and took courage  
Only Priscilla averted her face from the spectre of terror  
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish,  
Shrinking fearing almost lest, coming home from his battles  
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valour

# VIII THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants  
Came with kindred and friends with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.  
All in the village was peace, the men were intent on their labours,  
Busy with hewing and building with garden plot and with mere stead,  
Busy with breaking the glebe and mowing the grass in the meadows,  
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.  
All in the village was peace but at times the rumour of warfare  
Filled the air with alarm and the apprehension of danger  
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,  
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,  
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations  
Anger was still in his heart but at times remorse and contrition,  
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,  
Came like a rushing tide, that encounters the rush of a river,  
Staying its current a while but making it bitter and brackish

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,  
Solid substantial of timber rough hewn from the firs of the forest  
Wooden-barr'd was the door and the roof was covered with rushes,  
Latticed the windows were and the window panes were of paper,  
Quied to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded

## THE COURTSHIP OF NILES STANDISH

There too he dug a well and around it planted an orchard  
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard  
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,  
Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment  
In the division of cattle might ruminate in the night time  
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal

Of when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer  
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,  
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,  
Pleasure disguised as duty and love in the semblance of friendship  
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling,  
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden,  
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday  
Praise of the virtuous woman as she is described in the Proverbs,—  
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,  
How all the days of her life she will do him good and not evil,  
How she seetheth the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,  
How she setteth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,  
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,  
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,  
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,  
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,  
After a pause in their talk thus spoke to the sound of the spindle  
"Truly Priscilla, he said "when I see you spinning and spinning,  
Never idle a moment but thrifty and thoughtful of others,  
Suddenly you are transformed and visibly changed in a moment,  
You are no longer Priscilla but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner  
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter, the spindle  
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers,  
While the impetuous speaker not heeding the mischief, continued  
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the Queen of Helvetia,  
She whose story I read in the streets of Southampton,  
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, over valley and meadow and mountain  
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle  
She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a proverb  
So shall it be with your own when the spinning-wheel shall no longer  
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music  
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,  
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"  
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,  
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,  
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning  
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden  
"Come, you must not be idle, if I am a pattern for housewives,  
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands,  
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it ready for knitting  
Then who knows but hereafter when fashions have changed and the manners,  
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"  
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,  
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,  
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,  
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,  
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly  
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it,—  
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body



Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,  
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village  
 Yes, Miles Standish was dead !—an Indian had brought them the tidings —  
 Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,  
 Into an ambush beguiled cut off with the whole of his forces,  
 All the town would be burned and all the people be murdered !  
 Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.  
 Silent and statue like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward  
 Still at the face of the speaker her arms uplifted in horror,  
 But John Alden, upstarting as if the barb of the arrow  
 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own and had sundered  
 Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,  
 Wild with excess of sensation the awful delight of his freedom  
 Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,  
 Clasped almost with a groan the motionless form of Priscilla,  
 Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming  
 Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder !

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,  
 Seeing each other afar as they leaped from the rocks and pursuing  
 Each one its devious path but drawing nearer and nearer,  
 Rushed together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest,  
 So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,  
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,  
 Parted by barriers strong but drawing nearer and nearer,  
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

FORTH from the curtain of clouds from the tent of purple and scarlet,  
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,  
 Holiness unto the Lord in letters of light on his forehead,  
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates  
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him  
 Gleamed like a grate of brass and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden  
 Friends were assembled together, the Elder and Magistrate also  
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel.  
 One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.  
 Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz,  
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence  
 After the Puritan way and the laudable custom of Holland  
 Fervently then and devoutly the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
 Prayed for the hearth and the home that were founded that day in affection,  
 Speaking of life and of death and imploring divine benedictions

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold  
 Clad in armour of steel a sombre and sorrowful figure !  
 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?  
 Why does the bride turn pale and hide her face on his shoulder ?  
 Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion ?  
 Is it a ghost from a grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal ?  
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed,  
 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression  
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them



As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud  
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.  
Once it had lifted its hand and moved its lips, but was silent,  
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention  
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,  
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement  
Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth !  
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, " Forgive me !  
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling ,  
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it is ended  
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,



# The Song of Hiawatha.

1842.

THIS Indian Fable—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chlabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Alcic Researches*, Vol. I p. 131, and in his *Hits, Condition and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Lictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odours of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and way-ward,

Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"In the birds-nests of the forests,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyrie of the eagle!

"All the wild fowls sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fenlands,  
In the melancholy marshes,  
Chetowah, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng the loon, the wild goose,

Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,'  
I should answer your inquiries  
Straightway in such words as follow

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water courses,  
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha  
Round about the Indian village  
Spread the meadows and the corn-  
fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,  
Stood the groves of singing pine trees,  
Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
Ever sighing, ever singing

"And the pleasant water courses,  
You could trace them through the  
valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
By the alders in the Summer,  
By the white fog in the Autumn,  
By the black line in the Winter,  
And beside them dwelt the singer,  
In the Vale of Tawasentha,\*

In the green and silent valley  
"There he sang of Hiawatha,  
Sang the song of Hiawatha,  
Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
How he prayed and how he fasted,  
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
That the tribes of men might prosper,  
That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,

\* This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Love the wind among the branches  
And the run shower and the snow-  
storm

And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine trees  
And the thunder in the mountains  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their crevices —  
Listen to these wild traditions  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends  
Love the ballads of a people  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken —  
Listen to this Indian Legend  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple  
Who have faith in God and Nature  
Who believe that in all ages  
Every human heart is human  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings yearnings striv-  
ings

For the good they comprehend not  
That the feeble hands and helpless  
Groping blindly in the darkness  
Touch God's right hand in that dark-  
ness

And are lifted up and strengthened —  
Listen to this simple story  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes in your rambles  
Through the green lanes of the country  
Where the tangled barberry bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses  
Pause by some neglected grave-yard  
For a while to muse and ponder  
On a half-effaced inscription  
Written with little skill of song-craft  
Homely phrases but each letter  
Full of hope and vet of heart break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter —  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

I

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie  
On the great Red Pipe stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito the mighty  
He the Master of Life, descending,

On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
(Called the tribes of men together —

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
Over the precipice plunging downward  
Glanced like Ishkoodih, the comet,  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it  
Saying to it, 'Run in this way'

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures,  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem  
With its dark green leaves upon it  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow  
With the bark of the red willow  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest  
Made its great boughs chase together  
Fill in flame they burst and kindled,  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet the Peace-Pipe  
As a signal to the nations

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser bluer vapour  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding  
Like the tree-top of the forest  
Ever rising, rising, rising  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven  
And rolled outward all around it

From the Vale of Tasasentah,  
From the Valley of Wagoning  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains  
From the Northern lakes and rivers  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending  
The Pukwana of the Peace Pipe

And the Prophets of the nations  
Said "Behold it the Pukwana!  
By this signal from afar off  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito the mighty  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council!

Down the rivers, over the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe stone Quarry  
And they stood there on the meadow,

With their weapons and their war-gear,  
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other,  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity,  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children  
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand,  
Spoke to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far off waters  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this

voice —

"O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life who made you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes,  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions,  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord,  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together

"I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper,  
If his warnings pass unheeded  
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,

Wash the war-print from your faces,  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,

Bury your war clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry,  
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,

Threw their weapons and their war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-print from their faces,  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending,  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,  
Clean and washed from all their war-print,

On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
The Great Spirit the creator  
Smiled upon his helpless children

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,

And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace Pipe!

II

THE FOUR WINDS

'HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis!  
Cried the warriors, cried the old men  
When he came in triumph homeward  
With the sacred belt of Wampum  
From the regions of the North-Wind,  
From the kingdom of Wabissou  
From the land of the White Rabbit

He had stolen the belt of Wampum,  
From the neck of Mishe Mokwa  
From the Great Bear of the mountains  
From the terror of the nations  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains  
Like a rock with mosses on it  
Spotted brown and gray with mosses

Silently he stole upon him  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him almost scared  
him

Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis  
As he drew the belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears that heard not,  
Over the small eyes that saw not  
Over the long nose and nostrils  
The black muffle of the nostrils  
Out of which the heavy breathing  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis  
Then he swung aloft his war-club  
Shouted loud and long his war-cry.  
Smote the mighty Mishe Mokwa  
In the middle of the forehead  
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered  
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains  
But his knees beneath him trembled  
And he whimpered like a woman  
As he reeled and staggered forward  
As he sat upon his haunches,  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Standing fearlessly before him  
Taunted him in loud derision  
Spake disdainfully in this wise —

'Hark you Bear! you are a  
coward

And no brave as you pretended  
Else you would not cry and whimper  
Like a miserable woman!  
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,  
Long have been at war together,  
Now you find that we are strongest,  
You go sneaking in the forest  
You go hiding in the mountains!  
Had you conquered me in battle  
Not a groan would I have uttered

Put you, Bear, sit here and whimper,  
And disgrace your tribe by crying  
Like a wretched Shaugodjya,  
Like a cowardly old woman!  
Then again he raised his war-club  
Smote again the Mishe Mokwa  
In the middle of his forehead  
Broke his skull as ice is broken  
When one goes to fish in Winter  
Thus was slain the Mishe Mokwa  
He the Great Bear of the mountains  
He the terror of the nations

'Honour be to Mudjekeewis!  
With a shout exclaimed the people,  
Honour be to Mudjekeewis!  
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind  
And hereafter and for ever  
Shall he hold supreme dominion  
Over all the winds of heaven  
Call him no more Mudjekeewis  
Call him Kabeyun the West Wind!

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen  
Father of the Winds of Heaven  
For him self he kept the West-Wind,  
Gave the others to his children  
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind  
Gave the South to Shawondasee,  
And the North Wind wild and cruel  
To the fierce Kabilonokka

Young and beautiful was Wabun,  
He it was who brought the morning  
He it was whose silver arrows  
Chased the dark over hill and valley  
He it was whose cheeks were painted  
With the brightest streaks of crimson,  
And whose voice awoke the village.  
Called the deer, and called the hunter

Lonely in the sky was Wabun  
Though the birds sang gaily to him  
Though the wild flowers of the meadow  
Filled the air with odours for him  
Though the forests and the rivers  
Sang and shouted at his coming,  
Still his heart was sad within him,  
For he was alone in heaven

Put one morning gazing earthward  
While the village still was sleeping  
And the fog lay on the river  
Like a ghost that goes at sunrise  
He beheld a maiden walking  
All alone upon a meadow  
Gathering water-lilies and rushes  
By a river in the meadow

Every morning gazing earthward  
Still the first thing he beheld there  
Was her blue eyes looking at him  
Two blue lakes among the rushes.  
And he loved the lonely maiden

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Who thus wrotes for his coming,  
For they both were solitary,  
She on earth and he in heaven  
And he wooed her with caresses,  
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,  
With his flattering words he wooed  
her,

With his sighing and his singing,  
Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
Softest music sweetest odours,  
Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson  
Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom,  
And for ever in the heavens  
They are seen together walking,  
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
In the kingdom of Wabasso  
In the land of the White Rabbit  
He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow,  
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers  
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,  
Drove the cormorant and heron  
To their nests of sedge and sea-rang  
In the realms of Shiwondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow drifts,  
From his home among the icebergs,  
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,  
Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river,  
As he howled and hurried southward,  
Over frozen lakes and moorlands

There among the reeds and rushes  
Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
Over the frozen fens and moorlands,  
Lingering still among the moorlands,  
Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shiwondasee

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
"Who is this that dares to brave me?  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone south-  
ward,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward?  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wailing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the doorway  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not,  
Four great logs had he for firewood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,  
Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
Making dints upon the ashes,  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hemlock  
Drips the melting snow in Spring-  
time,

Making hollows in the snow-drifts  
Till at last he rose defeated  
Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the  
doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,  
Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with him,  
To come forth and wrestle naked  
On the frozen fens and moorlands

North went Shingebis the diver  
Wrestled all night with the North-  
Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka  
Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
Till his frozen grasp grew feeble,  
Till he reeled and staggered back-  
ward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
To the land of the White Rabbit,



Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis the diver,  
Singing O Kajibonokka  
You are but my fellow mortal !  
Shawondasee fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,  
In the drowsy dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer  
He it was who sent the wood birds,  
Sent the Opechee the robin  
Sent the blue bird the Owassa,  
Sent the Shawshaw sent the swallow,  
Sent the wild goose, Wawa, northward  
Sent the melons and tobacco  
And the grapes in purple clusters  
From his pipe the smoke ascending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapour  
Filled the air with dreamy softness  
Gave a twinkle to the water  
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
In the Moon when nights are brightest  
In the dreary Moon of Snow Shoes  
Listless careless Shawondasee !  
In his life he had one shadow  
In his heart one sorrow had he  
Once as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie  
He beheld a maiden standing  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie  
Brightest green were all her garments  
And her hair was like the sunshine.  
Day by day he gazed upon her  
Day by day he sighed with passion  
Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and longing  
For the maid with yellow tresses  
But he was too fat and lazy  
To bestir himself and woo her,  
Yes too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her  
So he only gazed upon her  
Only sat and sighed with passion  
For the maiden of the prairie  
Till one morning looking northward  
He beheld her yellow tresses  
Changed and covered over with whiteness  
Covered as with whitest snow flakes  
' Ah ! my brother from the Northland  
From the kingdom of Wabasso  
From the land of the White Rabbit !  
You have stolen the maiden from me,

You have laid your hand upon her,  
You have wooed and won my maiden,  
With your stories of the Northland !

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
Prattled into the air his sorrow  
And the South wind o'er the prairie  
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,  
With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
Till the air seemed full of snow flakes,  
Full of thistle down the prairie,  
And the mud with hur like sunshine  
Vanished from his sight for ever,  
Never more did Shawondasee  
See the mud with yellow tresses !  
Poor deluded Shawondasee !

'Twas no woman that you gazed at,  
Twas no maiden that you sighed for,  
Twas the prairie dandelion  
That through all the dreary Summer  
You had gazed at with such longing,  
You had loved her with such passion,  
And had pulled away for ever,  
Blown into the air with sighing  
Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !

Thus the Four Winds were divided,  
Thus the sons of Mudjekerwis  
Had their stations in the heavens,  
At the corners of the heavens,  
For himself the West Wind only  
Kept the mighty Mudjekerwis.

III

SHAWONDASEE'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight

In the days that are forgotten  
In the unremembered years  
I rom the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis  
She a wife, but not a mother

She was sporting with her women  
Swinging in a swing of grape vines,  
When her rival the rejected  
Full of jealousy and hatred  
Cut the leafy swing asunder  
Cut in twain the twisted grape vines,  
And Nokomis fell affrighted  
Downward through the evening twilight

On the Mushoday the meadow,  
On the prairie full of blossoms.  
' See ! a star falls ! ' said the people,  
' From the sky a star is falling !'  
There among the ferns and mosses,  
There among the prairie lilies,  
On the Mushoday, the meadow,

# THE SONG OF HAWATHA

In the moonlight and the starlight,  
 Fur Nokomis bore a daughter,  
 And she called her name Wenonah,  
 As the firstborn of her daughters  
 And the daughter of Nokomis  
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
 With the beauty of the moonlight,  
 With the beauty of the starlight  
 And Nokomis warned her often,  
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,  
 "O, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
 Of the West-Wind Mudjekeewis,  
 Listen not to what he tells you,  
 Lie not down upon the meadow,  
 Stoop not down among the lilies,  
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm  
 you!

But she heeded not the warning,  
 Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
 And the West-Wind came at evening,  
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,

Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
 Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
 Lying there among the lilies,  
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,

Wooed her with his soft caresses,  
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
 Bore a son of love and sorrow

Thus was born my Hawatha,  
 Thus was born the child of wonder,  
 But the daughter of Nokomis,  
 Hawatha's gentle mother,  
 In her anguish died deserted  
 By the West-Wind false and faithless,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis  
 For her daughter long and loudly  
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis,  
 "O that I were dead!" she murmured,

"O that I were dead, as thou art!  
 No more work, and no more weeping,  
 Wahnomin! Wahnomin!

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea Water,  
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis  
 Dark behind it rose the forest,  
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
 Rose the firs with cones upon them,  
 Bright before it beat the water,  
 Beat the clear and sunny water,  
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water  
 There the wrinkled, old Nokomis

Nursed the little Hawatha,  
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews,  
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
 "Hush! the naked bear will get  
 thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
 "Ewa-yea! my little owl!  
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
 With his great eyes lights the wig-  
 wam?"

Ewa-yea! my little owl!"  
 Many things Nokomis taught him  
 Of the stars that shine in heaven,  
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses,  
 Showed the Death Dance of the spirits  
 Warriors with their plumes and war-  
 clubs,

Flaring far away to northward  
 In the frosty nights of Winter,  
 Showed the broad, white road in  
 heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
 Running straight across the heavens,  
 Crowded with the ghosts, the sha-  
 dows

At the door on summer evenings  
 Sat the little Hawatha  
 Heard the whispering of the pine-  
 trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,  
 Sounds of music words of wonder,  
 "Minne-wawa! said the pine-trees,  
 "Mudway-nushka! said the water

Saw the firefly Wahi-wahi-taysee,  
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
 With the twinkle of its candle  
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
 And he sang the song of children,  
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him  
 "Wah wahi-taysee, little fire-fly,  
 Little, flitting white-fire insect,  
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
 Light me with your little candle,  
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water  
 Rippling, rounding from the water,  
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
 Whispered, "What is that, Noko-  
 mis?"

And the good Nokomis answered  
 "Once a warrior, very angry,  
 Seized his grandmother, and threw  
 her

Up into the sky at midnight,

Right against the moon he threw her,  
Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
In the eastern sky the rainbow,  
Whispered "What is that Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered  
"Tis the heaven of flowers you see  
there

All the wild flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in that heaven above us  
When he heard the owls at midnight,  
Hooting laughing in the forest,  
"What is that?" he cried in terror,  
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"  
And the good Nokomis answered  
'That is but the owl and owl,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other

Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their  
secrets

How they built their nests in Summer,  
Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
Talked with them whenever he met  
them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens"  
Of all beasts he learned the language

Learned their names and all their [secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whenever he met  
them

Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers"  
Then Iagoo the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha,  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak bow made the arrows,  
Tipped with flint, and winged with  
feathers

And the cord he made of deer skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha  
Go, my son into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers!

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly with his bow and arrows  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the Opechee the robin,  
Sang the blue bird the Owaissa,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak tree close beside him,  
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
In and out among the branches,  
Coughed and chattered from the oak-  
tree,

Laughed, and said between his laugh [ing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his hunches,  
Half in fear and half in frolic,  
Saying to the little hunter,

"Do not shoot me Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
For his thoughts were with the red  
deer,

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
Leading downward to the river,  
To the ford across the river  
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look through the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the pathway  
Flecked with leafy light and shadow  
And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above him,  
Like the birch leaf palpitated  
As the deer came down the pathway

Then upon one knee uprising,  
Hiawatha aimed an arrow,  
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
But the wary roebuck started,  
Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
Listened with one foot uplifted,  
Leaped as if to meet the arrow,  
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
By the ford across the river,  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha,  
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
As he bore the red deer homeward,  
And Iagoo and Nokomis

Hailed his coming with applauses  
From the red deer's hide Nokomis  
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
Made a banquet in his honour  
All the village came and feasted,



All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
Called him Strong-Heart, So'n ge-  
tah! [tysee!]  
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn go

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IV.  
HIAWATHA AND MUD-  
JEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,

Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha,  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him!  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha,  
He could shoot ten arrows upward  
Shoot them with such strength and  
swiftness,

That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens Minjekahwun,  
 Magic mittens made of deer skin,  
 When upon his hands he wore them  
 He could smite the rocks asunder,  
 He could grind them into powder  
 He had moccasins enchanted  
 Magic moccasins of deer skin,  
 When he bound them round his ankles  
 When upon his feet he tied them  
 At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
 Of his father Mudjekeewis  
 Learned from her the fatal secret  
 Of the beauty of his mother  
 Of the falsehood of his father,  
 And his heart was hot within him,  
 Like a living coal his heart was

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
 ' I will go to Mudjekeewis  
 See how fares it with my father  
 At the doorways of the West Wind  
 At the portals of the Sunset !

From his lodge went Hiawatha  
 Dressed for travel armed for hunting  
 Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings  
 Richly wrought with quills and wampum

On his head his eagle-feathers  
 Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
 In his hand his bow of ash wood  
 Strung with sinews of the reindeer,  
 In his quiver oaken arrows  
 Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers,

With his mittens Minjekahwun  
 With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis  
 ' Go not forth O Hiawatha !  
 To the kingdom of the West Wind,  
 To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
 Lest he harm you with his magic,  
 Lest he kill you with his cunning !

But the fearless Hiawatha  
 Heeded not her woman's warning,  
 Forth he strode into the forest  
 At each stride a mile he measured,  
 Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
 Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
 Hot and close the air around him  
 Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,  
 As of burning woods and prairies,  
 For his heart was hot within him  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
 Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
 Left the antelope and bison,  
 Crossed the rushing Esconabaw,

Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
 Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
 Came unto the rocky Mountains  
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
 Where upon the gusty summits  
 Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
 Ruler of the winds of heaven

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
 At the aspect of his father  
 On the air about him wildly  
 Tossed and streamed his cloudy  
 tresses

Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
 Glared like Ishikoodah the comet  
 Like the star with fiery tresses

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
 When he looked on Hiawatha  
 Saw his youth rise up before him,  
 In the face of Hiawatha,  
 Saw the beauty of Wenonah  
 From the grave rise up before him

' Welcome ! ' said he ' Hiawatha,  
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind !  
 Long have I been waiting for you !  
 Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
 Youth is fiery, age is frosty,  
 You bring back the days departed,  
 You bring back my youth of passion,  
 And the beautiful Wenonah !

Many days they talked together,  
 Questioned, listened, waited, answered

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
 Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
 Of his perilous adventures,  
 His indomitable courage,  
 His invulnerable body

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
 Listening to his father's boasting,  
 With a smile he sat and listened  
 Uttered neither threat nor menace  
 Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
 But his heart was hot within him  
 Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said ' O Mudjekeewis  
 Is there nothing that can harm you ?  
 Nothing that you are afraid of ? '   
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
 Grud and gracious in his boasting  
 Answered saying ' There is nothing,  
 Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
 Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek.

And he looked at Hiawatha  
 With a wise look and benignant,  
 With a countenance paternal,  
 Looked with pride upon the beauty



Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah shah,  
In the days long since departed  
In the kingdom of the West Wind  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley,  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water courses  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley

Homeward now went Hiawatha  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him  
From his brain the thought of ven-  
geance,

From his heart the burning fever  
Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs  
Where the falls of Minnehaha\*  
Flash and gleam among the oak trees  
Laugh and leap into the valley

There the ancient Arrow maker  
Made his arrow heads of sandstone  
Arrow heads of chalcedony  
Arrow heads of flint and jasper  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges  
Hard and polished keen and costly  
With him dwelt his dark-eyed  
daughter

Winward is the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sun-  
shine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alter-  
nate,

Feet as rapid as the river  
Tresses flowing like the water  
And as musical a laughter,  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water fall he named her,  
Minnehaha Laughing Water

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow heads of chalcedony  
Arrow heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs?

\* "The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them *Mine-hah-nah* or 'laughing waters.'—Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Intro., p. ii.

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the  
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches?  
Who shall say what thoughts and  
visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?  
All he told to old Nokomis  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;  
Not a word he said of arrows  
Not a word of Laughing Water!

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## HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Pried and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people  
For advantage of the nations

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the slumbering Big Sea Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-  
time

In the Moon of Leaves he built it  
And with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted  
On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wan-  
dered,

Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow  
Heard the pheasant, Benn drumming,  
Heard the squirrel *Adjuma*,  
Rattling in his horde of acorns  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme  
Building nests among the pine trees,  
And in flocks the wild goose *Wawa*,  
Flying to the fenlands northward,  
Whirring, waiting far above him

"Master of Life!" he cried, despond-  
ing, [things?]

"Must our lives depend on these

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

On the first day of his fasting  
By the river bank he wandered  
Through the blackberry meadow,  
Saw the wild rose Malinno nonet  
Saw the blueberry Moonshier  
And the raspberries Okahum,  
And the gooseberry Shihbomun  
And the grapes were the R mahput,  
Trailing over the elder branches  
Till not all the air with fragrance!

Master of Life! he cried despond-

ing,  
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still transparent water,  
Saw the golden Salmon leaping  
Scattering drops like beads of warm

fire  
Saw the yellow perch the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water  
Saw the pike the Muckewah,  
And the heron Okahawis  
And the Shawwashe, the gray fish!

"Master of Life! he cried despond-

ing,  
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half open eyelids  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendour of the sunset

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
Coming through the purple twilight  
Through the splendour of the sunset,  
Plumes of green bent over his forehead,  
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion  
On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South Wind in the tree tops,  
Said he "O my Hiawatha!  
All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
For you pray not like the others,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

From the Master of Life descend-

ing,  
I the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labour  
You shall gain what you have prayed

for  
Rise up from your bed of branches  
Rise O youth, and wrestle with me!

I amt with famine Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches,  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin,  
At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigour  
Run through every nerve and fibre

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
And the more they strove and strug-

gled  
Stronger still grew Hiawatha,  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron the Shuh shuh-gah  
From her haunts among the fenlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation

Gave a scream of pain and famine.  
'Tis enough! then said Mondamin

Smiling upon Hiawatha,

"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
I will come again to try you  
And he vanished, and was seen not,  
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him  
And the reeling stars above him

On the morrow and the next day  
When the sun through heaven de-

scending  
Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha  
Came as silent as the dew comes  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning  
Taking shape when earth it touches  
But invisible to all men  
In its coming and its going

Three they wrestled there together,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them,



Till the heron the Shuh shuh grah  
From her haunts among the fenlands  
Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow,  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him

And he cried "O Hiawatha!  
Bravely have you wrestled with me  
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
And the Master of Life who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph!

Then he smiled, and said "To-morrow

Is the last day of your conflict  
Is the last day of your fasting  
You will conquer and overcome me,  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me

Strip these garments, green and yellow

Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.

Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me  
Let not Kahgahgee the raven  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me  
Till I wake and start and quicken  
Till I leap into the sunshine.

And thus saying he departed  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam,  
Heard the rushing Sibowish  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him  
Talking to the darksome forest  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided  
At the passing of the night-wind  
Heard them as one hears in slumber  
Far-off murmurs dreamy whispers  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha  
Came imploring and bewailing  
Lest his hunger should overcome him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not and touched not,  
Only said to her, "Nokomis

Wait until the sun is setting,  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron the Shuh shuh-grah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended.

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha  
Fearing lest his strength should fail him

Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
For the coming of Mondamin,  
Till the shadows pointing eastward,  
Lengthened over field and forest  
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom

And behold! the young Mondamin,  
With his soft and shining tresses  
With his garments green and yellow,  
With his long and glossy plumage,  
Stood and beckoned at the doorway  
And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin

Round about him spun the landscape,  
Sky and forest reeled together  
And his strong heart leaped within him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
In a net to break its meshes.  
Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed looking  
At the combat of the wrestlers

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha  
Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with the struggle,  
And before him breathless, lifeless,  
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled  
Plumage torn and garments tattered,  
Dead he lay there in the sunset

And victorious Hiawatha  
Made the grave as he commanded  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin

Stripped his tattered plumage from him  
Laid him in the earth and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him,  
And the heron the Shuh shuh-grah,  
From the melancholy moorlands  
Gave a cry of lamentation  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!



Sang of death and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibinbos  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers,  
For his gentleness he loved him,  
And the magic of his singing

Dear, too unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind  
He the strongest of all mortals  
He the mightiest among many  
For his very strength he loved him  
For his strength allied to goodness

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless dull and dreamy  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted  
Not like other children was he  
But they saw that much he fasted  
Much his Manito entreated  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

Lazy Kwasind! said his mother

"In my work you never help me!  
In the Summer you are roaming,  
Idly in the fields and forests

In the Winter you are cowering  
O'er the firebrinds in the wigwam!  
In the coldest days of Winter

I must break the ice for fishing,  
With my nets you never help me!  
At the door my nets are hanging

Dripping freezing with the water,  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!  
Go and dry them in the sunshine!

Slowly from the ashes Kwasind  
Rose but made no angry answer,  
From the lodge went forth in silence

Took the nets that hung together  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them

Like a wisp of straw he broke them  
Could not wring them without break-

ing  
Such the strength was in his fingers

Lazy Kwasind! said his father  
"In the hunt you never help me,  
Every bow you touch is broken

Snapped asunder every arrow,  
Yet come with me to the forest  
You shall bring the hunting home

ward."  
Down a narrow pass they wan-

dered  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison

Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

We must go back, said the old  
man,

O'er these logs we cannot clamber,  
Not a woodchuck could get through  
them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder

But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him,  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,

To the right hand to the left hand,  
Shot the pine trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances

Lazy Kwasind! said the young  
men,

As they sported in the meadow,  
Why stand idly looking at us  
Leaning on the rock behind you?

Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose and slowly turning,

Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,

Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer

Once as down that forming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his companions,

In the stream he saw a beaver  
Saw Ahmeck the King of Beavers  
Struggling with the rushing currents

Rising, sinking in the water  
Without speaking, without pausing,  
Kwasind leaped into the river

Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the  
beaver

Followed him among the islands  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions

Cried, "Alas! good bye to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwasind!"  
But he reappeared triumphant,

And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and  
dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper

### VII

#### HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river

Tall and stately in the valley!

I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily!

[Tree!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Tiquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gaily,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled,  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it  
Till the sap came oozing outward,  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder  
With a wooden wedge he raised it  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar,  
Of your strong and plant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath  
me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance,  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-  
work,

Like two bows he formed and shaped  
Like two bended bows together

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!"

Of your fibrous roots O Larch-Tree  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together,  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched its forehead with its tassels,  
Said with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-  
Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-  
Tree!"

Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre  
Sobbed through all its robes of dark-  
ness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and  
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water

"Give me of your quills, O Hedge-  
hog!"

All your quills O Kagh, the Hedge-  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he  
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow  
With the juice of roots and berries,  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,

Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews,  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily

Paddles none had Hiawatha  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him

And his wishes served to guide him  
Swift or slow it will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind  
To his friend the strong man  
Kwasind

Saying Help me clear this river,  
Of its sunken logs and sandbars.  
Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dove as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand  
bars

With his feet the ooze and tangle.  
And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Tiquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and wind  
ings  
Sailed through all its deeps and  
shallows

While his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind  
Swam the deeps the shallows waded.  
Up and down the river went they  
In and out among its islands  
Cleared its bed of root and sand bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its  
channel

Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the moun-  
tains

To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Tiquamenaw

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitehe Gumees,  
On the shining Big Sea Water,  
With his fishing line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe Nahma, King of Fishes  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha

Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him  
See the yellow perch the Siliwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgasher the cray fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom  
On the white and sandy bottom

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing line of cedar  
In his plume the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches,  
On the bows with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel Adjidaamo  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma  
Lay the sturgeon King of Fishes,  
Through his gills he breathed the  
water,

With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand floor  
There he lay in all his armour  
On each side a shield to guard him  
Plates of bone upon his forehead  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting!

Painted was he with his war paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red and azure  
Spots of brown and spots of sable  
And he lay there on the bottom  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch canoe came sailing  
With his fishing-line of cedar

"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha  
Down into the depths beneath him  
"Take my bait O Sturgeon Nahma"  
Come up from below the water  
Let us see which is the stronger!  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear transparent water,  
Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer  
And repeating loud and louder  
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes"

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Quiet lay the sturgeon Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamour,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting,  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten,  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
"Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering gleaming  
Like a white moon in the water,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting his great disc of whiteness,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!"  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted  
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Wavering downward, white and  
ghastly,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,

The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water

From the white sand of the bottom  
Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armour,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint,  
In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gaily,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
"O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me,  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you,  
For hereafter and for ever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon Nahma,  
Gaped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Hearing them saying to each other,  
" 'Tis our brother Hiawatha ! "

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns  
" O ye sea gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon Nahma  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen,  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and for ever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk the sea gulls,  
Yes Kayoshk the Noble Scratchers !  
And the wild and clamorous sea-  
gulls

Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
On the margin of the water  
And he called to old Nokomis  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis  
Pointed to the sturgeon Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea gulls feeding on him  
" I have slain the Mishe Nahma  
Slain the King of Fishes ! " said he  
" Look ! the sea gulls feed upon him,  
Yes my friends Kayoshk the sea gulls,  
Drive them not away Nokomis  
They have saved me from great peril  
In the body of the sturgeon  
Wot until their meal is ended  
Till their claws are full with feasting,  
Till they homeward fly at sunset  
To their nests among the marshes  
Then bring all your pots and kettles  
And make oil for us in Winter

And she waited till the sunset  
Till the pallid moon the night-sun,  
Rose above the tranquil water,  
Till Kayoshk the sated sea gulls  
From their banquet rose with clamour,  
And across the fiery sunset  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes  
To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labour  
Toiling patient in the moonlight  
Till the sun and moon changed places,  
Till the sky was red with sun rise,

And Kayoshk, the hungry sea gulls,  
Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alter-  
nate

Old Nokomis and the sea gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the  
rib-bones,  
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma

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IN

# HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL- FEATHER

On the shores of Gitchie Gumee,  
Of the shining Big Sea Water  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Over the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail,  
And the moon, the Night-Sun, east-  
ward,

Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features

And Nokomis the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spoke these words to Hiawatha  
Yonder dwells the great Pearl-  
Feather

Megissogwon, the Mingrean  
Manto of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch water  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kennbeck, the great serpents,  
Coiling playing in the water,  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset !

He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.  
He, the mightiest of Magicians  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapours,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,



Sends the white foam from the fen-  
lands

Sends disease and death among us !

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawugun,  
And your mittens Minjakhwun,  
And your birch canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch water,  
Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever  
That he breathes across the fenlands,  
And avenge my father's murder !

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my  
darling,

O my Birch Canoe ! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch water !

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurled through the  
heavens

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,  
So that none could pass beyond them

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise  
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey !  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer  
"Back, go back ! O Shaugodny !  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint Heart !

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed  
Shot them fast among the serpents,  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow  
Was a death song of Kenabeek.



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead by all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed and cried exulting  
"Onward O Cheemaun, my darling!  
Onward to the black pitch water!"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that  
swiftly

He might pass the black pitch water

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water rushes  
Rank with flags and lilies of lilies,  
Stagnant lifeless dreary, dismal,  
I lighted by the shimmering moonlight  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled  
In their werry night encampments.

All the air was whitewith moonlight,  
All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggenut  
The mosquitos sang their war song  
And the fire flies, Wah wah taysee  
Waved their torches to mislead him,  
And the bull frog the Dahinda  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface  
And anon a thousand whistles  
Answered over all the fenlands,  
And the heron the Shuh shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin  
Heralded the hero's coming

Westward thus fared Hiawatha  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon  
Toward the land of the Pearl Feather  
Till the level moon stared at him  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he  
patted,

To his birch canoe said "Onward!"  
And it stirred in all its fibres  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies  
Leaped through tangled flags and  
rushes

And upon the beach beyond them  
Dryshod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash tree,

One end on the sand he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow string  
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty  
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl  
Feather!"

Hiawatha waits your coming!"  
Straightaway from the Shining Wig  
wam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature broad of shoulder,  
Dark and terrible in aspect,  
Clad from head to foot in wampum  
Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and  
yellow,

Crested with great eagle feathers,  
Streaming upward streaming outward

Well I know you Hiawatha!

Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud denision

"Hasten back O Shrugodaya!  
Hasten back among the women,  
Back to old Nokomis faint heart!  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted fearing nothing  
"Big words do not smite like war-  
clubs

Boastful breath is not a bow string,  
Trunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war birds ever witnessed.  
All a Summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset,  
For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club,  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum

Till at sunset Hiawatha  
Leaning on his bow of ash tree  
Wounded weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the  
mosses

And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccason-  
leather,

With the fungus white and yellow

Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama the woodpecker

" Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses,  
There alone can he be wounded ! "

Winged with feathers, tipped with  
jasper,

Swiftly flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekce, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other,  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguh,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,  
Heard his voice call in the darkness,  
At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches  
Of the melancholy pine tree,  
And in honour of his service  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama,  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service

Then he stripped the shirt of  
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a sign of his conquest  
On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water  
And above him wheeled and cla-  
moured

The Keneu, the great war-eagle  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer nearer nearer

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine  
Wampum belts and strings and  
pouches

Quivers wrought with beads of wam-  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-  
water

Homeward through the weltering ser-  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast and shouted  
" Honour be to Hiawatha ! "

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white-fog from the fenlands,  
Sent disease and death among us !

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama !  
And in token of his friendship  
As a mark of his remembrance  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers  
With the blood-red crest of Mama  
But the wealth of Megissogwon  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people  
Shared it equally among them

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x

### HIAWATHA'S WOOING

" As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman  
Though she bends him she obeys him  
Though she draws him yet she follows  
Useless each without the other ! "

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dakotas

Wend a maiden of your people,  
Warring said the old Nokomis,

Go not eastward go not westward  
For a stranger whom we know not  
Like a fire upon the hearth stone  
Is a neighbour's homely daughter  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
O! the dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight  
But I like the starlight better  
Better do I like the moonlight

Go are they said old Nokomis  
Bring not here an idle maiden  
Bring not here a useless woman  
Hands unskillful feet unwilling  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together  
Feet that run on willing errands

Smiling answered Hiawatha  
"In the land of the Dakotas  
I was the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
My name Laughing Water  
Handsome of all the women  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands  
For your straight moonlight firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people"

So dissuading said Nokomis  
Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dakotas  
Very fierce are the Dakotas  
Of old there war between us  
There are swords yet unforgiven  
Weapons that ache and still may open

Laughing answered Hiawatha  
For that reason if no other  
We will dwell the far Dakotas  
There we shall be united  
That old swords might be forgiven  
And old wounds be healed for ever

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dakotas  
To the land of hand and eye women,  
To the land of peace and meadow,  
To the land of many forests  
To the land of many voices  
To the land of many of magic  
And the land of many of magic

Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps,  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,  
Heard the falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.

"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,

"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,  
Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha,  
To his bow he whispered, 'Fool not!'  
To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve not!'

Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck,  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dakotas,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chaledony  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes,  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday meadow,  
Shot the wild-goose flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa,  
Thinking of the great war-parties  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows  
Ah no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam  
Lingered long about the doorway  
Looking back as he departed  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom,  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the falls of Minnehaha  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy



Through their thoughts they heard  
A footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labour,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water—  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said, with gentle look and accent,  
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and  
whitened,  
With the gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly

Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished  
Brought forth food and set before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-  
wood.

Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha.  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his child-  
hood,

As he told of his companions,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful

"After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs  
Thus continued Hiawatha  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
"That this peace may last for ever,  
And our hands be clasped more  
closely,

And our hearts be more united  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!

And the ancient Arrow maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water  
And made answer very gravely,  
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes

Let your heart speak Minnehaha!  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely as she stood there  
Neither willing nor reluctant  
As she went to Hiawatha

Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you my husband!"

Thus was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed  
Leading with him Laughing Water  
Hand in hand they went together  
Through the woodland and the meadow

Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off

"Fare thee well O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow maker  
Turned again unto his labour  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself and saying  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love  
us!"

Just when they have learned to help  
When we are old and lean upon them  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers  
With his flute of reeds a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow over mountain,  
Over river hill, and hollow  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and  
shakened

To the steps of Laughing Water

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden,  
Light he thought her as a feather  
As the plume upon his head gear  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine tree.

All the travelling winds went with  
them,

Over the meadow through the forest,  
All the stars of night looked at them  
Watched with sleepless eyes their  
slumber,

From his ambush in the oak tree  
Peeped the squirrel Adjudamo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers  
And the rabbit the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the road before them,  
Peering peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his branches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers

Pleasant was the journey homeward  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart ease,  
Sang the blue bird the Owaissa,  
'Happy are you Hiawatha

Having such a wife to love you!"

Sang the Opechee the robin,

"Happy are you Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the  
branches,

Saying to them, "O my children  
Love is sunshine hate is shadow  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at  
them

Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,

Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless night is quiet  
Man imperious woman feeble,  
Half is mine although I follow,  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward,  
 Thus it was that Hiawatha  
 To the lodge of old Nokomis  
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, fire-  
 light,  
 Brought the sunshine of his people,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Handsomest of all the women  
 In the land of the Dacotahs,  
 In the land of handsome women

XI

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-  
 FEAST

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 How the handsome Yennadizze,  
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
 How the gentle Chibribos,  
 He, the sweetest of musicians  
 Sang his songs of love and longing,  
 How Igoo, the great boaster,  
 He the marvellous storyteller,  
 Told his tales of strange adventure,  
 That the feast might be more joyous,  
 That the time might pass more gaily,  
 And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
 Made at Hiawatha's wedding  
 All the bowls were made of bass wood,  
 White and polished very smoothly,  
 All the spoons of horn of bison,  
 Black and polished very smoothly

She had sent through all the village  
 Messengers with wands of willow,  
 As a sign of invitation,  
 As a token of the feasting,  
 And the wedding guests assembled,  
 Clad in all their richest raiment,  
 Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
 Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
 Beautiful with beads and tassels

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
 And the pike, the Makenozha,  
 Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,  
 Then on pemican they feasted,  
 Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
 Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
 Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
 And the wild rice of the river

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water,  
 And the careful old Nokomis  
 Tasted not the food before them,  
 Only waited on the others,  
 Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had  
 finished,  
 Old Nokomis brisk and busy,  
 From an ample pouch of otter,  
 Filled the red stone pipes for smoking  
 With tobacco from the South-land,  
 Mixed with bark of the red-willow,  
 And with herbs and leaves of fra-  
 grance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Dance for us your merry dances,  
 Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gaily,  
 And our guests be more contented!"  
 Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

He the idle Yennadizze,  
 He the merry mischief-maker,  
 Whom the people called the Storm-  
 Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled  
 Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
 In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
 In the play of quoits and ball-play,  
 Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
 In all games of skill and hazard,  
 Pugasang, the Bowl and Counters,  
 Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones  
 Though the warriors called him Faint-  
 Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodrya,  
 Idler, gambler, Yennadizze,  
 Little heeded he their jesting,  
 Little cared he for their insults,  
 For the women and the maidens  
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe skin,  
 White and soft, and fringed with  
 ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum,  
 He was dressed in deer-skin leggings  
 Fringed with hedgehog quills and  
 ermine,

And in moccasins of buck-skin  
 Thick with quills and beads em-  
 brodered.

On his head were plumes of swan's  
 down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,  
 In one hand a fan of feathers,  
 And a pipe was in the other

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
 Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
 Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 From his forehead fell his tresses,  
 Smooth and parted like a woman's,  
 Shining bright with oil, and plaited

Hung with bruds of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture  
In and out among the pine trees  
Through the shadows and the sun  
shine

Treading softly like a panther  
Then more swiftly and still swifter  
Whirling spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Ldding round and round the wig-  
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake the Big Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures  
Stamped upon the sand and tossed it  
Wildly in the air round him,  
Till the wind became a whirlwind  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the land  
scape

[Dunes  
Heaping all the shores with sand  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo]

Thus the merry Pau Puk Keewis  
Danced his Beggars Dance to please  
them

And returning sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey feathers

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
'Sing to us O Chibiabos'

Songs of love and songs of longing  
That the feast may be more joyous  
That the time may pass more gaily  
And our guests be more contented'

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water  
Sang he softly sang in this wise

'Onaway! Awake, beloved!  
Thou the wild flower of the forest!  
Thou the wild bird of the prairie!  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn like'

'If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the  
fragrance

Of the wild flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening

In the Moon when leaves are falling

"Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are  
brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries'

'When thou art not pleased beloved  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the hining river darkens

When the clouds drop shadows on it  
'When thou smilest my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind mingles in rivers

"Smiles the earth, and smile the  
waters

Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling

When thou art no longer near me!

'I myself myself' behold me!  
Blood of my beating heart behold me!  
O awake, awake, beloved!  
Onaway! awake beloved! \*

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing.  
And Jagoo, the great boaster  
He the marvellous storyteller  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods

Very boastful was Ingoo  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had made a greater,  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder,  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger  
Would you listen to his boasting,

\* The original of this song may be found in  
Little's Living Age, Vol. XXX p 45



Would you only give him credence,  
 No one ever shot an arrow  
 Half so far and high as he had,  
 Ever caught so many fishes  
 Ever killed so many reindeer,  
 Ever trapped so many beaver!  
 None could run so fast as he could,  
 None could dive so deep as he could,  
 None could swim so far as he could,  
 None had made so many journeys,  
 None had seen so many wonders,  
 As this wonderful Iagoo,  
 As this marvellous story-teller!  
 Thus his name became a by-word  
 And a jest among the people!  
 And whenever a boastful hunter  
 Praised his own address too highly,  
 Or a warrior, home returning,  
 Talked too much of his achievements,  
 All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!"  
 Here's Iagoo come among us!  
 He it was who carved the cradle

Of the little Hiawatha,  
 Carved its framework out of linden,  
 Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews,  
 He it was who taught him later  
 How to make his bows and arrows,  
 How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
 And the arrows of the oak-tree  
 So among the guests assembled  
 At my Hiawatha's wedding  
 Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
 Sat the marvellous story-teller  
 And they said, 'O good Iagoo,  
 Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
 Tell us of some strange adventure,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gaily,  
 And our guests be more contented!'  
 And Iagoo answered straightway,  
 "You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
 You shall hear the strange adventure  
 Of Osseo, the Magician, [tures  
 From the Evening Star descended."



XLII

THE SON OF THE EVENING  
STAR

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water?  
Or the Red Swan floating flying  
Wounded by the magic arrow  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life blood,  
Filling all the air with splendour  
With the splendour of its plumage?

Yes it is the sun descending  
Sinking down into the water,  
All the sky is stained with purple  
All the water flushed with crimson!  
No it is the Red Swan floating  
Diving down beneath the water,  
To the sky its wings are lifted  
With its blood the waves are red  
dened!

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Rangs suspended in the twilight  
No, it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit  
As he passes through the twilight  
Walks in silence through the heavens!

This with joy beheld I too  
And he said in haste "Behold it!  
See the Sacred Star of Evening!  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!  
Once in days no more remem-  
bered

Ages near the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter  
With ten young and comely daughters  
Tall and lithe as winds of willow,  
Only Oweence the youngest  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters

All these women married warriors  
Married brave and haughty husbands  
Only Oweence the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo poor and ugly  
Broken with age and weak with  
coughing  
Always coughing like a squirrel.  
Ah but beautiful within him

Was the spirit of Osseo  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion,  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendour in his language!  
"And her lovers, the rejected  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and fea-  
thers

Poised at her in derision  
Followed her with jest and laughter  
But she said "I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feather  
Care not for your jests and laughter!  
I am happy with Osseo!"

"Once to come great frost invited  
Through the damp and dusk of even-  
ing

Walked together the ten Sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands;  
Slowly followed old Osseo  
With fur Oweence beside him,  
All the others clad in furs,  
These two only walked in silence.

"At the Western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
'*Ah shewin neechin, Nois!*  
Pity pity me my father!"

"Listen I said the eldest sister,  
'He is praying to his father!  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling!  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter  
"On their pathway through the  
woodlands

Lay an oak by \*forms uprooted  
Lay the great trunk of an oak tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering crumbling, huge and  
hollow

And Osseo when he saw it,  
Gave a shout a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly.  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and strught, and strong, and  
handsome.

# THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

"The Ojibwa was transfixed,  
Thus transfixed in youth and beauty,  
But shut his portals  
And the Ojibwa of the forest  
Strangely transformed,  
Changeling as a voice of woman  
With a melody to the lowland,  
Wrote a wrinkle of old age  
And then, as the old husbands  
Laughed at the young fore-  
Ran with the young and the old

But Ojibwa moved not from her,  
Wrote a wrinkle of old age  
Took her hand and led her to the  
As a wrinkle of old age  
Took her hand and led her to the  
Dashed her with the world of old age

Till they were of the old age of woman  
Till they were of the old age of woman  
Dashed her with the world of old age  
To the tender Star of Woman

"Went they, one by one, and came  
With the quiet of Ojibwa,  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were young and old,  
Nestled in the nest of old age,  
Neither the young nor the old  
But as one of the old age  
Looking dreamily at the old age,  
First of Ojibwa, then upward  
At the young and the old

"Then a voice was heard a while per,  
Coming from the airy distance  
Coming from the empty vastness  
Low, and musical and tender,  
And the voice said: 'O Ojibwa,  
O my son, my best beloved'

Proken are the spells that bound you  
All the charms of the magicians  
All the magic powers of evil,  
Come to me, ascend, O Ojibwa, {you

"Taste the food that stands before  
It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it

It will change you to a spirit  
All your bow and all your lances  
Shall be wood and clay no longer,  
But the bowl be changed to wampum,  
And the lances shall be silver,  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and hummer

"And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labour,  
But be changed to birds and fishes  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dust and splendours  
Of the skies and clouds of evening'

"What Ojibwa heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the Whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the loquacious Wawonassa  
Singing in the darksome forest

"Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree tops  
To the dewy starlight  
Till it reached the topmost branches,  
And behold! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet  
And behold! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver  
And the roof poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles

"Then Ojibwa gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Change to birds of various plumage,  
Some were jays and some were  
magpies

Others thrushes, others blackbirds  
And they hopped, and sang, and  
twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded

Only Ojibwa the youngest  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled old and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others,  
Till Ojibwa gazing upward  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak tree in the forest

Then returned her youth and  
beauty,

And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes a shining silver feather!

"And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy cur-  
rents,

Through transparent cloud and va-  
pour,

And amid celestial splendours  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow flake falls on snow flake  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water

"Forth with cheerful words of  
welcome

Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender  
And he said My son Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring  
there,

Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam

"At the door he hung the bird cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said 'O my Osseo'  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and  
beauty

Into birds of various plumage  
Changed your sisters and their hus-  
bands,

Changed them thus because they  
mocked you

In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled  
Could not see your heart of passion  
Could not see your youth immortal  
Only Oweenee, the faithful  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.  
'In the lodge that glimmers yon-  
der

In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapours on the left hand  
Lives the envious Evil spirit.  
The Wabeno, the magician  
Who transformed you to an old man  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you  
For the rays he darts around him  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses

'Many years in peace and quiet  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father  
Many years in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam  
Hung the cage with rods of silver  
And fair Oweenee the faithful  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother  
With the courage of his father

And the boy grew up and pros-  
pered,  
And Osseo to delight him, [pered,  
Made him little bows and arrows  
Opened the great cage of silver  
And let loose his aunts and uncles  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled  
and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom,  
Filled the Evening Star with splen-  
dour,

With the fluttering of their plumage,  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely

'But O wondrous transformation!  
'Twas no bird he saw before him,  
'Twas a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom'

"When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic, [ment,  
Powerless was the stringe enchant-  
And the youth the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces  
Downward through the clouds and  
vapours,

Till he rested on an island,  
On an island green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water

"After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn,  
And the lodge with poles of silver  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee the faithful

Then the birds, again trans-  
figured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals  
Took their shape, but not their sta-  
ture,

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pigmies, the Puk-wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

Still their glittering lodge is seen  
there  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
See them dancing in the starlight!"

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Igoo added

"There are great men, I have known  
such,

Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision  
From the story of Osseo

Let them learn the fate of jesters!"

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other,  
"Does he mean himself, I wonder?  
And are we the runts and uncles?"

Then again sang Chibribos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,\*  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

"Ah me! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

"I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me! to your native country,  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

"Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

"When I looked back to behold him,  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

"By the tree he still was standing.  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!"

"When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin?"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Such the story of Igoo,  
Such the songs of Chibribos,

Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

### XIII

#### BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful!  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Corn fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet  
Buried was the dreadful war-club  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cries were forgotten  
There was peace among the nations,  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver,  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver  
All around the happy village  
Stood the maize fields, green and  
shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty

'Twas the women who in Spring-time  
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin,

'Twas the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was  
planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spoke and said to Minnehaha,

To his wife the Laughing Winter

"You shall bless to-night the corn-  
fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of corn fields,  
Pamosald, who steals the maize ear!

"In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,

\* The original of this song may be found in  
*Ojibwa*, p. 15.



When the Spirit of Sleep Nepahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly  
Walk around the fields you planted  
Round the borders of the corn fields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.

Thus the fields shall be more  
fruitful  
And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them  
So that neither blight nor mildew,

Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle,  
Not the dragon fly Kwo-ne she,  
Nor the spider Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk keena,  
Nor the mighty caterpillar  
Way muk-kwana with the bear-skin,  
King of all the caterpillars!

On the tree tops near the corn-fields  
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

At the words of Hiawatha  
 "Hear him! said they, "hear the  
 wise man!  
 Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended  
 Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
 When the mournful Wawonaissa  
 Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
 And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
 Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
 From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
 Laid aside her garments wholly,  
 And with darkness clothed and  
 guarded

Unashamed and unafrighted,  
 Walked securely round the corn-fields,  
 Drew the sacred, magic circle  
 Of her footprints round the corn-fields

No one but the Midnight only  
 Saw her beauty in the darkness  
 No one but the Wawonaissa  
 Heard the panting of her bosom,  
 Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her  
 Closely in his sacred mantle,  
 So that none might see her beauty,  
 So that none might boast, "I saw  
 her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
 Kahgahgee the King of Ravens,  
 Gathered all his black marauders,  
 Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,  
 Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
 And descended, fast and fearless,  
 On the fields of Hiawatha,  
 On the grave of the Mondamin

"We will drag Mondamin," said  
 they,

"From the grave where he is buried,  
 Spite of all the magic circles  
 Laughing Water draws around it,  
 Spite of all the sacred footprints  
 Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,  
 Ever thoughtful, careful watchful,  
 Had overheard the scornful laughter  
 When they mocked him from the tree-  
 tops

"Kaw! he said, "my friends the  
 ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens I  
 I will teach you all a lesson  
 That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,  
 He had spread o'er all the corn-fields  
 Snares to catch the black marauders,  
 And was lying now in ambush  
 In the neighbouring grove of pine-  
 trees,

Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
 Waiting for the jays and ravens  
 Soon they came with caw and  
 clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
 To their work of devastation,  
 Settling down upon the corn-fields,  
 Delving deep with beak and talon,  
 For the body of Mondamin  
 And with all their craft and cunning,  
 All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
 They perceived no danger near them,  
 Till their claws became entangled  
 Till they found themselves imprisoned  
 In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
 Striding terrible among them,  
 And so awful was his aspect  
 That the bravest quailed with terror  
 Without mercy he destroyed them  
 Right and left, by tens and twenties,  
 And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
 Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
 Round the consecrated corn fields,  
 As a signal of his vengeance,  
 As a warning to marauders

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
 Kahgahgee the King of Ravens,  
 He alone was spared among them  
 As a hostage for his people  
 With his prisoner-string he bound  
 him,\*

Led him captive to his wigwam,  
 Tied him fast with cords of elm bark  
 To the ridge-pole of his wigwam

"Kahgahgee, my raven! said he,  
 "You the leader of the robbers  
 You the plotter of this mischief,  
 The contriver of this outrage,  
 I will keep you, I will hold you,  
 As a hostage for your people,  
 As a pledge of good behaviour!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
 Sitting in the morning sunshine  
 On the summit of the wigwam,  
 Crouching fiercely his displeasure,  
 Flapping his great sable pinions,  
 Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
 Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee

\* "These cords" says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist. and if, in the course of the fight any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping. — *Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412

Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
From the South land sent his ardours  
Wafted kisses warm and tender  
And the maize field grew and ripened  
Till it stood in all the splendour  
Of its garments green and yellow  
Of its tassels and its plumage  
And the maize ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of  
verdure

Then Nokomis the old woman,  
Spoke and said to Minnehaha  
'Tis the moon when leaves are  
falling

All the wild rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready  
Let us gather in the harvest  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin  
Strip him of his plumes and his self  
Of his garments green and yellow

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the wigwam  
With Nokomis old and wrinkled  
And they called the women round them  
Called the young men and the maidens,  
To the harvest of the corn fields  
To the husking of the maize-ear

On the border of the forest  
Underneath the fragrant pine trees  
Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow  
In uninterrupted silence  
Looked they at the gamesome labour  
Of the young men and the women,  
Listened to their noisy talking  
To their laughter and their singing  
Heard them chattering like the  
magpies

Heard them laughing like the blue jays  
Heard them singing like the robins  
And when'er some lucky maiden,  
Found a red ear in the husking  
Found a maize ear red as blood is  
Nushka!" cried they all together  
Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart  
You shall have a handsome husband!  
Ugh! the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine  
trees!

And when'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking  
Found a maize ear in the husking  
Blighted mildewed or misshapen  
Then they laughed and sang together  
Crept and limped about the corn fields,  
Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
Some old man bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together

"Wagemon the thief of corn fields!  
Paimosaid the slinking robber!"

Till the corn fields rang with  
laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kali, the king of Ravens,  
Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
And from all the neighbouring tree  
tops

Caved and crouched the black marauder—  
Ugh! the old men all responded  
From their seats beneath the pine  
tree!

# AN

## PICTURE-WRITING

In those days said Hiawatha  
I do how all things fade and perish!  
From the memo'ry of the old men  
I fade away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The new uses of the hunter  
All the wisdom of the Medes,  
All the craft of the Wabeno!  
All the marvellous dreams and visions  
Of the Jozakends the Prophets!  
Great men die and are forgotten,  
Wise men speak their words of  
wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That as yet unborn are waiting  
In the great mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall be!  
On the grave-ports of our fathers  
Are no signs no figures painted  
Who are in those graves we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers  
Of what kin they are and kindred,  
From what old ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle Bear or Beaver,  
They descended this we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers

Face to face we speak together,  
Put we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us  
To the friends that dwell afar off,  
Cannot send a secret message,  
But the bearer learns our secret  
May pervert it may betray it,  
May reveal it unto others

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
In the solitary forest  
Pondering, musing in the forest,  
On the welfare of his people.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

From his pouch he took his colours,  
Took his paints of different colours,  
On the smooth bark of a birch tree  
Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought suggested

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
He the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
Was the meaning of this symbol

Mutche Manito the Mighty,  
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
As a serpent was depicted  
As Kenabeck, the great serpent  
Very crafty very cunning  
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil  
Was the meaning of this symbol

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
Life was white, but Death was  
darkened,

Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
Man and beast and fish and reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes and rivers

For the earth he drew a straight  
line,

For the sky a bow above it,  
White the space between for day-time,  
Filled with little stars for night-time,  
On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide,  
And for sun and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a  
wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling,  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said "Behold, your grave  
posts

Have no mark no sign nor symbol  
Go and paint them all with figures  
Each one with its household symbol,  
With its own ancestral Totem,  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know  
them [posts]

And they painted on the grave  
Of the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,

Each the symbol of his household,  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token

That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes

And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The Wabenos the magicians  
And the medicine men the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly coloured,  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven,  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeck,  
With his bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven,  
In the sky the sun that listens  
And the moon eclipsed and dying,  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
And the cormorant, bird of magic  
Headless men that walk the heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves, and great war-  
captains

Grasping both the earth and heaven!  
Such as these the shapes they  
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin,  
Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded

Nor forgotten was the Love Song,  
The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic  
Dangerous more than war or hunting!  
Thus the Love Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation

I first a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet,  
'Tis the lover the musician,  
And the meaning is, "My painting  
Makes me powerful over others"

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, "Listen!  
Tis my voice you hear, my singing!"

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,



"I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion!

Then two figures, man and woman,  
Standing hand in hand together  
With their hands so clasped together  
That they seemed in one united,  
And the words thus represented  
Are "I see your heart within you,  
And your cheeks are red with  
blushes!

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island,  
And the song this shape suggested  
Was ' Though you were not a distance,  
Were upon some far-off island,  
Such a spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to me !'

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers  
Saying ' Though you were far from  
me  
In the land of Sleep and Silence  
Still the voice of love would reach  
you !

And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle  
Drawn within a magic circle,  
And the image had this meaning  
' Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper !'

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
In his wisdom taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting  
All the art of Picture-Writing,  
On the smooth bark of the birch tree,  
On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave posts of the village

XV

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

In those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitos of mischief  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos  
Jealous of their faithful friendship  
And their noble words and actions  
Made at length a league against them,  
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos  
' O my brother ! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you !'

Chibiabos, young and heedless,

Laughing shook his coal black tresses,  
Answered ever sweet and childlike,  
' Do not fear for me, O brother !  
Harm and evil come not near me !'  
Once when Peborn the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea Water  
When the snow flakes, whirling down  
ward

Hissed among the withered oak leaves,  
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,  
Covered all the earth with silence,—  
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-  
shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,  
Fearing not the Evil Spirits  
Worth to hunt the deer with antlers  
All alone went Chibiabos

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
Sprang with speed the deer before him.  
With the wind and snow he followed,  
Over the treacherous ice he followed,  
Wild with all the fierce commotion  
And the rapture of the hunting  
But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him  
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,  
Droged him downward to the bottom,  
Buried in the sand his body  
Unktahce, the god of water,  
He the god of the Dakotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitchie Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,  
And the wolves howled from the  
prairies

And the thunder in the distance  
Woke and answered, " Buni wawa !"  
Then his face with black he painted,  
With his robe his head he covered,  
In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
Uttering still this moan of sorrow —

" He is dead, the sweet musician !  
He the sweetest of all singers !  
He has gone from us for ever,  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing !  
O my brother Chibiabos !

And the melancholy fir trees [him,  
Waved their dark green fans above  
Waved their purple cones above him,  
Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lamenting



To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter  
From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew  
him,  
Passing silent through the forest  
Like a smoke wreath wafted sideways,  
Slowly vanished Chibiribos!  
Where he passed, the branches moved  
not,

Where he trod the grasses bent not,  
And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps  
Four whole days he journeyed on  
ward

Down the pathway of the dead men,  
On the dead man's strawberry feast,  
Crossed the melancholy river,  
On the swinging log he crossed it,  
Came unto the Lake of Silver  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed  
To the land of ghosts and shadows

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and  
arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
And with food that friends had given  
For that solitary journey

"Ah! why do the living, said they,  
"Lay such heavy burdens on us?  
Better were it to go naked,  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey!"

Forth then issued Hiawatha  
Wandered eastward, wandered west-  
ward,

Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons  
And the cure of all diseases.  
Thus was first made known to mortals  
All the mystery of Medamin,  
All the sacred art of healing



XVI

PAU PUK KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
He the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the Storm-  
Fool

Vexed the village with disturbance,  
You shall hear of all his mischief,

And his flight from Hiawatha  
And his wondrous transigrations,  
And the end of his adventures

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
By the shining Big Sea-Water  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands together,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
When, among the guests assembled,  
He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please  
them

Now, in search of new adventures,  
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Came with speed into the village  
Found the young men all assembled  
In the lodge of old Ingoo,  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures

He was telling them the story  
Of Ojegg the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven,  
How he climbed up into heaven,  
And let out the Summer-weather,  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer,  
How the Otter first essayed it,  
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger  
Tried in turn the great achievement,  
From the summit of the mountain  
Smote their fists against the heavens,  
Smote against the sky their foreheads,  
Cracked the sky, but could not  
break it,

How the Wolverine, uprising  
Made him ready for the encounter,  
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,  
Drew his arms back like a cricket.

"Once he leaped, said old Ingoo,  
"Once he leaped, and lo! above him  
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
When the waters rise beneath it  
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him  
Cracked the sky as ice in rivers  
When the freshest is at highest  
Thrice he leaped and lo! above him  
Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
And he disappeared within it,  
And Ojegg, the Fisher Wenzel,  
With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway,  
"I am tired of all this talking,  
Tired of old Ingoo's stories,  
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom

# THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Here is some thing to amuse you,  
Better than this endless talking.

Then from out his pouch of wolf-  
skin

Forth he drew with solemn manner,  
All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
Pagawing with thirteen pieces.  
White on one side were they painted  
And vermilion on the other.

Two Kenabecks or great serpents,  
Two Innewug or wedge men,  
One great war club Pagamaugun,  
And one slender fish the Keego,  
Four round pieces Ozawabecks  
And three Sheshewug or duel lings  
All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabecks.  
These were brass, on one side burn-  
ished

And were black upon the other

In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before  
him,

Thus exclaiming and explaining  
'Red & de up are all the pieces,  
And one great Kenabeck standing  
On the bright side of a brass piece,  
On a burnished Ozawabeck,  
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,  
Shook and jostled them together  
Threw them on the ground before  
him,

Still exclaiming and explaining  
"White are both the great Kena-  
becks,

White the Innewug, the wedge-men,  
Red are all the other pieces,  
Five tens and eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various chances,  
Various changes, various meanings,  
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,  
Full of eagerness stared at him

"Many games," said old Iagoo,  
"Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different countries  
He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers,  
Though you think yourself so skilful,  
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons  
In your game of Bowl and Counters."

So they sat and played together,  
All the old men and the young men,

Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
Played till midnight, played till morn-  
ing,

Played until the Yenadize,  
Till the cunning Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Of their treasures had despoiled them,  
Of the best of all their dresses,  
Shirts of deer skin, robes of ermine  
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.  
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at  
him

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
"In my wigwam I am lonely,  
In my wanderings and adventures  
I have need of a companion,  
I am would have a Meshinawa,  
An attendant and pipe bearer  
I will venture all these winnings,  
All these garments heaped about me,  
All this wampum, all these feathers,  
On a single throw will venture  
All against the young man yonder!"

'Twas a youth of sixteen summers,  
'Twas a nephew of Iagoo,  
Face in a Mist, the people called him

As the fire burns in a pipe head  
Dusky red beneath the ashes,  
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo  
"Ugh!" he answered, very fiercely!  
"Ugh!" they answered all and each  
one

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,  
Closely in his bony fingers  
Clutched the fat bowl, Onagon,  
Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
Made the pieces ring together  
As he threw them down before him

Red were both the great Kenabecks,  
Red the Innewug, the wedge men,  
Red the Sheshewug, the ducklings,  
Black the four brass Ozawabecks,  
White alone the fish, the Keego,  
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau Puk-Keewis  
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces,  
Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
And they fell about him scattered  
Dark and bright the Ozawabecks,  
Red and white the other pieces,  
And upright among the others  
One Innewug was standing,  
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Stood alone among the players,  
Saying, "Five tens I mine the game  
is!"

Twen'y eyes glared at him fiercely,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,  
As he turned and left the wigwam,  
Followed by his Meshinawwa,  
By the nephew of Iagoo  
By the tall and graceful stripling,  
Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
Shirts of deer skin robes of ermine  
Belts of wampum pipes and weapons  
Carry them, said Pau-Puk-  
Keewis

Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
' To my wigwam far to eastward,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo ! '

Hot and red with smoke and gam-  
bling

Were the eyes of Pau Puk-Keewis  
As he came forth to the freshness  
Of the pleasant Summer morning  
All the birds were singing gaily,  
All the streamlets flowing swiftly  
And the heart of Pau Puk-Keewis  
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing.  
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,  
As he wandered through the village,  
In the early gray of morning  
With his fan of turkey feathers  
With his plumes and tufts of swan's  
down

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted,  
No one met him at the doorway,  
No one came to bid him welcome,  
But the birds were singing round it  
In and out and round the doorway  
Hopping singing fluttering feeding  
And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
Kahgahgee the King of Ravens  
Sat with fiery eyes and screaming  
Flapped his wings at Pau Puk-Keewis  
' All are gone ! the lodge is  
empty !

Thus it was spake Pau Puk-Keewis,  
In his heart resolving mischief, —  
Gone is wary Hiawatha

Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
Gone Nokomis the old woman  
And the lodge is left unguarded ! '

By the neck he seized the raven  
Whirled it round him like a rattle  
Like a medicine pouch he shook it,  
Strangled Kahgahgee the raven,  
From the ridge pole of the wigwam  
Lest its lifeless body hanging,  
As an insult to its master  
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,

Round the lodge in wild disorder  
Threw the household things about  
him,

Piled together in confusion  
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,  
Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,  
As an insult to Nokomis  
As a taunt to Minnehaha

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Whistling, singing through the forest  
Whistling gaily to the squirrels,  
Who from hollow boughs above him  
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,  
Singing gaily to the wood-birds  
Who from out the leafy darkness  
Answered with a song as merry

Then he climbed the rocky head-  
lands,

Looking over the Gitche Gumees,  
Perched himself upon their summit,  
Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay  
there,

Far below him plashed the waters  
Plashed and washed the dreamy  
waters,

Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy dreamy heavens,  
Round him hovered, fluttered rustled,  
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about  
him,

Almost brushed him with their pinions  
And he killed them as he lay there,  
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,  
Threw their bodies down the head-  
land,

Threw them on the beach below him,  
Till at length Kavoshk the sea-gull,  
Perched upon a crag above them,  
Shouted ' It is Pau-Puk-Keewis !  
He is slaying us by hundreds !  
Send a message to our brother,  
Tidings send to Hiawatha ! '

XVII

THE HUNTING OF  
PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
When he came into the village,  
Found the people in confusion,  
Heard of all the misdemeanours,  
All the malice and the mischief  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

## THE SONG OF HIWATHA

Hard his breath came through his  
nostril,  
Through his teeth he buzzed and mut-  
tered

Words of anger and resentment,  
Hot and burning like a hornet  
"I will 'win this Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Shu this merchant maker," said he  
"Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall not attain him,  
That my vengeance shall not reach  
him"

Then in swift pursuit departed  
Hiwatha and the hunters  
On the trail of Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Through the forest where he passed it,  
To the tradition is where he rested  
But they found not Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the wolverine's tracks,  
Found the couch where he had rested,  
Found the impress of his body

From the lowlands far beneath  
him  
From the Muskeg the meadow,  
Pau Puk-Keewis, turning backward,  
Made a gesture of defiance,  
Made a gesture of decision,  
And aloud cried Hiwatha,  
From the summit of the mountain  
"No, so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
Put my wrath shall overtake you,  
And my vengeance shall attain you"

Over rock and over river,  
Through bush and brake and forest,  
Ran the cunning Pau Puk-Keewis  
Like an antelope he bounded  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin,  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were stand-  
ing,

Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and whis-  
pered

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
On the dam of trunks and branches  
Through whose clinks the water  
spouted,  
Over whose summit flowed the stream-  
let.

From the bottom rose a beaver,  
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
At the stranger, Pau Puk-Keewis  
On the dam stood Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Over his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Flowed the bright and silvery water,  
And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this wise  
"O my friend, Ahmeek, the beaver,  
Cool and pleasant is the water,  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges,  
Change me too into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer  
"Let me first consult the others,  
Let me ask the other beavers"  
Down he sank into the water,  
Heavily sank he as a stone sinks,  
Down among the leaves and branches,  
Brown and matted at the bottom

On the dam stood Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Over his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Spouted through the chinks below  
him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath him,  
Spread serene and calm before him,  
And the sunshine and the shadows  
Fell in flicks and gleams upon him,  
I tell in little shining patches  
Through the waving, rustling bran-  
ches

From the bottom rose the beavers,  
Silently above the surface  
Rose one head and then another,  
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,  
Full of black and shining faces

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Spoke entreating, said in this wise  
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
O my friends! and safe from danger,  
Can you not with all your cunning,  
All your wisdom and contrivance  
Change me, too into a beaver?"

"Yes" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,  
He the King of all the beavers,  
"Let yourself slide down among us,  
Down into the tranquil water"

Down into the pond among them  
Silently sank Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,  
Black his moccasins and leggings,  
In a broad black tail behind him  
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes,  
He was changed into a beaver

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-  
Keewis,

"Make me large and make me larger,  
Larger than the other beavers"

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
 "When our lodge below you enter,  
 In our wigwam we will make you  
 Ten times larger than the others

Thus into the clear brown water  
 Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Found the bottom covered over  
 With the trunks of trees and branches,  
 Hoards of food against the winter,  
 Piles and heaps against the famine  
 Found the lodge with arching doorway  
 Leading into spacious chambers.  
 Here they made him large and larger  
 Made him largest of the beavers,  
 Ten times larger than the others

'You shall be our ruler' said they,  
 "Chief and king of all the beavers.

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Sat in state among the beavers  
 When there came a voice of warning  
 From the watchman at his station  
 In the water flags and lilies  
 Saying 'Here is Hiawatha!  
 Hiawatha with his hunters!

Then they heard a cry above them,  
 Heard a shouting and a tramping  
 Heard a crashing and a rushing  
 And the water round and over them  
 Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
 And they knew their dam was broken

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
 Leaped and broke it all asunder  
 Streamed the sunshine through the  
 crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the door-  
 way,

Hid themselves in deeper water,  
 In the channel of the streamlet  
 But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Could not pass beneath the doorway  
 He was puffed with pride and feeding  
 He was swollen like a bladder

Through the roof looked Hiawatha  
 Cried aloud "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
 Vain are all your craft and cunning  
 Vain your manifold disguises!

Well I know you Pau-Puk-Keewis!  
 With their clubs they beat and  
 bruised him

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
 Till his skull was crushed to pieces

Six tall hunters lithe and limber,  
 Bore him home on poles and branches,  
 Bore the body of the beaver,  
 But the ghost the Jeebi in him  
 Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and  
 struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,  
 As the curtains of a wigwam  
 Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,  
 When the wintry wind is blowing,  
 Till it drew itself together,  
 Till it rose up from the body,  
 Till it took the form and features  
 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Vanishing into the forest

But the wary Hiawatha  
 Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
 Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Glide into the soft blue shadow  
 Of the pine trees of the forest,  
 Toward the squares of white beyond it,  
 Toward an opening in the forest,  
 Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
 Bending all the boughs before it  
 And behind it as the rain comes,  
 Came the steps of Hiawatha

To a lake with many islands  
 Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Where among the water lilies  
 Pishnekuh, the brant, was sailing,  
 Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
 Steering through the reedy islands,  
 Now their broad black beaks they  
 lifted

Now they plunged beneath the water,  
 Now they darkened in the shadow,  
 Now they brightened in the sunshine.

'Pishnekuh! cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 "Pishnekuh, my brothers! said he,  
 "Change me to a brant with plumage,  
 With a shining neck and feathers,  
 Make me large and make me larger,  
 Ten times larger than the others.

Straightway to a brant they changed  
 him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,  
 With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
 With a bill like two great paddles,  
 Made him larger than the others,  
 Ten times larger than the largest,  
 Just as shouting from the forest,  
 On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamour,  
 With a whirr and beat of pinions,  
 Rose up from the reedy islands,  
 From the water-flags and lilies  
 And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 "In your flying, look not downward,  
 Take good heed and look not down-  
 ward, [happen,  
 Lest some strange mischance should  
 Lest some great mishap befall you!"

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Fast and far they fled to northward,  
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,  
Led among the moors and fenlands,  
Slept among the reeds and rushes

On the morrow as they journeyed  
Buoyed and lifted by the South wind,  
Wafted onward by the South wind,  
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,  
Rose a sound of human voices,  
Rose a clamour from beneath them,  
From the lodges of a village,  
From the people nudes beneath them

For the people of the village  
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Flapping far up in the ether,  
Broader than two doorway curtains

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,  
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
Knew the omen of Iagoo,  
And, forgetful of the warning,  
Drew his neck in and looked downward,  
And the wind that blew behind him  
Caught his mighty fan of feathers  
Sent him wheeling, whirling down-  
ward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Struggle to regain his balance!  
Whirling round and round and down-  
ward,

He beheld in turn the village  
And in turn the flock above him,  
Saw the village coming nearer,  
And the flock receding farther,  
Heard the voices growing louder,  
Heard the shouting and the laughter,  
Saw no more the flock above him,  
Only saw the earth beneath him,  
Dead out of the empty heaven,  
Dead among the shouting people,  
With a heavy sound and sullen,  
Fell the brant with broken pinions

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Took again the form and features  
Of the handsome Yemadizze,  
And again went rushing onward,  
Followed fast by Hiawatha,  
Crying "Not so wide the world is,  
Not so long and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,  
That his hand was stretched to seize  
him,

His right hand to seize and hold him,  
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Whirled and spun about in circles,

Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about him,  
And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak tree,  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rubbish

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote again the hollow oak tree  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments  
But in vain for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitchie Gumee,  
Westward by the Big Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
Looking over lake and landscape

And the Old Man of the Mountain,  
He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against him,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,  
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
"Open! I am Hiawatha!  
But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
And they came with night and darkness,  
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Mountains  
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and trem-  
bled

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the doorways,  
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?"

And the crags fell, and beneath them



Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenaduzze  
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
Ended were his tricks and gambols,  
Ended all his craft and cunning,  
Ended all his mischief making,  
All his gambling and his dancing,  
All his wooing of the maidens

Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost his shadow  
Spake and said, 'O Pau Puk-Keewis!

Never more in human figure  
Shall you search for new adventures,  
Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in whirl-

winds  
But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles,  
I will change you to an eagle  
To Kencu the great War Eagle  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens

And the name of Pau Puk-Keewis  
Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the storytellers,  
And in Winter, when the snow flakes  
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke flue pipes and whistles  
"There they cry, 'comes Pau-Puk-Keewis,

He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest!

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XVIII

THE DEATH OF Kwasind

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind

No man dared to strive with Kwasind  
No man could compete with Kwasind  
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pigmies  
Plotted and conspired against him

"If this hateful Kwasind, said they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow  
Goes on thus a little longer  
Tearing everything he touches  
Rending everything to pieces,

Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?  
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?  
He will tread us down like mushrooms,  
Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Ne-br-naw bags,  
By the Spirits of the Water!"

So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong Man,  
All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
The audacious overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated,  
In his crown too, was his weakness,  
There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm him  
Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals,  
But the cunning Little People  
The Puk-Wudjies knew the secret,  
Knew the only way to kill him

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine tree,  
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's margin,  
Heaped them in great piles together,  
Where the red rocks from the margin  
Jutting overhang the river  
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
The malicious Little People

"Twas an afternoon in Summer  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water  
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
With a far-resounding war-cry  
Down the river came the Strong Man,

In his birch canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current  
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
Very languid with the weather,  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended !  
By his airy hosts surrounded,  
His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin ,  
Like the burnished Dush-kwo ne she,  
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a seashore  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine trees ,  
And he felt upon his forehead  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on him

At the first blow of their war-clubs,  
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ,  
At the second blow they smote him,  
Motionless his paddle rested ,  
At the third, before his vision  
Reeled the landscape into darkness,  
Very sound asleep was Kwasind

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
Underneath the wooded headlands,  
Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies  
There they stood all armed and  
waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,  
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
On his crown defenceless struck him  
"Death to Kwasind !" was the sudden  
War-cry of the Little People

And he sideways swayed and tum-  
bled,

Sideways fell into the river,  
Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
Headlong as an otter plunges ,  
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,  
Drifted empty down the river,  
Bottom upward swerved and drifted  
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind

But the memory of the Strong Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest  
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split  
asunder,

"Kwasind !" cried they , "that is  
Kwasind !

He is gathering in his fire-wood !"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS

NEVTR stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and fol-  
lows ,

And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions

So disasters come not singly ,  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters  
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,  
Till the plains were strewn with  
whiteness,

One uninterrupted level,  
As if, stooping, the Creator [over  
With his hand had smoothed them

Through the forest, wide and wailing,  
Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes,  
In the village worked the women,  
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-  
skin ,

And the young men played together  
On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes

One dark evening, after sun down,  
In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt returning

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,  
Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,  
In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Ghstened like the sun in water  
And behind them crouched their  
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above them  
Climbed and crowded through the  
smoke flue

Then the curtain of the door was  
From without was slowly lifted,  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment  
And a moment served the smoke-  
wreath,

As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited,  
Without word of salutation  
Without sign of recognition  
Sat down in the furthest corner  
Crouching low among the shadows  
From their aspect and their gar-  
ments

Strangers seemed they in the village  
Very pale and haggard were they  
As they sat there sad and silent  
Trembling cowering with the shadows  
Was it the wind above the smoke-  
flue

Muttering down into the wigwam?  
Was it the owl the Koko koho  
Hooting from the distant forest?  
Sure a voice said in the silence  
"These are corpses clad in garments  
These are ghosts that come to haunt  
you

From the kingdom of Ponemah  
From the land of the Hereafter!  
Howeard now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest  
With the snow upon his tresses  
And the red deer on his shoulders  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless burden  
Nobler handsomer she thought him  
Than when first he came to woo her  
First threw down the deer before her  
As a token of his wishes  
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the  
strangers  
Covering crouching with the sha-  
dows

Said within himself, "Who are they?  
What strange guests has Minnehtha?  
But he questioned not the strangers,  
Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready  
And the deer had been divided  
Both the pallid guests, the strangers  
Springing from among the shadows,  
Seized upon the choicest portions  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha  
Without asking without thanking,  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,

Fluted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam

Not a word spake Hiawatha  
Not a mot on his face  
Not a gesture Laughing Water,  
Not a change came over their features,  
Only Minnehtha softly  
Whispered saying, "They are  
sun-bred

Let them do what best delights them,  
Let them eat for they are famished"  
Then a daylight dawned and dark-  
ness

Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow flakes  
From the needles of its branches,  
On his day the sun was moving,  
Set the earth in the wigwam  
Put by the light in terms of twilight  
Till they went into the forest  
Hanging the wood to the wigwam,  
Hiawatha, peace comes for the hunting,  
Always and always went

and wherever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,  
When the evening meal was ready,  
And the food had been divided  
Gleaming from their darksome corner,  
Can the pallid guests the strangers,  
Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Set aside for Laughing Water  
And with a rebuke or question  
Fluted back among the shadows.

Ne-ence had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them,  
Never once had old Nokoni's  
Made a gesture of impatience  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage  
All had they endured in silence  
That the rights of guest and stranger,  
That the virtue of free-giving  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the plimmering, flickering fire light  
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing as of sorrow

From his couch rose Hiawatha  
From his shaggy hides of bison  
Pushed aside the deer skin curtain  
Saw the pallid guests the shadows  
Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.  
And he said "O guests! why is it

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

That your hearts are so afflicted  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokonus,  
Has my wife, the Ahnchrahra  
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties?

Then the shadows ceased from  
weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
And they said with gentle voices

"We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you  
From the realms of Chibabos

Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you

"Cries of grief and lamentation

Reach us in the Blessed Islands,

Cries of anguish from the living

Calling back their friends departed,

Sadden us with useless sorrow

Therefore have we come to try you,

No one knows us, no one heeds us,

We are but a burden to you,

And we see that the departed

Have no place among the living

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!

Speak of it to all the people,

That henceforward and for ever

They no more with lamentations

Sadden the souls of the departed

In the Islands of the Blessed

"Do not lay such heavy burdens

In the graves of those you bury,

Not such weight of furs and wampum,

Not such weight of pots and kettles,

For the spirits faint beneath them

Only give them food to carry,

Only give them fire to light them

"Four days is the spirit's journey

To the land of ghosts and shadows,

Four its lonely night encampments,

Four times must their fires be lighted

Therefore, when the dead are buried,

Let a fire, as night approaches,

Four times on the grave be kindled,

That the soul upon its journey

May not lack the cheerful fire-light,

May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!

We have put you to the trial,

To the proof have put your patience,

By the insult of our presence,

By the outrage of our actions

We have found you great and noble

I fail not in the greater trial,

Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden dark-

Fall and filled the silent wigwam  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight,  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponmah,  
From the land of the Hereafter

### THE FAMINE

O THE long and dreary Winter!

O the cold and cruel Winter!

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker

Froze the ice on lake and river,

Ever deeper, deeper, deeper

Tell the snow o'er all the landscape

Tell the covering snow and drifted

Through the forest, round the village

Hardly from his buried wigwam

Could the hunter force a passage,

With his mittens and his snow shoe

Vainly walked he through the forest

Sought for bird or beast and found

none

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,

In the snow beheld no footprints

In the ghastly, gleaming forest

Fell, and could not rise from weak-

ness,

Perished there from cold and hunger

O the famine and the fever!

O the wasting of the famine!

O the blighting of the fever!

O the wailing of the children!

O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished,

Hungry was the air around them,

Hungry was the sky above them,

And the hungry stars in heaven

Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam

Came two other guests, as silent

As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,

Waited not to be invited,

Did not parley at the doorway,

Sat there without word of welcome

In the seat of Laughing Water

Looked with haggard eyes and hollow

At the face of Laughing Water

And the foremost said, "Behold

me!

And the other said, "Behold me !  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin !

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face but made no answer,  
Lay there trembling freezing burning  
At the looks they cast upon her  
At the fearful words they uttered

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha,  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness,  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started but it froze, and fell not

Wrapped in furs and armed for  
hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens Minjekahwun  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow shoes strode he forward

' Gitchie Manito, the Mighty !  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
" Give your children food, O father !  
Give us food or we must perish !  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha !

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant,  
Rang that cry of desolation,  
But there came no other answer  
Than the echo of his crying  
Than the echo of the woodlands,  
" Minnehaha ! Minnehaha !

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer,  
He had brought his young wife home-

ward  
From the land of the Dakotahs  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and  
glistered

And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble  
' I will follow you my husband !

In the wigwam with Nokomis  
With those gloomy guests that  
watched her

With the Famine and the Fever,  
She was lying the Beloved,  
She the dying Minnehaha

" Hark ! ' she said, " I hear a rush-

ing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance ! "

" No, my child ! ' said old Nokomis,  
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine-  
trees ! "

" Look ! ' she said " I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,  
In the land of the Dakotahs !

" No my child ! ' said old Nokomis,  
" 'Tis the smoke that waves and  
Leckons ! [Pauguk

" Ah ! she said, " the eyes of  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness !  
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
" Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,  
' Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are !  
Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !  
And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and mourning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish  
That the forest moaned and shud-

dered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish  
Then he sat down, still and speech-  
less

On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Never more would lightly follow

With both hands his face he  
covered [there,  
Seven long days and nights he sat  
As if in a swoon he sat there,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks,  
Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine,  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
I or her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks,  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell! said he, Minnehaha!  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labour,  
Come not back again to suffer  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah!  
To the land of the Hereafter!"



### THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

In his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man sad and lonely  
White his hair was as a snow-drift,  
Dull and low his fire was burning  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Wabewon,  
In his tattered white skin wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow storm  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks

were,

Soft his eyes as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses,  
Bound and plumed with scented  
grasses,

On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms,  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old  
man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adventures,  
Of the lands where you have travelled,  
I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-  
pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned,  
Made of red stone was the pipe head,  
And the stem a reed with feathers,  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise.

"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling

"When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up all over the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"  
Said the old man, darkly frowning,  
"All the land with snow is covered,  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild-geese and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo! they are not.  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ring-  
lets,"

Said the young man, softly laughing,  
"Showers of rain fall warm and wel-  
come,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes

Come the wild goose and the heron,  
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the blue bird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spoke the night departed,  
From the distant realms of Wabun  
From his shining lodge of silver  
Like a warrior robed and painted  
Came the sun and said "Behold me!  
Gheezus the great sun behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless  
And the air grew warm and pleasant  
And upon he wawun sweetly  
Sang the blue bird and the robin  
And the stream began to murmur  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted  
And segwun the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him  
It was Peboon, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing  
As from melting lakes the streamlets  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended  
Till into the air it faded  
Till into the ground it vanished  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearthstone of the wigwam  
Where the fire had smoked and

smouldered  
Saw the earliest flowers of Spring time  
Saw the beauty of the Spring time  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom  
Thus it was that in the Northland,  
After that unheated of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter  
Came the Spring with all its splendour,  
All its birds and all its blossoms  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks like arrows  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven  
Passed the swan the Mahnahbezec,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks,  
And in long lines waving bending  
Like a bowstring snapped asunder  
The white goose, the Waw-be wawa,  
And in pairs, or singly flying  
Making the loon with clangorous

pinions  
The blue heron the Shuh shuh gah,  
And the grouse the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the blue bird, the Owassa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the Opeechee the robin,  
In the covert of the pine trees  
Cooed the Omeme, the pigeon,  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven  
Gazed upon the earth and waters  
From his wanderings far to eastward

From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo  
The great traveller the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventures  
Marvels many and many wonders  
And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures  
Laughing answered him in this wise  
Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo  
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitchi Gumee  
Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled and said "It cannot be so!  
Kaw! they said it cannot be so!"

O'er it said he o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying  
Bigger than a grove of pine trees  
Taller than the tallest tree tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other  
'Kaw! they said, 'we don't believe it!

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,  
Came Waywassimo the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo  
'Kaw! said they, 'what tales you tell us!

In it, said he, came a people  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came he said, a hundred warriors,  
Painted white were all their faces  
And with hair their chins were covered!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks  
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you  
tell us

Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting  
"True is all Ingoo tells us,

I have seen it in a vision  
Seen the great canoe with pinions,  
Seen the people with white faces  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel

From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

The Great Spirit the Creator,

Sends them hither on his errand,

Sends them to us with his message.

Wheresoe'er they move, before them

Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,

Swarms the bee the honey maker,

Wheresoe'er they tread beneath them

Springs a flower unknown among us

Springs the White man's foot in  
blossom

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship  
Give them when they come to see us  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision

"I beheld, too, in that vision

All the secrets of the future,

Of the distant days that shall be

I beheld the westward marches

Of the unknown crowded nations

All the land was full of people,

Restless, struggling, toiling, striving

Speaking many tongues yet feeling

But one heart-beat in their bosoms

In the woodlands rang their axes

Smoked their towns in all the valleys,

Over all the lakes and rivers

Rushed their great canoes of thunder

"Then a darker, drearer vision

Passed before me, vague and cloud-  
like

I beheld our nations scattered,

All forgetful of my counsels,

Weakened, warring with each other,

Saw the remnants of our people

Sweeping westward, wild and woful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tempest

Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

XII

### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited

All the air was full of freshness  
All the earth was bright and joyous  
And before him through the sunshine,  
Westward toward the neighbouring  
forest,

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo

Passed the bees the honey-makers

Burning, singing in the sunshine

Bright above him shone the heavens

Level spread the lake before him

From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,

Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine,

On its margin the great forest

Stood reflected in the water

Every tree top had its shadow

Motionless beneath the water

From the brow of Hiawatha

Gone was every trace of sorrow,

As a fog from off the water

As the mist from off the meadow

With a smile of joy and triumph,

With a look of exultation

As of one who in a vision

Sees what is to be, but is not,

Stood and waited Hiawatha

Toward the sun his hands were  
lifted\*

Both the palms spread out against it,

And between the parted fingers

Tell the sunshine on his features,

Flecked with light his naked shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree

Through the lifted leaves and branches

O'er the water floating, flying,

Something in the hazy distance,

Something in the mists of morning,

Loomed and lifted from the water

Now seemed floating, now seemed  
flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer

Was it Shingebis the diver?

Was it the pelican the Shad?\*

Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh gal?

Or the white goose, Waw-be wawa,

With the water dripping flashing

From its glossy neck and feathers?

\* In this manner and with such salutations,  
was Father Marquette received by the Illinois  
See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V



It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
Or the water floting flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch canoe with paddles,  
Rising sinking on the water  
Dripping flashing in the sunshine.  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black Robe chief, the  
Prophet

He the Priest of Prayer the Pale face,  
With his guides and his companions  
And the noble Hiawatha  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome  
Wanted full of exultation  
Till the birch canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles  
Stranded on the sandy margin  
Till the Black Robe chief the Pale  
face

With the cross upon his bosom  
Landed on the sandy margin  
Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise  
Beautiful is the sun O strangers  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you  
You shall enter all our wigwams  
For the heart's right hand we give  
you.

"Never bloomed the earth so green  
Never shone the sun so brightly  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!  
Never was our lake so tranquil  
Nor so free from rocks and sand bars,  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand bar!  
'Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavour  
Never the broad leaves of our corn-  
fields

Were so beautiful to look on  
As they seem to us this morning  
When you come so far to see us!  
And the Black Robe chief made  
answer

Stammered in his speech a little  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar  
"Peace be with you Hiawatha  
Peace be with you and your people  
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!"  
Then the generous Hiawatha

Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of brass-  
wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,  
And the calumet, the peace pipe  
Filled and lighted for their smoking  
All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nations,  
All the Josephs the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabnos  
And the medicine men the Medas  
Came to bid the strangers welcome,  
It is well 'they said 'O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us!

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message,  
Till the Black Robe chief, the Pale  
face

From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar  
It is well, they said 'O brother,  
That you come so far to see us!  
Then the Black-Robe chief, the  
Prophet,

Told his message to the people  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do,  
How he fasted prayed and laboured,  
How the Jews the tribe accursed  
Mocked him scourged him, crucified  
him,

How he rose from where they laid  
him  
Walked again with his disciples  
And ascended into heaven

And the chiefs made answer saying  
"We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,  
We will think on what you tell us  
It is well for us O brothers  
That you come so far to see us!

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam  
To the young men and the women  
Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent  
them

From the shining land of Wabun  
Heavy with the heat and silence



Grew the afternoon of Summer,  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it  
From the corn-fields shrill and cease-  
less

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,  
And the guests of Hiwatha  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam  
Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,

And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow,  
Still the guests of Hiwatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam

From his place rose Hiwatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spoke in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests that slum-  
bered

"I am going, O Nokomis,

On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset  
To the regions of the home-wind  
Of the Northwest wind Keewadin  
But these guests I leave behind me  
In your watch and ward I leave  
them

See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha!

Forth into the village went he  
Bade farewell to all the warriors  
Pade farewell to all the young men  
Spake persuading spake in this wise

'I am going O my people  
On a long and distant journey  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come and will have vanished  
Lre I come again to see you  
But my guests I leave behind me,  
Listen to their words of wisdom  
Listen to the truth they tell you  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning'

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at part-  
ing,

On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water  
Whispered to it, 'Westward! west  
ward'

And with speed it darted forward.  
And the evening sun descending

Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendour  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset  
Sailed into the purple vapours,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendour,  
Till it sank into the vapours  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance

And they said 'Farewell for ever!'  
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of  
darkness,

Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, 'Farewell O Hiawatha!'  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh gah,  
From her haunts among the fenlands  
Screamed "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind Keewadin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah  
To the land of the Hereafter!

## VOCABULARY TO HIAWATHA

Adjidan mo, *the red squirrel*  
Abdeek, *the rardier*  
Abmeek, *the baw*  
Annem-ekke, *th. thunder*  
Apuk'wa, *a bulrush*  
Baim wa wa, *the sound of the thunder*  
I mahgut, *the grate-ine*  
Big Sea Water, *Lake Superior*  
Cheemaun, *a birch canoe*  
Chetowalk', *the fencer*  
Chibabow, *a musician, friend of Hiawatha*  
ruler in the Land of Spirits.  
Dahunda, *the bull frog*

Dush kwo-ne she, or Kwo-ne she, *the dragon fly*  
Esa, *thame upon you*  
Fwa yea, *lullaby*  
Gutche Gumee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior*  
Gutche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life*  
Gushkewau, *the darkness*  
Hiawatha, *the Prophet the Teacher son of Mudgekeewis the West Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis*  
Iagoo, *a great baster and story-teller*



# The Spanish Student.

1843

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VICTORIA }  
HYPOLITO }  
THE COUNT OF LARA }  
DON CARLOS }  
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO }  
A CARDINAL }  
BELTRAN CRUZADO }  
BAPTOME ROMAN }  
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA }  
PEDRO CRESPO }  
PANCHITO }  
FRANCISCO }  
CHISPA }  
BALASAR }  
PRECIOSA }  
ANGELICA }  
MARTINA }  
DOLORES }

Students of Alcalá.  
Gentlemen of Madrid.

Court of the Gypsies  
A young Gypsy

Alcalde  
Alguacil  
Lara's Servant  
Victorian's Servant  
Junkkeeper  
A Gypsy Girl  
A poor Girl  
The Padre Cura's Niece  
Preciosa's Maid

Gypsies, Musicians, &c

## ACT I

SCENE I—*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers Night The COUNT in his dressing gown, smoking, and conversing with DON CARLOS*

*Lara* You were not at the play to night, Don Carlos,  
How happened it?

*Don C* I had engagements elsewhere.  
Pray who was there?

*Lara* Why, all the town and court.  
The house was crowded, and the busy fans  
Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies  
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers  
There was the Countess of Medina Celi  
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,  
Her Lindo Don Diego, Doña Sol  
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins

*Don C* What was the play?

*Lara* It was a dull affair!  
One of those comedies in which you see  
As Lope says the history of the world  
Brought down from Genesis to the day of judgment.  
There were three duels fought in the first act,  
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds  
Laying their hands upon their hearts and saying,  
"O I am dead! a lover in a closet,  
An old hidalgo and a gay Don Juan,  
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla  
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,  
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!"

*Don C* Of course, the Preciosa danced to night?

*Lara* And never better Every footstep fell  
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water  
I think the girl extremely beautiful

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Don C* Almost beyond the privilege of woman !  
I saw her in the Prado yesterday,  
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face  
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise

*Lara* May not a saint fall from her Paradise,  
And be no more a saint ?

*Don C* Why do you ask ?

*Lara* Because I have heard it said this angel fell  
And though she is a virgin outwardly,  
Within she is a sinner, like those panels  
Of doors and altar pieces the old monks  
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary  
On the outside, and on the inside Venus !

*Don C* You do her wrong, indeed you do her wrong !  
She is as virtuous as she is fair

*Lara* How credulous you are ! Why look you, friend,  
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,  
In this whole city ! And would you persuade me  
That a mere dancing girl who shows herself,  
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage for money,  
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood  
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held  
A model for her virtue ?

*Don C* You forget  
She is a Gypsy girl

*Lara* And therefore won  
The easier

*Don C* Nay, not to be won at all !  
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes  
Is chastity That is her only virtue  
Dearer than life she holds it I remember  
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,  
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair,  
And yet this woman was above all bribes  
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,  
The wild and wizard beauty of her race  
Offered her gold to be what she made others  
She turned upon him with a look of scorn,  
And smote him in the face !

*Lara* And does that prove  
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

*Don C* It proves a nobleman may be repulsed  
When he thinks conquest easy I believe  
That woman, in her deepest degradation,  
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,  
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,  
And like the diamond in the dark, returns  
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light !

*Lara* Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold

*Don C* (rising) I do not think so

*Lara* I am sure of it.  
Put why this haste ? Stay yet a little longer  
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

*Don C* 'Tis late. I must begone for if I stay  
You will not be persuaded

*Lara* Yes, persuade me

*Don C* No one so deaf as he who will not hear !

*Lara* No one so blind as he who will not see !

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Don C. And so good night I wish you pleasant dreams,  
And greater faith in woman [Exit]

Lara Greater faith!  
I have the greatest faith for I believe  
Victorina is her lover I believe  
That I shall be to-morrow and there after  
Another and another and no less  
Chasing each other through life and love  
As I have done before

[Enter LARA and DON C.]

Well I am so  
What speed with Pacho?  
Lara None my lord  
She sends your jewels back and he came to lay on  
She is not to be purchased by you or gold  
Lara Then I will try some other way to win her  
Pray do I thou know Victorina?  
Lara Yes my lord  
I saw him at the jewellers to-day  
Lara What was he doing there?  
Lara I saw him there  
A golden ring that had a ruby in it  
Lara Was there another like it?  
Lara O no like it  
I could not choose between them  
Lara It is well  
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me  
Do not forget Now bid me to my bed [Exit]

SCENE II — A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, first attendant, with a bagpipe, guitar and other instruments

Chispa: Abernuncio Savanas! and a plague on all those who gambled at night at night drinking the elements instead of being quiet in their bed. Every dead man to his cemetery say I and every liar to his cemetery. Now here's my master Victorina yesterday a coal-keeper and to-day a gentleman yesterday a student and to-day a soldier and I must be up late than the nightingale for as the abbots must do the same thing to find God grant he may soon be married for then shall all the women be content. Ay marry I marry I marry! Mother what does marry mean? It means to spin to bear children and to weep my daughter! and I of a truth there is something more in matrimony than the wedding ring. [Enter DON C.] And now gentlemen Pax vobis cum I as the ass said to the eagles. Pray walk this way and don't hang down your head. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now look you you are rich men who lead the life of crickets you enjoy hunger by day and no sleep by night. Yet I beseech you for this once be not loud, but pathetic, for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed and not to the Mar in the Moon. Your object is not to terrify and terrify but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe but softly and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name friend?

First Mus Gerónimo Gil at your service

Chispa Every tub smells of the wine that is in it Pray, Gerónimo is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus Why so?

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Chispa* Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

*First Mus* An Aragonese bagpipe.

*Chispa* Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

*First Mus* No, your honour.

*Chispa* I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

*Second and Third Musicians* We play the bandurria.

*Chispa* A pleasing instrument. And thou?

*Fourth Mus* The lute.

*Chispa* I like it, it has a cheerful, soul stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

*Other Mus* We are the singers, please your honour.

*Chispa* You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come follow me and make no noise. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*PRÍNCIPIA'S chamber. She stands at the open window.*

*Prínc* How slowly through the lilac scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle down  
The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky,  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song  
And hark! what songs of love, what soul like sounds,  
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon aureoled eyes  
Hide hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!  
Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western sky,  
Sink sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!  
Wind of the summer night!  
Where wonder woo it me ere p,  
Fold fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!  
Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her her love keeps  
Watch I while in slumbers lit!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by back door.)

*Vict* Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

*Prínc* I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!  
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!  
Did no one see thee?

*Vict* None, my love, but thee.



LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

*Prec* 'Tis very dangerous, and when thou art gone  
I chide myself for letting thee come here  
Thus stealthily by night Where hast thou been?  
Since yesterday I have no news from thee

*Vict* Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá  
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,  
When that dull distance shall no more divide us,  
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night  
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now

*Prec* An honest thief to steal but what thou givest.

*Vict* And we shall sit together unmolested,  
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,  
As singing birds from one bough to another

*Prec* That were a life to make me envious!  
I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.  
I saw thee at the play

*Vict* Sweet child of air!  
Never did I behold thee so attired  
And garmented in beauty as to-night!  
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

*Prec* Am I not always fair?

*Vict* Ay, and so fair  
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,  
And wish that they were blind.

*Prec* I heed them not,  
When thou art present, I see none but thee!

*Vict* There's nothing fair nor beautiful but takes  
Something from thee that makes it beautiful

*Prec* And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

*Vict* Thou comest between me and those books too often!  
I see thy face in everything I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,  
The canticles are changed to sarabands,  
And with the learned doctors of the school's  
I see thee dance cachuchas

*Prec* In good sooth,  
I dance with learned doctors of the schools  
To-morrow morning

*Vict* And with whom I pray?

*Prec* A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace  
The Archbishop of Toledo

*Vict* What mad jest  
Is this?

*Prec* It is no jest indeed it is not

*Vict* Prithce explain thyself

*Prec* Why simply thus.  
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain  
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

*Vict* I have heard it whispered

*Prec* Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold  
With his own eyes these dances, and the Archbishop  
Has sent for me—

*Vict* That thou mayst dance before them!  
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe  
The fire of youth into these gray old men!  
'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

*Prec*

Saving one.

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,  
And Preciosa be once more a beggar

*Vic* The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms,  
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee  
I gave my heart away!

*Prec* Dost thou remember  
When first we met?

*Vic* It was at Córdoba,  
In the cathedral garden Thou wast sitting  
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain

*Prec* 'Twas Easter-Sunday The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy  
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,  
And then anon the great cathedral bell  
It was the elevation of the Host

We both of us fell down upon our knees,  
Under the orange boughs and prayed together  
I never had been happy till that moment

*Vic* Thou blessed angel!

*Prec* And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day But from that day  
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me

*Vic* Remember him no more. Let not his shadow  
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!  
I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

*Prec* I thought I ne'er should see thy face again  
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it

*Vic* That was the first sound in the song of love!  
Scarcely more than silence is, and yet a sound

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
And play the prelude of our fate We hear  
The voice prophetic, and are not alone

*Prec* That is my faith Dost thou believe these warnings?

*Vic* So far as this Our feelings and our thoughts  
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,  
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,  
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,  
And their mysterious echo reaches us

*Prec* I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!  
I cannot reason, I can only feel!

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings  
Thou art a scholar, and sometimes I think  
We cannot walk together in this world!

The distance that divides us is too great!  
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars,  
I must not hold thee back.

*Vic* Thou little sceptic!  
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman  
Is her affections not her intellect!

The intellect is finite, but the affections  
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted  
Compare me with the great men of the earth,  
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!  
But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—  
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

The world of the affections is thy world  
 Not that of man's ambition In that stillness  
 Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy  
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
 Feeding its flame The element of fire  
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,  
 But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp  
 As in a palace hall Art thou convinced?

*Prec* Yes, that I love thee as the good love heaven,  
 But not that I am worthy of that heaven  
 How shall I more deserve it?

*Vic* Loving more.

*Prec* I cannot love thee more my heart is full.

*Vic* Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,  
 As in the summer-time the thirsty sands  
 Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,  
 And still do thirst for more

*A Watchman (in the street)* Ave Maria  
 Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

*Vic* Hearst thou that cry?

*Prec* It is a hateful sound,  
 To scare thee from me!

*Vic* As the hunter's horn  
 Doth scare the timid stag or bark of hounds  
 The moor fowl from his mate.

*Prec* Pray do not go!

*Vic* I must away to Alcalá to-night.  
 Think of me when I am away

*Prec* Fear not!  
 I have no thoughts that do not think of thee

*Vic* (*giving her a ring*) And to remind thee of  
 my love take this,

A serpent emblem of Eternity,  
 A ruby — say, a drop of my heart's blood.

*Prec* It is an ancient saying, that the ruby  
 Brings gladness to the wearer and preserves  
 The heart pure and if laid beneath the pillow,  
 Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!  
 It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin

*Vic* What convent of barefooted Carmelites  
 Taught thee so much theology?

*Prec* (*laying her hand upon his mouth*) Hush! hush!  
 Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

*Vic* Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!  
 I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(*He descends by the balcony*)

*Prec* Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

*Vic* (*from the garden*) Safe as my love for thee! But  
 art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight  
 As well as I. Pray shut thy window close,  
 I am jealous of the perfumed air of night  
 That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips

*Prec* (*throwing down her handkerchief*) Thou silly  
 child! Take this to blind thine eyes

It is my benison!

*Vic* And brings to me

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind  
 Wafts to the out-bound manner the breath  
 Of the beloved land he leaves behind

*Prece* Make not thy voyage long

*Victe*

To-morrow night

Shall see me safe returned Thou art the star

To guide me to an anchorage Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

*Prece* Good night!

*Watchman (at a distance)* Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV — *An inn on the road to Alcalá* BALTASAR asleep on a bench  
*Enter CHISPA*

*Chispa* And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight  
 Body o me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep  
 Holá! ancient Baltasar!

*Bal (waking)* Here I am

*Chispa*. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without  
 inhabitants Bring a light, and let me have supper

*Bal* Where is your master?

*Chispa*. Do not trouble yourself about him We have stopped a moment  
 to breathe our horses, and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open  
 air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my  
 hunger, you know But be quick for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches  
 his legs according to the length of his coverlet What have we here?

*Bal (setting a light on the table)* Stewed rabbit.

*Chispa (eating)* Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

*Bal* And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it

*Chispa (drinking)* Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine  
 and sell vinegar I tell you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto* of La Mancha,  
 with a tinge of the swine skin

*Bal* I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say

*Chispa* And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no  
 such thing Moreover, your supper is like the *hidalgo's* dinner, very little  
 meat and a great deal of tablecloth

*Bal* Ha! ha! ha!

*Chispa* And more noise than nuts

*Bal* Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa But shall  
 I not ask Don Victoriano in, to take a draught of the *Pedro Ximenes*?

*Chispa* No, you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead  
 man

*Bal* Why does he go so often to Madrid?

*Chispa* For the same reason that he eats no supper He is in love Were  
 you ever in love, Baltasar?

*Bal* I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my  
 life.

*Chispa* What! are you on fire too, old haystack? Why, we shall never  
 be able to put you out

*Victe (without)* Chispa!

*Chispa* Go to bed Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing

*Victe* Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

*Chispa* Ea! Señor Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for  
 the horses I will pay for the supper to-morrow [Exit]

SCENE V—VICTORIAN S *chambers at Alcalá* *HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair He awakes slowly*

*Hyp* I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!  
And it was all a dream O sleep, sweet sleep!  
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,  
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled  
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!  
The candles have burned low 't must be late.  
Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo,  
The only place in which one cannot find him  
Is his own cell Here's his guitar, that seldom  
Feels the caresses of its master's hand  
Open thy silent lips sweet instrument!  
And make dull midnight merry with a song

(*He plays and sings*)

Padre Francisco!  
Padre Francisco!  
What do you want of Padre Francisco?  
Here is a pretty young maiden  
Who wants to confess her sins!  
Open the door and let her come in,  
I will shive her from every sin

(*Enter VICTORIAN*)

*Vict* Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!  
*Hyp* What do you want of Padre Hypolito?  
*Vict* Come shive me straight, for if love be a sin,  
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.  
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,  
A maiden wooed and won  
*Hyp* The same old tale  
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner  
Who while the pot boils, says Come here, my child,  
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day  
*Vict* Nay listen, for my heart is full, so full  
That I must speak  
*Hyp* Alas! that heart of thine  
Is like a scene in the old play, the curtain  
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter  
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!  
*Vict* Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes thou shouldst say,  
Those that remained after the six were burned  
Being held more precious than the nine together  
But listen to my tale Dost thou remember  
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba  
Dance the Romalis in the market place?  
*Hyp* Thou meanest Preciosa.  
*Vict* Ay the same.  
Thou knowest how her image haunted me  
Long after we returned to Alcalá.  
She's in Madrid  
*Hyp* I know it  
*Vict* And I'm in love  
*Hyp* And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be  
In Alcalá

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Vict* O pardon me, my friend,  
If I so long have kept this secret from thee,  
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,  
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,  
They sink again, they were not meant for us  
*Hyp* Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.  
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.  
It serves for food and raiment Give a Spaniard  
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—  
Thou knowest the proverb But pray tell me lover,  
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?  
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*,  
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary—

*Ave! cujus calcem clare  
Nec centenis commendare  
Sciret Seraph studio!*

*Vict* Pray do not jest! This is no time for it!  
I am in earnest!

*Hyp* Seriously enamoured?  
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá  
Enamoured of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,  
How meanest thou?

*Vict* I mean it honestly

*Hyp* Surely thou wilt not marry her!

*Vict* Why not?

*Hyp* She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,  
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy  
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

*Vict* They quarrelled,  
And so the matter ended

*Hyp* But in truth  
Thou wilt not marry her

*Vict* In truth I will  
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!  
She is a precious jewel I have found  
Among the filth and rubbish of the world  
I'll stoop for it, but when I wear it here  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh

*Hyp* If thou wear st nothing else upon thy forehead,  
'Twill be indeed a wonder

*Vict* Out upon thee  
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,  
Is there no virtue in the world?

*Hyp* Not much  
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment,  
Now, while we speak of her?

*Vict* She lies asleep,  
And from her parted lips her gentle breath  
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers  
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast  
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,  
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,  
Like a light barge safe moored

*Hyp* Which means, in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

*Vict* O, would I had the old magician's glass  
To see her as she lies, in childlike sleep!

*Hyp* And wouldst thou venture?

*Vict* Ay, indeed I would!

*Hyp* Thou art courageous. Hast thou ever reflected  
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

*Vict* Yes, all the awful mystery of Life!  
I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,  
That could we by some spell of magic change  
The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
In the same attitudes they now are in,  
What fearful glances downward might we cast  
Into the hollow chasms of human life!  
What groups should we behold about the death bed,  
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!  
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!  
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!  
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!  
What bridal pomps and what funeral shows!  
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!  
What lovers with their marble lips together!

*Hyp* Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,  
That is the very point I most should dread  
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,  
Might tell a tale were better left untold  
For instance they might show us thy fair cousin,  
The Lady Violante bathed in tears  
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,  
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,  
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,  
Desertest for this Glaucé

*Vict* Hold thy peace!  
She cares not for me. She may wed another,  
Or go into a convent and thus dying,  
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

*Hyp* (*rising*) And so, good night! Good morning, I  
should say

(*Clock strikes three*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time  
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!  
And so once more, good night. We'll speak more largely  
Of Preciosa when we meet again  
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep  
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,  
In all her loveliness. Good night!

*Vict* Good night.  
But not to bed, for I must read a while

(*Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a  
large book upon his knees*)

Must read or sit in reverie and watch  
The changing colour of the waves that break  
Upon the idle sea shore of the mind!  
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,  
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?  
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

Juices of those immortal plants that bloom  
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?  
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grow  
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,  
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,  
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?  
I have the wish, but want the will, to act  
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words  
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,  
Like Roman swords found in the Tigris' bed,  
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?  
From the barred visor of Antiquity  
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,  
As from a mirror! All the means of action—  
The shapeless masses, the materials—  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal bright and clear  
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits  
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall  
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,  
And begs a shelter from the inclement night  
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
And by the magic of his touch at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,  
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,  
Rude popular traditions and old tales  
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch  
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,  
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains  
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,  
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart  
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises  
And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!  
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,  
Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,  
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream,  
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,  
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many  
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,  
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!  
Yet I, born under a propitious star,  
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.  
Yes! she is ever with me—I can feel,  
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,  
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel  
The pressure of her head! God's benison  
Rest ever on it! Close those beautiful eyes,  
Sweet Sleep, and all the flowers that bloom at night  
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

*(Gradually sinks asleep)*



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

## ACT II

SCENE I —PRECIOSA'S chamber *Morning* PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

*Prec* Why will you go so soon? Stay yet a while.  
The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound  
That will be heard in heaven. Pray tell me more  
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.  
What is your landlord's name?

*Ang* The Count of Lara.

*Prec* The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!  
Mistrust his pity —hold no parley with him!  
And rather die an outcast in the streets  
Than touch his gold

*Ang* You know him, then!

*Prec.* As much  
As any woman may, and yet be pure.  
As you would keep your name without a blemish,  
Beware of him!

*Ang* Was! what can I do?  
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,  
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor

*Prec* Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair  
Should have no friends but those of her own sex  
What is your name?

*Ang* Angelica.

*Prec* That name  
Was given you, that you might be an angel  
To her who bore you! When your infant smile  
Made her home Paradise you were her angel.  
O, be an angel still! She needs that smile.  
So long as you are innocent fear nothing  
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,  
Whom chance has taken from the public streets  
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.  
That is the charm which has protected me!  
Amid a thousand perils I have worn it  
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel  
*Ang (rising)* I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady,  
*Prec* Thank me by following it

*Ang* Indeed I will  
*Prec* Pray do not go. I have much more to say  
*Ang* My mother is alone. I dare not leave her  
*Prec* Some other time then, when we meet again  
You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse*)

Take this. Would it were more.

*Ang* I thank you, lady  
*Prec* No thanks. To-morrow come to me again  
I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.  
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours  
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.  
*Ang* O my dear lady, how shall I be grateful  
For so much kindness?

# THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Prec* I deserve no thanks,  
 Thank Heaven, not me.  
*Ang* Both Heaven and you  
*Prec* Farewell  
 Remember that you come again to-morrow  
*Ang* I will And may the blessed Virgin guard you,  
 And all good angels [Exit  
*Prec* May they guard thee too,  
 And all the poor, for they have need of angels  
 Now bring me, dear Dolores, my *bisquiña*,  
 My richest *maja* dress,—my dancing dress,  
 And my most precious jewels! Make me look  
 Fairer than night ever saw me! I've a prize  
 To win this day, worthy of *Preclosa*!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO)

*Cruz* Ave Maria!  
*Prec* O God! my evil genius!  
 What seekest thou here to-day?  
*Cruz* Thyself,—my child  
*Prec* What is thy will with me?  
*Cruz* Gold! gold!  
*Prec* I gave thee yesterday, I have no more  
*Cruz* The gold of the *Busné*,—give me his gold!  
*Prec* I gave the last in charity to-day  
*Cruz* That is a foolish lie  
*Prec* It is the truth  
*Cruz* Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!  
 Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?  
 Not to thy father? To whom, then?  
*Prec* To one  
 Who needs it more  
*Cruz* No one can need it more  
*Prec* Thou art not poor  
*Cruz* What, I, who lurk about  
 In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes,  
 I, who am housed worse than the galley slave,  
 I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound,  
 I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—  
 Not poor!  
*Prec* Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands  
 Thou canst supply thy wants, what wouldst thou more?  
*Cruz* The gold of the *Busné*! Give me his gold!  
*Prec* Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all  
 I speak the truth, So long as I had gold,  
 I gave it to thee freely, at all times,  
 Never denied thee never had a wish  
 But to fulfil thine own Now go in peace!  
 Be merciful, be patient, and ere long  
 Thou shalt have more  
*Cruz* And if I have it not,  
 Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,  
 Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,  
 And live in idleness, but go with me,  
 Dance the *Romalis* in the public streets,  
 And wander wild again o'er field and fell  
 For here we stay not long  
*Prec* What! march again?

*Cruz* Ay, with all speed I hate the crowded town !  
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates !  
Air,—I want air and sunshine, and blue sky,  
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,  
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
And no walls but the far off mountain tops.  
Then I am free and strong —once more my self,  
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés !

*Prec* God speed thee on thy march !—I cannot go

*Cruz* Remember who I am, and who thou art !  
Be silent and obey ! Yet one thing more.  
Bartolome Román—

*Prec (with emotion)* O, I beseech thee,  
If my obedience and blameless life  
If my humility and meek submission  
in all things hitherto, can move in thee  
One feeling of compassion, if thou art  
Indeed my father and canst trace in me  
One look of her who bore me, or one tone  
That doth remind thee of her let it plead  
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl  
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me  
To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !  
I do not love him ! On my knees I beg thee  
To use no violence, nor do in haste  
What cannot be undone !

*Cruz* O child, child child !  
Thou hast betrayed thy secret as a bird  
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it  
I will not leave thee here in the great city  
To be a grundee's mistress Make thee ready  
To go with us and until then remember  
A watchful eye is on thee [Exit

*Prec* Woe is me !  
I have a strange misgiving in my heart !  
But that one deed of charity I'll do,  
Befall what may, they cannot take that from me

SCENE II —A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace The ARCHBISHOP and a  
CARDINAL seated

*Arch* Knowing how near it touched the public morals,  
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten  
By such excesses we have sent to Rome,  
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid  
In curing the gross surfeit of the time  
By seasonable stop put here in Spain  
To bull fights and lewd dances on the stage  
All this you know

*Card* Know and approve

*Arch* And further,  
That by a mandate from his Holiness,  
The first have been suppressed

*Card* I trust for ever

It was a cruel sport.

*Arch* A barbarous pastime,  
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself  
Most Catholic and Christian.

*Card*

Yet the people

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

Murmur at this , and if the public dances  
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,  
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure  
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain  
Hence I would yet advisedly herein ,  
And therefore have induced your Grace to see  
These national dances, ere we interdict them

(Enter a Servant)

Serv The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians  
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch Bid them come in Now shall your eyes behold  
In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape  
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony

(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head She advances slowly,  
in modest, half-timid attitude)

Card (aside) O, what a fair and ministering angel  
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP) I have obeyed the  
order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,  
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech  
Your holy benediction

Arch May God bless thee,  
And lead thee to a better life Arise.

Card (aside) Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!  
I did not look for this! Come hither, child  
Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec Thus I am called

Card That is a Gypsy name Who is thy father?

Prec Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man,  
He was a bold and reckless character,  
A sun burnt Ishmael!

Card Dost thou remember  
Thy earlier days?

Prec Yes, by the Darro's side  
My childhood passed I can remember still  
The river, and the mountains capped with snow,  
The villages, where, yet a little child,  
I told the traveller's fortune in the street,  
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd,  
The march across the moor, the halt at noon,  
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted  
The forest where we slept, and, further back,  
As in a dream or in some former life,  
Gardens and palace walls

Arch 'Tis the Alhambra,  
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched  
But the time wears, and we would see thee dance

Prec Your Grace shall be obeyed

(She lays aside her mantilla The music of the cachucha is played, and the  
dance begins The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity  
and an occasional frown, then make signs to each other, and, as the dance con-  
tinues, become more and more pleased and excited, and at length rise from their  
seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes)

SCENE III — *The Prado A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent A fountain*  
*Evening, DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting*

*Don C* Holá! good evening *Don Hypolito*  
*Hyp* And a good evening to my friend, *Don Carlos*.  
 Some lucky star has led my steps this way  
 I was in search of you.

*Don C* Command me always.

*Hyp* Do you remember in *Quixedo's Dreams*,  
 The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,  
 Asks if his money-bags would rise?

*Don C* I do,  
 But what of that?

*Hyp* I am that wretched man

*Don C* You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

*Hyp* And amen! said my Cid the Campeador

*Don C* Pray how much need you?

*Hyp* Some half dozen ounces,  
 Which with due interest—

*Don C* (*giving his purse*) What, am I a Jew?

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse

*Hyp* Thank you A pretty purse  
 Made by the hand of some fair *Madrileña*,  
 Perhaps a keepsake

*Don C* No us at your service.

*Hyp* Thank you again Lie there good *Chrysostom*,  
 And with thy golden mouth remind me often,  
 I am the debtor of my friend

*Don C* But tell me,  
 Come you to-day from *Alcala*?

*Hyp* This moment

*Don C* And pray, how fares the brave *Victorian*?

*Hyp* Indifferent well that is to say, not well  
 A damsel has ensnared him with the glances  
 Of her dark roving eyes as herdsmen catch  
 A steer of *Andalus* with a lazo  
 He is in love.

*Don C* And is it faring ill  
 To be in love?

*Hyp* In his case very ill

*Don C* Why so?

*Hyp* For many reasons. First and foremost,  
 Because he is in love with an ideal,  
 A creature of his own imagination,  
 A child of air an echo of his heart,  
 And, like a lily on a river floating,  
 She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

*Don C* A common thing with poets But who is  
 This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,  
 Some living woman,—not a mere ideal—  
 Must wear the outward semblance of his thought  
 Who is it? Tell me

*Hyp* Well, it is a woman,  
 But, look you from the coffer of his heart  
 He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

As pious priests adorn some favourite saint  
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams  
One blaze of glory Without these, you know,  
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll

*Don C* Well, well I who is this doll?

*Hyp*

Why, who do you think?

*Don C* His cousin Violante

*Hyp*

Guess again

To ease his labouring heart in the last storm  
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots

*Don C* I cannot guess, so tell me who it is

*Hyp* Not I

*Don C* Why not?

*Hyp* (*mysteriously*)

Why? Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

*Don C* Jestng aside, who is it?

*Hyp*

Preciosa

*Don C* Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me  
She is not virtuous

*Hyp*

Did I say she was?

The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think,

Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hush! I see him yonder through the trees,

Walking as in a dream

*Don C*

He comes this way

*Hyp* It has been truly said by some wise man,  
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front*)

*I act* Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!  
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking  
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked  
At evening, and I feel thy presence now,  
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,  
And is for ever hallowed

*Hyp*

Mark him well!

See how he strides away with lordly air,  
Like that odd guest of stone that grim Commander  
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play

*Don C* What ho! Victorian!

*Hyp*

Wilt thou sup with us?

*Vict* ¡Holá! Amigos! Faith, I did not see you  
How fares Don Carlos?

*Don C*

At your service ever

*Vict* How is that young and green-eyed Gadihana  
That you both wot of?

*Don C*

Ay, soft, emerald eyes!

She has gone back to Cadiz

*Hyp*

Av de mí!

*Vict* You are much to blame for letting her go back  
A pretty girl, and in her tender eyes  
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see  
In evening skies

*Hyp*

But, speaking of green eyes,

Are thine green?

*Vict*

Not a whit Why so?

*Hyp*

I think

The slightest shade of green would be becoming,  
For thou art jealous

*Vict* No, I am not jealous.

*Hyp* Thou shouldst be.

*Vict* Why?

*Hyp* Because thou art in love

And they who are in love are always jealous

Therefore thou shouldst be

*Vict* Marry, is that all?

Farewell, I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

*Hyp* Ay, in truth,

I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard

I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel

*Vict* Indeed!

Then he will have his labour for his pains

*Hyp* He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success

*Vict* How's this, Don Carlos?

*Don C* Some hints of it I heard from his own lips

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

*Vict* Death and damnation!

I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,

And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!

This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For otherwise

We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

*Hyp* Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,

And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,

Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!

But come, we will not follow. Let us join

The crowd that pours into the Prado. There

We shall find merrier company, I see

The Marialonzos and the Almarivas

And fifty fans that beckon me already

[Exit

[Exeunt

SCENE IV —PRECIOSA'S chamber *She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.*

*Prec (reads)*

All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(*The bird sings*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,

That from thy vaulted wry dungeon singest,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,

I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

All this throbbing, all this aching,

Evermore shall keep thee waking,

For a heart in sorrow breaking

Thinketh ever of its smart!

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

Thou speakest truly, poet I and methinks  
 More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
 Than one would say In distant villages  
 And solitudes remote where winds have wasted  
 The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage  
 Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,  
 And grow in silence, and in silence perish  
 Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?  
 Or who takes note of every flower that dies?  
 Heigho ! I wish Victorian would come  
 Dolores !

(*Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT*)

Ha !

*Lara* Señora, pardon me !

*Prec* How s this? Dolores !

*Lara* Pardon me—

*Prec* Dolores !

*Lara* Be not alarmed, I found no one in waiting,  
 If I have been too bold—

*Prec* (*turning her back upon him*) You are too bold !  
 Retire ! retire, and leave me !

*Lara* My dear lady,  
 First hear me ! I beseech you, let me speak !  
 'Tis for your good I come

*Prec* (*turning toward him with indignation*) Begone ! begone !  
 You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
 Would make the statues of your ancestors  
 Blush on their tombs ! Is it Castilian honour,  
 Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
 Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?  
 O shame ! shame ! shame ! that you, a nobleman,  
 Should be so little noble in your thoughts  
 As to send jewels here to win my love,  
 And think to buy my honour with your gold !  
 I have no words to tell you how I scorn you !  
 Begone ! The sight of you is hateful to me !  
 Begone, I say !

*Lara* Be calm, I will not harm you

*Prec* Because you dare not

*Lara* I dare anything !  
 Therefore beware ! You are deceived in me  
 In this false world, we do not always know  
 Who are our friends and who our enemies  
 We all have enemies, and all need friends  
 Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court  
 Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

*Prec* If to this  
 I owe the honour of the present visit,  
 You might have spared the coming Having spoken,  
 Once more I beg you, leave me to myself

*Lara* I thought it but a friendly part to tell you  
 What strange reports are current here in town  
 For my own self, I do not credit them,  
 But there are many who, not knowing you,  
 Will lend a ready ear

*Prec* There was no need



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

*Prec* O speak not in that tone !  
 It wounds me deeply  
*Vict* 'Twas not meant to flatter  
*Prec* Too well thou knowest the presence of that man  
 Is hateful to me !  
*Vict* Yet I saw thee stand  
 And listen to him when he told his love  
*Prec* I did not heed his words  
*Vict* Indeed thou didst,  
 And answeredst them with love  
*Prec* Hadst thou heard all—  
*Vict* I heard enough  
*Prec* Be not so angry with me  
*Vict* I am not angry, I am very calm  
*Prec* If thou wilt let me speak—  
*Vict* Nay, say no more  
 I know too much already Thou art false !  
 I do not like these Gypsy marriages !  
 Where is the ring I gave thee ?  
*Prec* In my casket  
*Vict* There let it rest ! I would not have thee wear it  
 I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted !  
*Prec* I call the Heavens to witness—  
*Vict* Nay, nay, nay !  
 Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips !  
 They are forsworn !  
*Prec* Victorian ! dear Victorian !  
*Vict* I gave up all for thee, myself, my fame,  
 My hopes of fortune, ay my very soul !  
 And thou hast been my ruin ! Now, go on !  
 Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,  
 And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,  
 Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was !

(*He casts her from him and rushes out*)

*Prec* And this from thee !

(*Scene closes*)

## SCENE V — *The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms* *Enter the COUNT*

*Lara* There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,  
 And next to love the sweetest thing is hate !  
 I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged  
 A silly girl to play the prude with me !  
 The fire that I have kindled—

(*Enter FRANCISCO*)

Well, Francisco,  
 What tidings from Don Juan ?  
*Fran* Good, my lord,  
 He will be present.  
*Lara* And the Duke of Lermos ?  
*Fran* Was not at home.  
*Lara* How with the rest ?  
*Fran* I've found

The men you wanted They will all be there,  
 And at the given signal raise a whirlwind

Of such discordant noises, that the dance  
Must cease for lack of music

Bravely done

Al! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,  
What lies in wait for thee Sleep shrill not close  
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword

SCENE VI—*A retired spot beyond the city gates* Enter VICTORIAN and  
HYPOLITO

*I tell* O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad  
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,  
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds,  
Cry, 'Hide thyself! O what a thin partition  
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge  
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!  
Disgrace has many tongues My fears are windows,  
Through which all eyes seem gazing Every face  
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,  
And in denison seems to smile at me!

*Hyp* Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee  
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

*Vic.* And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,  
We may be over-hasty in condemning!

The Count of Lara is a cursed villain

*Hyp* And therefore is she cursed, loving him

*Vict* She does not love him ! 'Tis for gold ! for gold !

*Hyp* Ay, but remember, in the public streets  
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,  
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth

*Vict.* She had that ring from me! God! she is false!  
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.  
Where stays the coward?

*Hy* Nay, he is no coward,  
A villain if thou wilt but not a coward  
I've seen him play with swords, 't is his pastime,  
And therefore be not over-confident,  
He'll tush thy skill anon Look, here he comes

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO)

*Lara* Good evening, gentlemen

8, 9  
Hsp Good evening, Count

*Lara* I trust I have not kept you long in waiting

*Vict* Not long, and yet too long     Are you prepared?

*Lara* I am

*Hyp* It grieves me much to see this quarrel  
Between you, gentlemen Is there no way  
Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your swords?

*Viel* No ! none !

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe Too long  
Our tongues have spoken Let these tongues of steel  
End our debate Upon your guard, Sir Count !

(They fight VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT)

Your life is mine, and what shall now withhold me  
From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara Strike! strike!

Vict You are disarmed I wil not kill you  
I will not murder you Take up your sword

(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes)

Hyp Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara  
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian  
A generous one as ever Now be friends  
Put up your swords for, to speak frankly to you,  
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing  
To move you to extremes

Lara I am content.  
I sought no quarrel A few hasty words,  
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this

Vict Nay something more than that  
Lara I understand you

Therein I did not mean to cross your path  
To me the door stood open, as to others  
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,  
Never would I have sought to win her from you  
The truth stands now revealed, she has been false  
To both of us

Vict Ay, false as hell itself!  
Lara In truth, I did not seek her, she sought me,  
And told me how to win her, telling me  
The hours when she was oftenest left alone

Vict Say, can you prove this to me? O pluck out  
These awful doubts that goad me into madness!  
Let me know all! all! all!

Lara You shall know all  
Here is my page, who was the messenger  
Between us Question him Was it not so,  
Francisco?

Fran Ay, my lord  
Lara If further proof  
Is needful I have here a ring she gave me

Vict Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!  
Thus do I spurn her from me, do thus trample  
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,  
We both have been abused, been much abused!  
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness  
Though like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,  
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.  
I now can see the folly I have done,  
Though tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!  
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever  
Regard me as your friend Once more, farewell!  
Hyp Farewell, Sir Count

Lara [Exit VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Thus have I cleared the field of my worse foe!  
I have none else to fear, the fight is done,  
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with FRANCISCO

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

SCENE VII — *A lane in the suburbs Night Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ*

*Cruz* And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

*Bart* In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso

*Cruz* And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

*Bart* There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us, and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread

*Cruz* Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

*Bart* First tell me what keeps thee here?

*Cruz* Preciosa.

*Bart* And she brings me back Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

*Cruz* The two years are not passed yet Wait patiently The girl shall be thine

*Bart* I hear she has a Busné lover

*Cruz* That is nothing

*Bart* I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

*Cruz* Be patient, I say Thou shalt have thy revenge When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him

*Bart* Meanwhile, show me her house

*Cruz* Come this way But thou wilt not find her She dances at the play to-night

*Bart* No matter Show me the house.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VIII — *The Theatre The orchestra plays the cachucha Sound of castanets behind the scenes The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance The cachucha Tumult, husses, cries of "Brava!" and "¡Fuera!" She falters and pauses The music stops General confusion PRECIOSA faints*

SCENE IX — *The COUNT of LARA's chambers LARA and his friends at supper*

*Lara* So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!  
You have stood by me bravely in this matter  
Pray fill your glasses

*Don J* Did you mark, Don Luis,  
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,  
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!  
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom  
Tumultuous as the sea!

*Don L* I pitted her

*Lara* Her pride is humbled, and this very night  
I mean to visit her

*Don J* Will you serenade her?

*Lara* No music! no more music!

*Don L* Why not music?

It softens many hearts

*Lara* Not in the humour

She now is in Music would madden her

*Don J* Try golden cymbals

*Don L* Yes, try Don Dinero,

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero

*Lara* To tell the truth then, I have bribed her maid.  
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.  
A bumper and away, for the night wears  
A health to Preciosa!

(*They rise and drink*)

*All* Preciosa!

*Lara* (*holding up his glass*) Thou bright and flaming  
minister of Love!  
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen  
My secret from me and mid sighs of passion  
Caught from my lips with red and fiery tongue,  
Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth  
Shall mortal lips press thine! and nevermore  
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear  
Go! keep my secret!

(*Drinks and dashes the goblet down*)

*Don J* Itc! missa est!

(*Scene closes*)

SCENE V.—*Street and garden wall* Night Enter CRUZADO and  
BARTOLOME

*Cruz* This is the garden wall, and above it yonder, is her house. The  
window in which thou seest the light is her window But we will not go in  
now

*Bart* Why not?

*Cruz* Because she is not at home.

*Bart* No matter, we can wait But how is this? The gate is bolted  
(*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street*) Hark! There comes  
her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG  
Good night! Good night, beloved!  
I come to watch o'er thee!  
To be near thee—to be near thee,  
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,  
Thy lips are crimson flowers.  
Good night! good night, beloved,  
While I count the weary hours.

*Cruz* They are not coming this way

*Bart* Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming near*)  
Ah! thou moon that shinest  
Argent-clear above!  
All night long enlighten  
My sweet lady love!  
Moon that shinest  
All night long enlighten!

*Bart* Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

*Cruz*. Be quiet They are passing down the street

SONG (*dying away*).  
The nuns in the cloister  
Sang to each other  
For so many sisters  
Is there not one brother!  
Ay, for the partridge, mother!  
The cat has run away with the partridge!  
Puss! puss! puss!

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Bart* Follow that ! follow that ! Come with me Puss ! puss !

(*Exeunt On the opposite side enter the COUNT of LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO*)

*Lara* The gate is fast Over the wall Francisco,  
And draw the bolt There, so, and so and over  
Now, gentlemen come in, and help me scale  
Yon balcony How now ? Her light still burns  
Move warily Make fast the gate, I Francisco

(*Facurt Re-enters CRUZADO and BARTOLOME*)

*Bart* They went in at the gate. Hark ! I hear them in the garden (*Tries the gate*) Bolted again ! Vive Cristo ! Follow me over the wall )

(*They climb the wall*)

SCENE XI — PRICIOSA'S bedchamber Midnight She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress DOLORES watching her

*Dol* She sleeps at last !

(*Opens the window, and listens*)

All silent in the streets,

And in the garden Hark !

*Prec* (*in her sleep*) I must go hence ! Give me my cloak !

*Dol* He comes ! I hear his footsteps

*Prec* Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night,  
I am too ill ! Look not me ! See the fever  
That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence  
I am too weak to dance

(*Signal from the garden*)

*Dol* (*from the window*) Who's there ?

*Voice* (*from below*) A friend

*Dol* I will undo the door Wait till I come

*Prec* I must go hence I pray you do not harm me !  
Shame ! shame ! to treat a feeble woman thus !  
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you  
I'm ready now — give me my castanets  
Where is Victorian ? Oh, those hateful lamps !  
They glare upon me like an evil eye.  
I cannot stay Hark ! how they mock at me !  
They hiss at me like serpents ! Save me ! Save me !

(*She wakes*)

How late is it, Dolores ?

*Dol* It is midnight

*Prec* We must be patient Smooth this pillow for me

(*She sleeps again Noise from the garden, and voices*)

*Voice* Muera !

*Another Voice* O villains ! villains !

*Lara* So I have at you !

*Voice* Take that !

*Lara* O, I am wounded !

*Dol* (*shutting the window*) Jesu Maria !

ACT III

SCENE I — *A cross road through a wood In the background a distant village spire* VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees HYPOLITO plays and sings

SONG

Ah! Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!  
Enemy  
Of all that mankind may not rue!  
Most untrue  
To him who keeps most faith with thee,  
Woe is me!  
The fa con has the eyes of the dove.  
Ah Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict* YES, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,  
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian,  
Hanging our gloomy prison house about  
With tapestries that make its walls dilate  
In never-ending vistas of delight.  
*Hyp* Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,  
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).

Thy deceptions  
Give us clearly to comprehend,  
Whither tend  
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!  
They are cheats,  
Thorns below and flowers above  
Ah, Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

*Vict* A very pretty song I thank thee for it  
*Hyp* It suits thy case.  
*Vict* Indeed, I think it does.  
What wise man wrote it?  
*Hyp* Lopez Maldonado  
*Vict* In truth, a pretty song  
*Hyp* With much truth in it.  
I hope thou wilt profit by it, and in earnest  
Try to forget this lady of thy love  
*Vict* I will forget her! All dear recollections  
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book  
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!  
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,  
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,  
A voice within her will repeat my name  
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"  
O would I were a soldier, not a scholar  
That the loud march the deafening beat of drums,  
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,  
The din of arms the onslaught and the storm  
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever  
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!  
*Hyp* Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more  
To conquer love, one need but will to conquer  
*Vict* Yet good Hypolito it is in vain  
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword  
That pierces me, for, like Excalibur,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink  
There rises from below a hand that grasps it  
And waves it in the air, and wailing voices  
Are heard along the shore

*Hyp* And yet at last  
Down sank Excalibur to rise no more.  
This is not well In truth, it vexes me  
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time  
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,  
Like a dead weight thou hankest on the wheels  
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health  
To talk of dying

*Vict* Yet I fain would die !  
To go through life, unloving and unloved ,  
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
We cannot still , that longing, that wild impulse,  
And struggle after something we have not  
And cannot have , the effort to be strong ,  
And, like the Spartan boy to smile, and smile,  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ,  
All this the dead feel not —the dead alone !  
Would I were with them !

*Hyp* We shall all be soon  
*Vict* It cannot be too soon , for I am weary  
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,  
Where strangers walk as friends and friends as strangers ,  
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ,  
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase  
Some form of loveliness that smiles and beckons,  
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us  
A mockery and a jest , maddened —confused,—  
Not knowing friend from foe

*Hyp* Why seek to know ?  
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !  
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,  
Nor strive to look beneath it.

*Vict* I confess,  
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer  
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,  
Much like a poor and shipwrecked manner,  
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,  
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,  
And sinks again into the weltering sea,  
Helpless and hopeless !

*Hyp* Yet thou shalt not perish  
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation  
Above thy head through rifted clouds there shines  
A glorious star Be patient, Trust thy star !

*(Sound of a village bell in the distance )*

*Vict* Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan  
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry !  
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide  
Over the red roofs of the cottages  
And bids the labouring hind a-field, the shepherd  
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,  
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,  
And breathe a prayer unto the Blessed Virgin !



*Hyp* Amen ! amen ! Not half a league from hence  
The village lies

*I*ct This path will lead us to it  
Over the wheat fields, where the shadows sail  
Across the running sea now green, now blue,  
And like an idle manner on the main,  
Whistles the quail. Come, let us harken on

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II — *Public square in the village of Guadarrama The Ave Maria still tolling A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer In front a group of Gypsies The bell rings a merrier peal A Gypsy dance Enter PANCHO followed by PEDRO CRESPO*

*Pancho* Make room ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves !  
Make room for the Alcalde and for me !

*Pedro C* Keep silence all ! I have an edict here  
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,  
Jerusalem and the Canary Islands  
Which I shall publish in the market place  
Open your ears and listen !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage*)

*Padre Cura,*

Good day ! and pray you, hear this edict read

*Padre C* Good day and God be with you ! Pray, what is it !

*Pedro C* An act of banishment against the Gypsies !

(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd*)

*Pancho* Silence !

*Pedro C* (*reads*) " I hereby order and command,  
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers  
Known by the name of Gypsies shall henceforth  
Be banished from the realm as vagabonds  
And beggars, and if after seventy days,  
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,  
They shall receive a hundred lashes each,  
The second time shall have their ears cut off,  
The third be slaves for life to him who takes them,  
Or burnt as heretics Signed I the King '  
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized '  
You hear the law ! Obey and disappear !

*Pancho* And if in seventy days you are not gone  
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion showing signs of fear and discontent PANCHO follows*)

*Padre C* A righteous law ! A very righteous law !  
Pray you sit down.

*Pedro C* I thank you heartily

(*They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA's door Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows*)

A very righteous judgment as you say  
Now tell me, Padre Cura — you know all things, —  
How came these Gypsies into Spain ?

*Padre C* Why look you,  
They came with Hercules from Palestine,  
And hence are thieves and vngiants Sir Alcalde,

As the Simonias from Simon Magus  
And, look you as Fray Jayme Bleda says,  
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor  
Is not a Christian, so its with the Gypsies  
They never marry, never go to mass,  
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,  
Nor see the inside of a church —nor—nor—

*Pedro C* Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all !  
No matter for the other ninety five  
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,  
They should be burnt

(Enter VICTORIAN and HIPOLITO playing)

*Padre C* And pray, whom have we here?

*Pedro C* More vagrants ! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants !

*Hyp* Good evening, gentlemen ! Is this Guadarrama?

*Padre C* Yes, Guadarrama and good evening to you

*Hyp* We seek the Padre Cura of the village,  
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,  
You must be he

*Padre C* I am Pray, what's your pleasure?

*Hyp* We are poor students, travelling in vacation  
You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hatband)

*Padre C* (joyfully) Ay, know it, and have worn it

*Pedro C* (aside) Soup-eaters ! by the mass ! The worst of vagrants !  
And there's no law against them Sir, your servant [Exit

*Padre C* Your servant, Pedro Crespo

*Hyp* Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,  
I said within myself, "This is the man !"  
There is a certain something in your looks,  
A certain school-like and studious something,—  
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken,—  
Which marks you as a very learned man,  
In fine as one of us

*Vic* (aside) What impudence !

*Hyp* As we approached, I said to my companion,  
"That is the Padre Cura mark my words !"  
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I  
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,  
Must be the sacristan

*Padre C* Ah ! said you so?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde !

*Hyp* Indeed ! you much astonish me ! His air  
Was not so full of dignity and grace  
As an alcalde should be

*Padre C* That is true.

He's out of humour with some vagrant Gypsies,  
Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood  
There's nothing so undignified as anger

*Hyp* The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,  
If, from his well known hospitality,  
We crave a lodging for the night

*Padre C* I pray you !

You do me honour ! I am but too happy  
To have such guests beneath my humble roof

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

It is not often that I have occasion  
To speak with scholars, and *Emollit mores*,  
*Nec sinit esse feros*, Cicero says

*Hyp* 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

*Padre C* No, Cicero

*Hyp* Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (*Aside*)

*Padre C*

Pass this way

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *A room in the PADRE CURA'S house Enter the PADRE  
and HYPOLITO*

*Padre C* So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied

*Hyp* And left behind an honoured name, no doubt

How may I call your Grace?

*Padre C*

Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honour's service

*Hyp* Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

*Padre C*

From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

*Hyp*

Why, they were the same

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more! once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá

And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!"

*Padre C* I did not think my name remembered there.

*Hyp* More than remembered, it is idolized

*Padre C* Of what professor speak you?

*Hyp*

Timoneda.

*Padre C* I don't remember any Timoneda

*Hyp* A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

*Padre C* Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before me,

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more

Do you remember Cueva?

*Hyp*

Cueva? Cueva?

*Padre C* Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy and I am an old man

*Hyp* I should not like to try my strength with you.

*Padre C* Well well. But I forget you must be hungry

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(*Enter MARTINA*)

*Hyp* You may be proud of such a niece as that

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores* (*Aside*)

*THE SPANISH STUDENT*

He was a very great man, was Cicero!  
Your servant, fair Martina

*Mart* Servant, sir

Padre C This gentleman is hungry See thou to it  
Let us have supper

*Mart* 'Twill be ready soon

*Padre C* And bring a bottle of my Val de-Peñas  
Out of the cellar Stay, I'll go myself  
Pray you, Señor, excuse me

Pray you, Señor, excuse me

[L 77]

Hyp    Hist! Martina!  
One word with you    Bless me! what handsome eyes!  
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village,  
Is it not so?

*Mart* There have been Gypsies here

*Hrp* Yes, and have told your fortune.

*Asart* (embarrassed) Told my fortune?

*His.* Yes, yes, I know they did—Give me your hand  
 I'll tell you what they said—They said,—they said,  
 The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,  
 And him you should not marry—Was it not?

*Marl.* (surprised) How know you that?

What a soft little hand! And then they said,  
 A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall,  
 And rich, should come one day to marry you  
 And you should be a lady. Was it not?  
 He has arrived, the handsome cavalier

(Tries to kiss her She runs off Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter)

*Nat* The muleteer has come

*Hip*

So soon?

**Vict**

I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,  
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft  
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood red wine

*Hip* What news from Court?

Vict

He brought this letter only

(Reads)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let  
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,  
Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

*Hyp.* What news is this, that makes thy check turn pale,  
And thy hand tremble?

*Vict*

O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

*Hyp* That is no news, forsooth

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He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,  
The love of Preciosa Not succeeding,  
He swore to be revenged, and set on foot  
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded  
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,  
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies  
Too foul to speak of, and, once more a beggar,  
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,  
Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp

### To renew again

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

The Age of Gold and make the shepherd swains  
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana  
*Rec't et Virgo!*

*Vic't* Dear Hypolito  
How have I wronged that meek confiding heart!  
I will go seek for her and with my tears  
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

*Hyp* O beware!  
Act not that folly over again

*Vic't* Alas, folly  
Delusion madness call it what thou wilt  
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!  
Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA*)

*Hyp* Tell us Padre Cura  
Who are these Gypsies in the neighbourhood?

*Padre C* Beltrán Cruzado and his crew  
*Vic't* Kind Heaven,

I thank thee! She is found! is found again!  
*Hyp* And have they with them a pale beautiful girl  
Called Preciosa?

*Padre C* Alas, a pretty girl.  
The gentleman seems moved

*Hyp* Yes moved with hunger,  
He is half famished with this long day's journey

*Padre C* Then pray you come this way The supper waits  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama* *Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachupá*

*Chispa* Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought when I left my old master Victorian the student to serve my new master Don Carlos the gentleman, that I too should lead the life of a gentleman should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl And a good beginning of the week it is as he said who was hanged on Monday morning

(*Enter DON CARLOS*)

*Don C* Are not the horses ready yet?

*Chispa* I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep Ho! within here! Horses! horses! horses! (*He cracks at the gate with his whip and Mosquito putting on his jacket*)

*Mosquito* Pray have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

*Chispa* Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing.

*Don C* Pray what's the news?

*Mosquito* You cannot have fresh horses because there are none

*Chispa* Cachuporra! Throw that bone to another dog Do I look like your aunt?

*Mosquito* No she has a beard.

*Chispa* Go to! go to!

*Mosquito* Are you from Madrid?

*Chispa* Yes and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

*Mosquito* What's the news at Court?

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Chispa* Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip

(*Strikes him round the legs*)

*Mosq* Oh! oh! you hurt me!

*Don C* Enough of this folly Let us have horses (*Gives money to Mosquito*) It is almost dark, and we are in haste But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

*Mosq* Yes, and they are still in the neighbourhood

*Don C* And where?

*Mosq* Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Gurdarrama [*Exit*]

*Don C* Now this is lucky We will visit the Gypsy camp

*Chispa* Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

*Don C* Fear not We will pass the night at the village

*Chispa* And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket

*Don C* I hope we may find the Preciosa among them

*Chispa* Among the Squires?

*Don C* No, among the Gypsies, blockhead!

*Chispa* I hope we may, for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers Yonder come the horses [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V — *The Gypsy camp in the forest Night Gypsies working at a forge Others playing cards by the firelight*

*Gypsies (at the forge sing)*

On the top of a mountain I stand,  
With a crown of red gold in my hand,  
Wild Moors come trooping over the sea,  
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?  
O how from their fury shall I flee?

*First Gypsy (playing)* Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end

*Gypsies (at the forge sing)*

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier  
And thus his ditty ran,  
God send the Gypsy lassie here,  
And not the Gypsy man.

*First Gypsy (playing)* There you are in your morocoe!

*Second Gypsy* One more game The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon

*First Gypsy* Have at you, Chirelm

*Gypsies (at the forge sing)*

At midnight, when the moon began  
To show her silver flame,  
There came to him no Gypsy man,  
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO*)

*Cruz* Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros, leave work, leave play, listen to your orders for the night (*Speaking to the right*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross

*Gypsies* Ay!

*Cruz (to the left)* And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

*Gypsies* Ay!

*Cruz* As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep D ye hear?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

*Gypsies* Ay!

*Cruz* Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papirayo, take to your trampers Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

*Gypsies* Ay! ay!

*Cruz* Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally* *CRUZADO* walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees *Enter PRECIOSA*)

*Prec* How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees  
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows  
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon  
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,  
Then flitting into darkness! So within me  
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,  
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being  
As the light does the shadow Woe is me!  
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(*BARTOLOME rushes in*)

*Bart* Ho! Preciosa!

*Prec* O Bartolomé!

Thou here?

*Bart* Lo! I am here

*Prec* Whence comest thou?

*Bart* From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,  
From caverns in the rocks from hunger, thirst,  
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold  
Come I for thee, my lamb

*Prec* O touch me not!

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!  
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!  
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here  
Thou art in danger! They have set a price  
Upon thy head!

*Bart* Ay, and I've wandered long  
Among the mountains, and for many days  
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's  
The wind and rain have been my sole companions  
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,  
And the loud echo sent it back to me,  
Till I grew mad I could not stay from thee,  
And I am here! Betray me if thou wilt.

*Prec* Betray thee? I betray thee?

*Bart* Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!  
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!  
Fly with me!

*Prec* Speak of that no more. I cannot.

I'm thine no longer

*Bart* O, recall the time

When we were children! how we played together,  
How we grew up together, how we plighted  
Our hearts unto each other even in childhood!  
Fulfil thy promise for the hour has come.  
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!  
Fulfil thy promise.

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

*Prec* 'Twas my father's promise,  
Not mine I never gave my heart to thee,  
Nor promised thee my hand!

*Bart* False tongue of woman!  
And heart more false!

*Prec* Nay, listen unto me.  
I will speak frankly I have never loved thee,  
I cannot love thee This is not my fault,  
It is my destiny Thou art a man  
Restless and violent What wouldst thou with me,  
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,  
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,  
Better than I, and fairer, and let not  
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee  
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion  
I never sought thy love, never did aught  
To make thee love me Yet I pity thee,  
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,  
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood  
Beware, beware of that

*Bart* For thy dear sake  
I will be gentle Thou shalt teach me patience.

*Prec* Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.  
Thou must not linger here.

*Bart* Come, come with me.

*Prec* Hark! I hear footsteps

*Bart* I entreat thee, come!

*Prec* Away! It is in vain

*Bart* Wilt thou not come?

*Prec* Never!

*Bart* Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!  
Thou shalt not be another's Thou shalt die. [Exit

*Prec* All holy angels keep me in this hour!  
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!  
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!  
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!  
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?  
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,  
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,  
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,  
And be at rest for ever! O dull heart,  
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,  
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind)

*Vict* 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands  
Under the tent-like trees!

*Hyp* A woodland nymph!

*Vict* I pray thee, stand aside Leave me

*Hyp* Be wary

Do not betray thyself too soon

*Vict* (disguising his voice) Hist! Gypsy!

*Prec* (aside, with emotion) That voice! that voice from  
heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

*Vict* A friend

*Prec* (aside) Is he! Tis he!



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

I thank thee Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,  
And sent me this protector ! Now be strong,  
Be strong, my heart ! I must dissemble here  
False friend or true ?

*Vict* A true friend to the true ,  
Fear not , come hither So , can you tell fortunes ?

*Prec* Not in the dark Come nearer to the fire  
Give me your hand It is not crossed, I see

*Vict* (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*) There is the  
cross

*Prec* Is t silver ?

*Vict* No, 'tis gold

*Prec* There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,  
And for yourself alone

*Vict* Tie ! the old story !

Tell me a better fortune for my money ,  
Not this old woman s tale !

*Prec* You are passionate ,  
And this same passionate humour in your blood  
Has marred your fortune Yes , I see it now ,  
The line of life is crossed by many marks  
Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid who loved you !  
How could you do it ?

*Vict* I never loved a maid ,  
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

*Prec* How know you that ?

*Vict* A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret

*Prec* There, take back your gold !

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver s hand !

There is no blessing in its charity !

Make her your wife, for you have been abused ,

And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers

*Vict* (*aside*) How like an angel s speaks the tongue of  
woman,

When pleading in another s cause her own !

That is a pretty ring upon your finger

Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring*)

*Prec* No , never from my hand  
Shall that be taken !

*Vict* Why 'tis but a ring

I'll give it back to you , or, if I keep it,

Will give you gold to buy you twenty such

*Prec* Why would you have this ring ?

*Vict* A traveller s fancy,

A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp

In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller

Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid

Pray, let me have the ring

*Prec* No, never ! never !

I will not part with it, even when I die

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,

That it may not fall from them 'Tis a token

Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

*Vict* How ? dead ?

*Prec* Yes , dead to me , and worse than dead

He is estranged ! And yet I keep this ring

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,  
To prove to him that I was never false  
*Vict (aside)* Be still, my swelling heart ! one moment, still !  
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl  
Come, give it me or I will say 'tis mine,  
And that you stole it

*Prec* O, you will not dare  
To utter such a falsehood !

*Vict* I not dare ?  
Look in my face, and say if there is truth  
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee !

*(She rushes into his arms)*

*Prec* 'Tis thou ! 'tis thou ! Yes, yes, my heart's elected !  
My dearest-dear Victorian ! my soul's heaven !  
Where hast thou been so long ? Why didst thou leave me ?

*Vict* Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa  
Let me forget we ever have been parted !

*Prec* Hast thou not come—

*Vict* I pray thee do not chide me !

*Prec* I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

*Vict* Forgive me, sweet ! for what I made thee suffer  
Thinkst thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,  
Thou being absent ? Oh, believe it not !  
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,  
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee !  
Dost thou forgive me ? Say, wilt thou forgive me ?

*Prec* I have forgiven thee Ere those words of anger  
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,  
I had forgiven thee

*Vict* I'm the veriest fool  
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false  
It was the Count of Lara—

*Prec* That bad man  
Has worked me harm enough Hast thou not heard—

*Vict* I have heard all And yet speak on, speak on !  
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy,  
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,  
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.  
Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,  
Whatever fills and agitates thine own

*(They walk aside)*

*Hyp* All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,  
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,  
All chaste embraces on the public stage,  
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars  
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,  
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,  
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa !

*Prec* Señor Hypolito ! I kiss your hand  
Pray, shall I tell your fortune ?

*Hyp* Not to-night,  
For should you treat me as you did Victorian,  
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,  
My wedding-day would last from now till Christmas

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

*Chispa (within)* What ho ! the Gypsies, ho ! Beltran Cruzado !  
Halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! halloo !

*(Enter booted, with a whip and lantern )*

*Vict* What now ?  
Why such a fearful din ? Hast thou been robbed ?

*Chispa* Ay, robbed and murdered, and good evening to you,  
My worthy masters

*Vict* Speak, what brings thee here ?

*Chispa (to PRECIOSA)* Good news from Court, good news !  
Beltran Cruzado

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,  
But your true father has returned to Spain  
Laden with wealth You are no more a Gypsy

*Vict* Strange as a Moorish tale !

*Chispa* And we have all  
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,  
As wells drink in November, when it rains

*Vict* Where is the gentleman ?

*Chispa* As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,  
His soul is in Madrid.

*Prec* Is this a dream ? Oh, if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on and do not wake me yet !  
Repeat thy story ! Say I'm not deceived,  
Say that I do not dream ! I am awake,  
This is the Gypsy camp, this is Victorian,  
And this his friend Hypolito ! Speak ! speak !  
Let me not wake and find it all a dream !

*Vict* It is a dream sweet child ! a waking dream,  
A blissful certainty a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth  
Heaven gives to those it loves Now art thou rich,  
As thou wast ever beautiful and good,  
And I am now the beggar

*Prec (giving him her hand)* I have still  
A hand to give

*Chispa (aside)* And I have two to take !  
I've heard my grandmother say that Heaven gives almonds  
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare but where shall I find almonds ?

*Vict* What more of this strange story ?

*Chispa* Nothing more

Your friend Don Carlos is now at the village  
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,  
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,  
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed,  
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,  
To make the celebration more complete.

*Vict* No, let it be a day of general joy,  
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late  
Now let us join Don Carlos

*Hyp* So farewell,  
The student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,  
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,  
And all that makes vacation beautiful !  
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

## THE SPANISH STUDENT

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,  
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,  
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,  
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student

SCENE VI — *A pass in the Guadarrama mountains Early morning A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel*

### SONG

If thou art sleeping, maiden,  
Awake and open thy door,  
'Tis the break of day, and we must away  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor  
Went not to find thy shippers,  
But come with thy naked feet,  
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,  
And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass Enter a Monk A Shepherd appears on the rocks above*)

Monk Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep Olá

Monk Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep It is, your reverence.

Monk How far is it?

Shep I do not know

Monk What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep San Ildefonso

Monk A long way to breakfast.

Shep Ay, marry

Monk Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep Yes and worse than that

Monk What?

Shep Wolves

Monk Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded

Shep What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction

(*They disappear A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle bow He goes down the pass singing*)

### SONG

Worn with speed is my good steed,  
And I march me hurried, worried!  
Onward, cabillito mío,  
With the white star in thy forehead!  
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,  
And I hear their rifles crack  
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!  
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(*Song dies away Enter PRECIOSA on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS and CHISPA, on foot and armed*)

Vict This is the highest point Here let us rest  
See, Preciosa, see how all about us  
Kneeling like hooded friars, the misty mountains  
Receive the benediction of the sun!  
O glorious sight!

Prec Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp Most wonderful!

Vict And in the vale below,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,  
San Ildefonso from its noisy belfries,  
Sends up a salutation to the morn  
As if an army smote their brazen shields,  
And shouted victory!

*Prec* And which way lies

Segovia?

*Vict* At a great distance yonder

Dost thou not see it?

*Prec* No I do not see it

*Vict* The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.  
There yonder!

*Hyp* 'Tis a notable old town,  
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,  
And an Alcázar builded by the Moors,  
Wherein you may remember, poor Gil Blas  
Was fed on *Pan del Rey* O, many a time  
Out of its grated windows have I looked  
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Cresma,  
That like a serpent through the valley creeping  
Glides at its foot

*Prec* O yes! I see it now  
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,  
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,  
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged  
Against all stress of accident, as in  
The Eastern Tale against the wind and tide  
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,  
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea.

(*She weeps*)  
*Vict* O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved  
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee  
Melts thee to tears! O let thy weary heart  
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,  
Nor thirst nor hunger, but be comforted  
And filled with my affection.

*Prec* Stay no longer!  
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,  
Now looking from the window, and now watching  
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,  
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(*They descend the pass CHISPA remains behind*)

*Chispa* I have a father, too but he is a dead one Alas and alack-a-day!  
Poor was I born and poor do I remain I neither win nor lose Thus I wag  
through the world, half the time on foot and the other half walking, and always  
as merry as a thunderstorm in the night And so we plough along, as the  
fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle  
the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains, and perhaps,  
after all I shall some day go to Rome and come back Saint Peter  
Benedicite!

[Exit

(*A pause* Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine  
in his hand)

*Bart* They passed this way! I hear their horses hoofs!

# JUDAS MACCABÆUS

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,  
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

*(Tries down the pass)*

Hal hal Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!  
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

*(The shot is returned BARTOLOMÉ falls)*

## Judas Maccabæus.

1872

### ACT I

*The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem*

SCENE I—ANTIOCHUS, JASON

*Antiochus* O ANTIOCH, my Antioch my city!

Queen of the East! my solace, my delight!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra  
When she was wed to Ptolemy, and now

Won back and made more wonderful  
by me!

I love thee and I long to be once more  
Among the players and the dancing women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the  
Orontes,

Thy river and mine O Jason, my  
High Priest, art mine,

For I have made thee so and thou  
Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful?

*Jason* Never, my lord

*Ant* Then hast thou never seen  
The wonder of the world This city  
of David

Compared with Antioch is but a village,  
And its inhabitants compared with  
Greeks

Are mannerless boors

*Jason* They are barbarians,  
And mannerless

*Ant* They must be civilized  
They must be made to have more gods  
than one,

And goddesses besides

*Jason* They shall have more

*Ant* They must have hippodromes,  
and games, and baths,

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Stage plays and festivals, and most of  
all

The Dionysia.

*Jason* They shall have them all

*Ant* By Hercules! but I should  
like to see [arrayed

These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and  
In skins of fawns, with drums and  
flutes and thyrsi

Revel and riot through the solemn  
streets

Of their old towns Ha, ha! It  
makes me merry [laugh

Only to think of it!—Thou dost not

*Jason* Yea, I laugh inwardly

*Ant* The new Greek leaven  
Works slowly in this Israelitish dough! I  
Have I not sacked the Temple, and  
on the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus  
To Hellenize it?

*Jason* Thou hast done all this

*Ant* As thou wast Joshua once and  
now art Jason,  
And from a Hebrew hast become a  
Greek,

So shall this Hebrew nation be trans-  
lated, [changed,

Their very natures and their names be  
And all be Hellenized

*Jason* It shall be done.

*Ant* Their manners and their laws  
and ways of living  
Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn  
their language,

And learn the lovely speech of Antioch  
Where hast thou been to-day? Thou  
comest late.

*Jason* Playing at discus with the  
other priests  
In the Gymnasium

*Ant* Thou hast done well  
There's nothing better for you hazy  
priests [people.

Than discus-playing with the common  
Now tell me Jason, what these  
Hebrews call me

When they converse together at their  
games

*Jason* Antiochus Epiphanes, my  
lord

Antiochus the Illustrious

*Ant* O, not that,  
That is the public cry I mean the  
name

They give me when they talk among  
themselves

And think that no one listens, what is  
that?

*Jason* Antiochus Epiphanes my  
lord!

*Ant* Antiochus the Mad! Ay that  
is it.

And who hath said it? Who has set  
in motion

That sorry jest?

*Jason* The Seven Sons insane  
Of a weird woman like themselves  
insane.

*Ant* I like their courage, but it  
shall not save them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh of  
swine

Or they shall die. Where are they?

*Jason* In the dungeons  
Beneath this tower

*Ant* There let them stay and starve  
Till I am ready to make Greeks of  
them

After my fashion

*Jason* They shall stay and starve —  
My lord the Ambassadors of Samaria  
Await thy pleasure.

*Ant* Why not my displeasure?  
Ambassadors are tedious They are  
men

Who work for their own ends, and  
not for mine,

There is no furtherance in them Let  
them go

To Apollonius my governor  
There in Samaria and not trouble me  
What do they want?

*Jason* Only the royal sanction  
To give a name unto a nameless temple  
Upon Mount Gerizim

*Ant* Then bid them enter  
This pleases me and furthers my  
designs

The occasion is suspicious Bid them  
enter

SCENE II — ANTIOCHUS, JASON, the  
SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

*Ant* Approach Come forward,  
stand not at the door

Wagging your long beards, but demean  
yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors. What  
seek ye?

*An Ambassador* An audience from  
the King

*Ant* Speak, and be brief  
Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.

Words are not things

*Ambassador (reading)* "To King  
Antiochus,

The God, Epiphanes, a Memorial  
From the Sidonians, who live at  
Sichem

*Ant* Sidonians?

*Ambassador* Ay, my lord.

*Ant* Go on go on!

And do not tire thyself and me with  
bowing!

*Ambassador (reading)* "We are a  
colony of Medes and Persians.

*Ant* No ye are Jews from one of  
the Ten Tribes

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans  
Or Jews of Jewry matters not to me.

Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews

When the Jews prosper ye claim  
kindred with them,

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes  
and Persians

I know that in the days of Alexander  
Ye claimed exemption from the annual  
tribute

In the Sabbatic Year because, ye said  
Your fields had not been planted in  
that year

*Ambassador (reading)* "Our fathers,  
upon certain frequent plagues

And following an ancient superstition  
Were long accustomed to observe that  
day

Which by the Israelites is called the  
Sabbath

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim

# JUDAS MACCABÆUS

Without a name, they offered sacrifice

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,

Who art our benefactor and our saviour,

Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,

But to give royal order and injunction To Apollonius in Samaria,

Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor, Thy procurator, no more to molest us,

And let our nameless temple now be named

The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius "

*Ant* This shall be done Full well it pleaseth me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews, But Greeks, if not by birth, yet

Greeks by custom, Your nameless temple shall receive the name

Of Jupiter Hellenius Ye may go!

## SCENE III —ANTIOCHUS, JASON

*Ant* My task is easier than I dreamed These people

Meet me half-way Jason, didst thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said They were not Jews? that they were

Medes and Persians, They were Sidonians, anything but

Jews? 'Tis of good augury The rest will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized

*Jason* My lord, 'These are Samaritans The tribe of

Judah Is of a different temper, and the task Will be more difficult

*Ant* Dost thou gainsay me?

*Jason* I know the stubborn nature of the Jew

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man, Being fourscore years and ten, chose

rather death By torture than to eat the flesh of swine

*Ant* The life is in the blood, and the whole nation

shall bleed to death, or it shall change its faith!

*Jason* Hundreds have fled already to the mountains

Of Ephrum, where Judas Maccabæus

Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.

*Ant* I will burn down their city, and will make it

Waste as a wilderness Its thoroughfares

Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes, It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is!

This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad Shall have a broad and blood-red seal

upon it, Stamped with the awful letters of my

name. Antiochus the God, Epiphane. I—

Where are those Seven Sons?

*Jason* My lord, they wait Thy royal pleasure

*Ant* They shall wait no longer!

## ACT II

### *The Dungeons in the Citadel*

#### SCENE I —THE MOTHER of the SEVEN SONS alone, listening

*The Mother* BE strong, my heart! Break not till they are dead,

All, all my Seven Sons, then burst asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented soul

Leap and rush out like water through the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well O my dear children, mine in life and

death, I know not how ye came into my womb

I neither gave you breath nor gave you life,

And neither was it I that formed the members

Of every one of you But the Creator, Who made the world, and made the

heavens above us, Who formed the generation of man-

kind, And found out the beginning of all things

He gave you breath and life, and will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard Not your own selves, but his eternal

law I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God, [unworthy

That I and mine have not been deemed



To suffer for thy sake and for thy law,  
And for the many sins of Israel  
Hark! I can hear within the sound of  
scourges!

I feel them more than ye do, O my  
sons!

But cannot come to you I, who was  
wont

To wake at night at the least cry ye  
made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest  
hurt—

I cannot take you now into my lap  
And soothe your pain but God will

take you all  
into his pitying arms and comfort

you  
And give you rest

*1 Voice (within)* What wouldst  
thou ask of us?

Ready are we to die but we will never  
Transgress the law and customs of

our fathers

*The Mother* It is the voice of my  
first born! O brave

And noble boy! Thou hast the privi-  
lege,

Of dying first as thou wast born the  
first.

*The same Voice (within)* God  
looketh on us, and hath com-  
fort in us,

As Moses in his song of old declared  
He in his servants shall be comforted

*The Mother* I knew thou wouldst  
not fail!—He speaks no more,

He is beyond all pain!

*Ant (within)* If thou eat not  
Thou shalt be tortured throughout all

the members  
Of thy whole body Wilt thou eat

then?

*Second Voice (within)* No

*The Mother* It is Adah's voice. I  
tremble for him

I know his nature, devout as the  
wind,

And swift to change, gentle and yield-  
ing always

Be steadfast O my son!

*The same Voice (within)* Thou,  
like a fury

Takest us from this present life, but  
God

Who rules the world, shall raise us up  
again

Into life everlasting  
*The Mother* God I think thee

That thou hast breathed into that  
unmild heart

Courage to die for thee. O my  
Adah,

Witness of God! if thou for whom I  
feared

Canst thus encounter death I need  
not fear,

The others will not shrink.

*Third Voice (within)* Behold these  
hands

Held out to thee O King Antiochus,  
Not to implore thy mercy but to show

That I despise them He who gave  
them to me

Will give them back again.

*The Mother* O Avilan  
It is thy voice For the last time I

hear it,  
For the last time on earth, but not

the last.

To death it bids defiance and to tor-  
ture

It sounds to me as from another world,  
And makes the petty miseries of this

Seem unto me as nought, and less  
than nought

Farewell, my Avilan, nay, I should  
say,

Welcome my Avilan, for I am dead  
Before thee I am waiting for the

others.

Why do they linger?

*Fourth Voice (within)* It is good, O  
King

Being put to death by man, to look  
for hope [him.

From God, to be raised up again by  
But thou—no resurrection shalt thou

have

To life hereafter

*The Mother* Four! already four!  
Three are still living, nay, they all are

living

Half here, half there. Make haste,  
Antiochus,

To reunite us, for the sword that  
cleaves

These miserable bodies makes a door  
Through which our souls, impatient

of release  
Rush to each other's arms

*Fifth Voice (within)* Thou hast the  
power [while,  
Thou doest what thou wilt Abide a  
And thou shalt see the power of God,  
and how  
He will torment thee and thy seed.

*The Mother* O hasten !  
Why dost thou prase? Thou who  
hast slain already  
So many Hebrew women, and hast  
hung  
Their murdered infants round their  
necks, slay me,  
For I too am a woman, and these boys  
Are mine Make haste to slay us all,  
And hang my lifeless babes about my  
neck.

*Sixth Voice (within)* Think not,  
Antiochus, that thou takest in hand  
To strive against the God of Israel,  
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his  
wrath  
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody  
house.

*The Mother* One more my Siron,  
and then all is ended  
Having put all to bed, then in my turn  
I will lie down and sleep as sound as  
they  
My Siron, my youngest, best beloved !  
And those bright golden locks, that I  
so oft  
Have curled about these fingers, even  
now  
Are foul with blood and dust, like a  
lamb's fleece  
Slain in the shambles — Not a sound I  
hear  
This silence is more terrible to me  
Than any sound, than any cry of pain,  
That might escape the lips of one who  
dies  
Doth his heart fail him? Doth he fall  
away  
In the last hour from God? O Siron,  
Siron,  
Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy  
voice  
Die as thy brothers died Thou must  
not live !

SCENE II — THE MOTHER, ANTIOCHUS, SIRON

*The Mother* Are they all dead?  
*Ant* Of all thy Seven Sons  
One only lives Behold them where  
they lie

How dost thou like this picture?  
*The Mother* God in heaven !  
Can a man do such deeds, and yet  
not die  
By the recoil of his own wickedness?

Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated  
bodies  
That were my children once, and still  
are mine,  
I cannot watch o'er you as Rispah  
watched  
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of  
Saul,  
Till water drop upon you out of  
heaven  
And wash this blood away ! I cannot  
mourn  
As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned  
the dead,  
From the beginning of the barley-  
harvest  
Until the autumn rains, and suffered  
not  
The birds of air to rest on them by  
day,  
Nor the wild beasts by night For ye  
have died  
A better death, a death so full of life  
That I ought rather to rejoice than  
mourn —  
Wherefore art thou not dead, O  
Siron?  
Wherefore art thou the only living  
thing  
Among thy brothers dead? Art thou  
afraid?

*Ant* O woman, I have spared him  
for thy sake,  
For he is fair to look upon and  
comely,  
And I have sworn to him by all the  
gods  
That I would crown his life with joy  
and honour  
Heap treasures on him, luxuries, de-  
lights,  
Make him my friend and keeper of my  
secrets,  
If he would turn from your Mosaic  
Law <sup>[listen]</sup>  
And be as we are, but he will not  
*The Mother* My noble Siron !  
*Ant* Therefore I

beseech thee,  
Who art his mother, thou wouldst  
speak with him  
And wouldst persuade him I am sick  
of blood

*The Mother* Yea, I will speak with  
him and will persuade him  
O Siron, my son ! have pity on me,  
On me that bare thee, and that gave  
thee suck,

And fed and nourished thee, and  
brought thee up  
With the dear trouble of a mother's  
care

Unto this age Look on the heavens  
above thee

And on the earth and all that is therein  
Consider that God made them out of  
things

That were not, and that likewise in  
this manner

Mankind was made. Then fear not  
this tormentor,

But, being worthy of thy brethren, take  
Thy death as they did, that I may  
receive thee

Again in mercy with them  
*Ant* I am mocked,

Yea, I am laughed to scorn  
*Sirion* Whom wait ye for?

Never will I obey the King's command-  
ment

But the commandment of the ancient  
Law

That was by Moses given unto our  
fathers

And thou O godless man that of all  
others

Art the most wicked be not lifted up  
Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes,

uplifting  
Thy hand against the servants of the  
Lord

For thou hast not escaped the  
righteous judgment

Of the Almighty God, who seeth all  
things!

*Ant* He is no God of mine, I fear  
him not

*Sirion* My brothers who have  
suffered a brief pain

Are dead but thou, Antiochus shalt  
suffer

The punishment of pride. I offer up  
My body and my life, beseeching God

That he would speedily be merciful  
Unto our nation and that thou by  
plagues

Mysterious and by torments mayest  
confess

That he alone is God.  
*Ant* Ye both shall perish

By torments worse than any that your  
God

Here or hereafter hath in store for me.  
*The Mother* My Son, I am proud

of thee!  
*Ant* Be silent!

Go to thy bed of torture in yon  
chamber,

Where lie so many sleepers, heartless  
mother!

Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor  
thy voice,

Nor wilt thou hear amid thy troubled  
dreams,

Thy children crying for thee in the  
night!

*The Mother* O Death that stretchest  
thy white hands to me

I fear them not, but press them to my  
lips,

That are as white as thine, for I am  
Death

Nay am the Mother of Death seeing  
these sons

Are lying lifeless — Kiss me, Sirion

### ACT III

#### *The Battle field of Beth horon*

#### SCENE I — JUDAS MACCABEUS in armour before his tent

*Judas* THE trumpets sound, the  
echoes of the mountains

Answer them as the Sabbath morning  
breaks

Over Beth horon and its battle field,  
Where the great captain of the hosts  
of God

A slave brought up in the brick-fields  
of Egypt,

O'ercame the Amorites There was  
no day

Like that before or after it, nor shall be.  
The sun stood still, the hammers of  
the hail

Beat on their harness, and the cap-  
tains set

Their weary feet upon the necks of  
kings

As I will upon thine, Antiochus,  
Thou man of blood! — Behold, the  
rising sun

Strikes on the golden letters of my  
banner

*Be Elohim Jehovah!* Who is like  
To thee O Lord, among the gods? —  
Alas!

I am not Joshua, I cannot say  
Sun stand thou still on Gibeon, and  
thou Moon

In Ajalon! Nor am I one who wastes

# JUDAS MACCABEUS

The fateful time must less lamentation,  
But one who bears his life upon his  
hand  
To lose it or to save it as may best  
Serve the design of Him who giveth  
life

## SCENE II —JUDAS MACCABEUS, JEWISH FUGITIVES

*Judas* Who and what are ye, that  
with furtive steps  
Steal in among our tents?

*Fugitives* O Maccabeus,  
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou  
art  
Jews of Jerusalem that have escaped  
From the polluted city, and from  
death

*Judas* None can escape from death  
Say that ye come  
To die for Israel and ye are welcome  
What tidings bring ye?

*Fugitives* Tidings of despair  
The temple is laid waste, the precious  
vessels

Censers of gold, vials and veils and  
crowns,  
And golden ornaments, and hidden  
treasures

Have all been taken from it and the  
Gentiles

With revelling and with riot fill its  
courts,

And dally with harlots in the holy  
places

*Judas* All this I knew before.

*Fugitives* Upon the altar  
Are things profane, things by the law  
forbidden

Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our  
feasts,

But on the festivals of Dionysus  
Must walk in their processions, bearing  
wreaths

To crown a drunken god

*Judas* I too I know  
But tell me of the Jews How fare  
the Jews?

*Fugitives* The coming of this mis-  
chief hath been sore  
And grievous to the people All the  
land

Is full of lamentation and of mourning  
The Princes and the Elders weep and  
wail,

The young men and the maidens are  
made feeble,

The beauty of the women hath been  
changed

*Judas* And are there none to die  
for Israel?

'Tis not enough to mourn Breast-  
plate and harness

Are better things than sackcloth Let  
the women

Lament for Israel, the men should die

*Fugitives* Both men and women  
die, old men and young,

Old Eleazar did and Mithri  
With all her Seven Sons

*Judas* Antiochus,  
At every step thou takest there is left

A bloody footprint in the street, by  
which

The avenging wrath of God will track  
thee out!

It is enough Go to the sutler's tents  
Those of you who are men, put on

such armour  
As ye may find, those of you who are  
women,

Buckle that armour on, and for a  
watchword

Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of  
God."

## SCENE III —JUDAS MACCABEUS, NICANOR

*Nicanor* Hail Judas Maccabeus!

*Judas* Hail!—Who art thou  
That comest here in this mysterious  
guise

Into our camp unheralded?

*Nic* A herald  
Sent from Nicanor

*Judas* Heralds come not thus  
Armed with thy shirt of mail from  
head to heel,

Thou glidest like a serpent silently  
Into my presence Wherefore dost  
thou turn

Thy face from me? A herald speaks  
his errand,

With forehead unabashed Thou art  
a spy

Sent by Nicanor

*Nic* No disguise avails!  
Behold my face! I am Nicanor's self

*Judas* Thou art indeed Nicanor I  
salute thee

What brings thee hither to this hostile  
camp

Thus unattended?

*Nic* Confidence in thee.

Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy  
rice [virtues]  
Without the failings that attend those  
Thou canst be strong and yet not  
tyrannous  
Canst righteous be and not intolerant  
Let there be peace between us

*Judas* What is peace?  
Is it to bow in silence to our victors?  
Is it to see our cities sacked and pil-  
laged, [sleeve]  
Our people slain, or sold as slaves or  
At night time by the blaze of burning  
towns,  
Jerusalem had waste the Holy Temple  
Polluted with strange gods? Are  
these things peace?

*Nic* These are the dire necessities  
that wait [genera]  
On war whose loud and bloody en-  
I seek to stay Let there be peace  
between

Antiochus and thee  
*Judas* Antiochus?  
What is Antiochus, that he should  
prate

Of peace to me, who am a fugitive?  
To-day he shall be lifted up to-morrow  
Shall not be found, because he is re-  
turned

Unto his dust, his thought has come  
to nothing [can be]  
There is no peace between us, nor  
Unl this banner floats upon the walls  
Of our Jerusalem.

*Nic* Between that city  
And thee there lies a waving wall of  
tents [foot,  
Held by a host of forts thousand  
And horsemen seven thousand What  
hast thou

To bring against all these?  
*Judas* The power of God,  
Whose breath shall scatter your white  
tents abroad,

As flakes of snow  
*Nic* Your Mighty One in heaven  
Will not do battle on the Seventh Day,  
It is his day of rest.

*Judas* Silence, blasphemer  
Go to thy tents

*Nic* Shall it be war or peace?  
*Judas* War war, and only war  
Go to thy tents

That shall be scattered, as by you were  
scattered [Law]  
The torn and trampled pages of the  
Blown through the windy streets

*Nic* Farewell  
brave foe!  
*Judas* Ho, there, my captains!  
Have safe conduct given  
Unto Nicanor's herald through the  
camp, [well, Nicanor!]  
And come yourselves to me.—Fare

SCENE IV.—JUDAS MACCABEUS,  
CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS

*Judas* The hour is come. Gather  
the host together  
For battle Lo with trumpets and  
with songs

The army of Nicanor comes against us.  
Go forth to meet them, praying in your  
hearts,

And fighting with your hands  
*Captains* Look forth and see!  
The morning sun is shining on their  
shields,

Of gold and brass the mountains  
glitten with them,

And shine like lamps. And we who  
are so few [with fasting]  
And poorly armed and ready to faint  
How shall we fight against this mul-  
titude? [standeth not]

*Judas* The victory of a battle  
In multitude—but in the strength that  
cometh [that I]  
From heaven above The Lord forbid  
Should do this thing and flee away  
from them [die,

Nay, if our hour be come then let us  
Let us not stain our honour

*Captains* 'Tis the Sabbath  
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath, Mac-  
cabeus?

*Judas* Ay, when I fight the battles  
of the Lord [others.  
I fight them on his day as on all  
Have ye forgotten certain fugitives  
That fled once to these hills and hid  
themselves

In caves? How their pursuers camped  
against them

Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged  
them?

And how they answered not, nor cast  
a stone,

Nor stopped the places where they lay  
concealed,

But meekly perished with their wives  
and children,

# JUDAS MACCABÆUS

Even to the number of a thousand  
souls  
We who are fighting for our laws and  
lives

Will not so perish

*Captains* Lead us to the battle !

*Judas* And let our watchword be,  
" The Help of God ! "

Last night I dreamed a dream , and  
in my vision

Beheld Onias, our High Priest of old,  
Who holding up his hands prayed for  
the Jews,

This done, in the like manner there  
appeared

An old man, and exceeding glorious,  
With hoary hair, and of a wonderful  
And excellent majesty And Onias  
said [prayeth

" This is the lover of the Jews, who  
Much for the people and the Holy  
City,—

God's prophet Jeremiah " And the  
prophet

Held forth his right hand and gave  
unto me

A sword of gold , and giving it he said  
" Take thou this holy sword, a gift  
from God,

And with it thou shalt wound thine  
adversaries "

*Captains* The Lord is with us !

*Judas* Hark !

I hear the trumpets  
Sound from Beth-horon , from the  
battle field

Of Joshua, where he smote the  
Amorites,

Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of  
Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem,  
As we to day will smite Nicanor's hosts

And leave a memory of great deeds  
behind us.

*Captains and Soldiers* The help of  
God !

*Judas* *Be Elohim Yehovah !*

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in  
the time

Of Esekias, King of Israel,  
And in the armies of Sennacherib

Didst slay a hundred fourscore and  
five thousand

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now  
also send

Before us a good angel for a fear,  
And through the might of thy right  
arm let those

Be stricken with terror that have come  
this day

Against thy holy people to blaspheme !

## ACT IV

*The outer Courts of the Temple at  
Jerusalem*

SCENE I—JUDAS MACCABÆUS,  
CAPTAINS, JEWS

*Judas* BEHOLD, our enemies are  
discomfited

Jerusalem is fallen , and our banners  
Float from her battlements, and o'er  
her gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of  
terror,

Blackens in wind and sun

*Captains* O Maccabæus,  
The child of Antiochus, wherein

The Mother with her Seven Sons was  
murdered,

Is still defiant

*Judas* Wait

*Captains* Its hateful aspect  
Insults us with the bitter memories

Of other days

*Judas* Wait, it shall disappear  
And vanish as a cloud First let us  
cleanse

The Sanctuary See, it is become  
Waste like a wilderness Its golden  
gates

Wrenched from their hinges and con-  
sumed by fire ,

Shrubs growing in its courts as in a  
forest ,

Upon its altars hideous and strange  
idols ,

And strewn about its pavement at my  
feet

Its Sacred Books, half burned and  
painted o'er

With images of heathen gods

*Jews* Woe ! woe !

Our beauty and our glory are laid  
waste !

The Gentiles have profaned our holy  
places !

(*Lamentation and alarm of trumpets*)

*Judas* The sound of trumpets, and  
this lamentation,

The heart cry of a people toward the  
heavens,

Stir me to wrath and vengeance Go,  
my captains,  
I hold you back no longer Batter  
down  
The citadel of Antiochus while here  
We sweep away his altars and his  
god.

SCENE II —JUDAS MACCABÆUS,  
JASON, JEWS

*Jews* Lurking among the ruins of  
the Temple,  
Deep in its inner courts, we found  
this man  
Clad as High-Priest

*Judas* I ask not who thou art.  
I know thy face writ over with decent  
As are these tattered volumes of the  
Law

With heathen images A priest of  
God

Wast thou in other days, but thou art  
now

A priest of Satan Traitor thou art  
Jason

*Jason* I am thy prisoner, Judas  
Maccabæus,  
And it would ill become me to conceal  
My name or office.

*Judas* Over yonder gate  
There hangs the head of one who was  
a Greek,

What should prevent me now, thou  
man of sin

From hanging at its side the head of  
one

Who born a Jew hath made himself a  
Greek?

*Jason* Justice prevents thee.

*Judas* Justice? Thou art stained  
With every crime gainst which the  
Decalogue

Thunders with all its thunder

*Jason* If not Justice,  
Then Mercy, her handmaiden

*Judas* When hast thou  
At any time to any man or woman  
Or even to any little child shown  
mercy?

*Jason* I have but done what King  
Antiochus  
Commanded me.

*Judas* True, thou hast  
been the weapon  
With which he struck, but hast been  
such a weapon,  
So flexible, so fitted to his hand,

It tempted him to strike. So thou  
hast urged him

To double wickedness, thine own and  
his

Where is this King? Is he in Antioch  
Among his women still, and from his  
windows

Throwing down gold by handfuls, for  
the rabble

To scramble for?

*Jason* Nay, he is gone from there,  
Gone with an army into the far East.

*Judas* And wherefore gone?

*Jason* I know not For  
the space

Of forty days almost were horsemen  
seen

Running in air, in cloth of gold, and  
armed

With lances like a band of soldiery,  
It was a sign of triumph

*Judas* Or of death.  
Wherefore art thou not with him?

*Jason* I was left  
For service in the Temple.

*Judas* To pollute it,  
And to corrupt the Jews, for there  
are men

Whose presence is corruption, to be  
with them [we do

Degrades us and deforms the things  
*Jason* I never made a boast, as  
some men do,

Of my superior virtue, nor denied  
The weakness of my nature, that hath  
made me

Subservient to the will of other men

*Judas* Upon this day, the five and  
twentieth day

Of the month Caslan, was the Temple  
here

Profaned by strangers —by Antiochus  
And thee his instrument Upon this  
day

Shall it be cleansed. Thou who didst  
lend thyself

Unto this profanation, canst not be  
A witness of these solemn services

There can be nothing clean where  
thou art present

The people put to death Callisthenes  
Who burned the Temple gates, and  
if they find thee [life

Will surely slay thee. I will spare thy  
To punish thee the longer Thou  
shalt wander

Among strange nations Thou, that  
hast cast out

# JUDAS MACCABEUS

So many from their native land, shalt  
perish  
In a strange land Thou, that hast  
left so many  
Unburned, shalt have none to mourn  
for thee,  
Nor any solemn funerals at all,  
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.—Get  
thee hence!

*(Music Procession of Priests and  
people, with citherns, harps, and  
cymbals JUDAS MACCABEUS puts  
himself at their head, and they go  
into the inner courts)*

## SCENE III — JASON, alone

*Jason* Through the Gate Beautiful  
I see them come  
With branches and green boughs and  
leaves of palm,  
And pass into the inner courts Alas!  
I should be with them, should be one  
of them, [ness,  
But in an evil hour, an hour of weak-  
Thou comest unto all, I fell away  
From the old faith, and did not clutch  
the new,  
Only an outward semblance of belief,  
For the new faith I cannot make mine  
own,  
Not being born to it It hath no root  
Within me. I am neither Jew nor  
Greek,  
But stand between them both, a  
renegade [faith  
To each in turn, having no longer  
In gods or men Then what myste-  
rious charm,  
What fascination is it chains my feet,  
And keeps me gazing like a curious  
child  
Into the holy places, where the priests  
Have raised their altar?—Striking  
stones together,  
They take fire out of them, and light  
the lamps  
In the great candlestick. They spread  
the veils,  
And set the loaves of shewbread on  
the table  
The incense burns, the well remem-  
bered odour [back  
Comes wafted unto me, and takes me  
To other days I see myself among  
them  
As I was then, and the old super-  
stition

Creeps over me again!—A childish  
fancy!—  
And hark! they sing with citherns  
and with cymbals,  
And all the people fall upon their faces,  
Praying and worshipping!—I will  
away  
Into the East, to meet Antiochus  
Upon his homeward journey, crowned  
with triumph  
Alas! to-day I would give everything  
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice  
That had the slightest tone of comfort  
in it!

## ACT V

### The Mountains of Ecbatana

#### SCENE I — ANTIOCHUS, PHILIP, ATTENDANTS

*Ant* HERE let us rest awhile.  
Where are we, Philip?

What place is this?  
*Philip* Ecbatana, my lord,  
And yonder mountain range is the  
Orontes

*Ant* The Orontes is my river at  
Antioch

Why did I leave it! Why have I  
been tempted  
By coverings of gold and shields and  
breastplates

To plunder Elymais, and be driven  
From out its gates, as by a fiery blast  
Out of a furnace?

*Philip* These are fortune's changes.

*Ant* What a defeat is was! The  
Persian horsemen  
Came like a mighty wind, the wind  
Khamaseen,

And melted us away, and scattered us  
As if we were dead leaves, or desert  
sand.

*Philip* Be comforted, my lord, for  
thou hast lost  
But what thou hadst not.

*Ant* I, who made the Jews  
Skip like the grasshoppers, am made  
myself

To skip among these stones

*Philip* Be not discouraged.  
Thy realm of Syria remains to thee,  
That is not lost nor marred.

*Ant* O, where are now  
The splendours of my court, my baths  
and banquets?



Where are my players and my dancing women?

Where are my sweet musicians with their pipes

That made me merry in the olden time? [brute.

I am a laughing stock to man and  
The very camels with their ugly faces,  
Mock me and laugh at me

*Philip* Alas! my lord,  
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep a while

All would be well

*Ant* Sleep from my eyes is gone  
And my heart fuleth me for very care.  
Dost thou remember Philip the old fable

Told us when we were boys in which the bear

Going for honey overturn the hive  
And is stung blind by bees? I am that beast

Stung by the Persian swarms of Elymais

*Philip* When thou art come again to Antioch

These thoughts will be as covered and forgotten

As are the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot wheels

In the Egyptian sands

*Ant* Ah! when I come  
Again to Antioch! When will that be?  
Alas! alas!

SCENE II—ANTIOCHUS, PHILIP  
A MESSENGER

*Messenger* May the King live for ever!

*Ant* Who art thou and whence comest thou?

*Messenger* My lord

I am a messenger from Antioch,  
Sent here by Lysias.

*Ant* A strange foreboding  
Of something evil overshadows me

I am no reader of the Jewish Scriptures,

I know not Hebrew, but my High-Priest Jason

As I remember, told me of a Prophet  
Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea

Like a man's hand and soon the heaven was black.

With clouds and rain Here, Philip,  
read, I cannot,

I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim

Before mine eyes

*Philip* (reading) "To King Antiochus

The God I propose"

*Ant* O moody!

Even Lysias laughs at me!—Go on.

*Philip* (re-reading) "We pray thee

hasten thy return. The realm

Is falling from thee. Since thou hast

gone for us

The victories of Judas Maccabeus

I form all our annual. First he over-

threw [on

Thy fortress at Beth-horon and passed

And took Jerusalem, the Holy City

And then Ptolemy fell, and then

Bethsura,

Iphron and all the towns of Galilee

And Maccabeus marched to Carmel"

*Ant* Enough, enough! Go call my

chariot men

We will drive forward, forward with

our eagles

Until we come to Antioch. My cap-

tains,

My Lysias, Gorgias, Saron and

Nicanor,

Are labor in battle, and it is dreadful

Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and my crown

My elephants shall trample him to dust

I will wipe out his nation, and will make

Jerusalem a common burying place

And every home within its walls a tomb!

(*Throws up his hands and sinks into the arms of attendants, who lay him upon a bank*)

*Philip* Antiochus! Antiochus! Alas!

The King is ill! What is it, O my lord?

*Ant* Nothing. A sudden and sharp spasm of pain [knife

As if the lightning struck me or the

Of an assassin smote me to the heart.

Tis passed, even as it came. Let us

set forward [readiness

*Philip* See that the chariots be in

We will depart forthwith

*Ant* A moment more.

I cannot stand. I am become at once

## TRANSLATIONS

Weak as an infant Ye will have to  
lead me

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name  
Thou wouldst be named,—it is like  
to me,— [treat

If I knew how to pray, I would en-  
To live a little longer

*Philip* O my lord,  
Thou shalt not die, we will not let  
thee die!

*Ant* How canst thou help it,  
*Philip?* Oh the pun!

Stab after stab Thou hast no shield  
against

This unseen weapon God of Israel,  
Since all the other gods abandon me,  
Help me I will release the Holy  
City, [Temple

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy  
Thy people, whom I judged to be un-  
worthy [equal

To be so much as buried, shall be  
Unto the citizens of Antioch  
I will become a Jew, and will declare  
Through all the world that is inhabited  
The power of God!

*Philip* He fumes It is like death  
Bring here the royal litter We will  
bear him

Into the camp, while yet he lives

*Ant* O Philip,

Into what tribulation am I come!

Alas! I now remember all the evil  
I have done the Jews, and for this  
cause [behold

These troubles are upon me, and  
I perish through great grief in a  
strange land

*Philip* Antiochus! my King!

*Ant* Nay, King no longer  
Take thou my royal robes, my signet-  
ring, [them

My crown and sceptre, and deliver  
Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator,  
And unto the good Jews my citizens,  
In all my towns, say that their dying  
monarch

Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and  
health

I who, puffed up with pride and  
arrogance

Thought all the kingdoms of the earth  
mine own,

If I would but outstretch my hand  
and take them,

Meet face to face a greater potentate,  
King Death—Epiphanes—the illus-  
trious! [Dies

## Translations

### COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

#### FROM THE SPANISH

[DON JORGE MANRIQUE the author of the following poem flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana in his History of Spain, makes honourable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Ucles; and speaks of him as 'a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame.' He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Calavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476 according to Mariana, in the town of Ucles; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocafia. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful, and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

O LET the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs,  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not, but the past—the past,  
More highly prize

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps  
Till life is done,  
And, did we judge of time right  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one

Let no one fondly dream again,  
That Hope in all her shadowy train  
Will not decay,  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old  
Remembered like a tale that's told  
They pass away

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathomed boundless sea,  
The silent grave!  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave

Thither the mighty torrents stray  
Thither the brook pursues its way  
And tinkling rill  
There all are equal, side by side  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,  
Lies poisonous dew

To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth, the Good and  
Wise

To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common  
lot,

But the world comprehended not  
His Deity

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above  
So let us choose that narrow way  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place  
Life is the running of the race  
We reach the goal  
When in the mansions of the blest  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul

Did we but use it as we ought  
This world would school each wan-  
dering thought  
To its high state

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
Up to that better world on high,  
For which we wait

Yes, the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came,  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase,  
Amid a world of treachery!  
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances  
strange

Disastrous accident, and change,  
That come to all,  
Even in the most exalted state  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate,  
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth in  
parts

In life's first stage,  
These shall become a heavy weight,  
When Time swings wide his outward  
To weary age. [gate

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,  
In long array,  
How, in the onward course of time,  
The landmarks of that race sublime  
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
Shall rise no more  
Others by guilt and crime maintain  
The scutcheon that, without a stain,  
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart!  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,  
The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart

These gifts in Fortune's hands are  
found,  
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone!  
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on

Even could the hand of avarice save  
Its gilded baubles till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,  
Let none on such poor hopes rely,  
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,  
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust,  
They fade and die,  
But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom  
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask  
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
What are they all,  
But the fleet coursoers of the chase,  
And death an ambush in the race,  
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,  
Brook no delay, but onward speed  
With loosened rein,  
And, when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad career,  
But strive in vain

Could we new charms to age impart,  
And fashion with a cunning art  
The human face,  
As we can clothe the soul with light,  
And make the glorious spirit bright  
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour  
Should we exert that magic power,  
What ardour show,  
To deck the sensual slave of sin  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,  
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
Famous in history and in song  
Of olden time,  
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?  
Pontiff and priest and sceptred throng?  
On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death  
As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,  
Neither its glory nor its shame  
Has met our eyes,  
Nor of Rome's great and glorious  
dead,  
Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
Their histories

Little avails it now to know  
Of ages passed so long ago,  
Nor how they rolled,  
Our theme shall be of yesterday,  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
Like days of old

Where is the King Don Juan? Where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragon?

Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the  
eye,

And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,  
What were they but a pageant scene?  
What but the garlands, gay and green,  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and  
where

Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,  
And odours sweet?

Where are the gentle knights, that  
came

To kneel, and breathe love's ardent  
flame,  
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?

Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore?

Where is the mazy dance of old,  
The flowing robes, inwrought with  
gold,

The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride  
O in what winning smiles arrayed  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside!

But O how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray!

She that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away

The countless gifts, the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls  
All filled with gold,  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought  
Chambers with nuptial treasures fraught  
Of wealth untold,

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
In rich array  
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!  
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,  
They passed away

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
Unskilled to reign,  
What a gay brilliant court had he,  
When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train!

But he was mortal, and the breath,  
That flamed from the hot forge of  
Blasted his years, [Death  
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,  
When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true  
And gallant Master whom we knew  
Most loved of all,  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride  
He on the gloomy scaffold died  
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care  
His villages and villas fair,  
His mighty power  
What were they all but grief and shame  
Tears and a broken heart, when came  
The parting hour?

His other brothers proud and high  
Masters who in prosperity,  
Might rival kings,  
Who made the bravest and the best  
The bondsmen of their high behest  
Their underlings,

What was their prosperous estate  
When high exalted and elate  
With power and pride?  
What but a transient gleam of light  
A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name  
Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
And baron brave

That might the sword of empire wield,  
All these, O Death, hast thou con-  
cealed

In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
Can overthrow

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,  
Pennon and standard flouting high,  
And flag displayed,  
High battlements intrenched around  
Bastion and mortared wall, and mound,  
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee  
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
Unerringly

O World! so few the years we live  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!

Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed

Our days are covered o'er with grief  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom,  
Left desolate of real good  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair  
Midway so many toils appear  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a  
groan  
By the hot sweat of toil alone  
And weary hearts,  
Fleet footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow  
Its form departs

And he the good man's shield and  
shade  
To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
As Virtue's son  
Rodene Manrique, he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion,

His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy,—  
Ye saw his deeds ! [sung ?  
Why should their praise in verse be  
The name, that dwells on every tongue,  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend, how kind to all  
The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal sief !  
To foes how stern a foe was he !  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise,  
What grace in youthful gaieties,  
In all how sage !  
Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely brave  
A lion's rage

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
At battle's call,  
His, Scipio's virtue his, the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal

His was a Trajan's goodness his  
A Titus' noble charities  
And righteous laws,  
The arm of Hector, and the might  
Of Tully to maintain the right  
In truth's just cause,

The clemency of Antonine  
Aurelius countenance divine,  
Firm gentle, still,  
The eloquence of Adrian,  
And Theodosius love to man,  
And generous will,

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command,  
The faith of Constantine, ay, more,  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land

He left no well-filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,  
Nor massive pile,  
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,  
City and tower and castled wall  
Were his estate

Upon the hard-fought battle ground,  
Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
A common grave,  
And there the warrior shroud did gain  
The rents, and the long vassal train,  
That conquest gave

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
The honoured and exalted grade  
His worth had gained,  
So, in the dark, disastrous hour  
Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
His hand sustained

After high deeds, not left untold,  
In the stern warfare, which of old  
Twas his to share,  
Such noble leagues he made, that  
more

And further regions, than before,  
His guerdon were

These are the records half effaced,  
Which, with the hand of youth he  
traced

On history's page,  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age

By his unvalued skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth adored,  
He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,  
Knight of the Sword

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power,  
But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
Soon his own banner was displayed  
From every tower

By the tried valour of his hand,  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served,  
Let Portugal repeat the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the  
glory

His arms deserted

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw  
Had been cast down,  
When he had served with patriot zeal,  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown,

And done such deeds of valour strong  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all  
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call,

Saying, " Good Cavalier prepare  
To leave this world of toil and care  
With joyful mien,

Let thy strong heart of steel this day  
Put on its armour for the fray,  
The closing scene

' Since thou hast been, in battle strife,  
So prodigal of health and life,  
For earthly fame  
I et virtue nerve thy heart again  
Loud on the last stern battle plain  
They call thy name.

' Think not the struggle that draws  
near  
Too terrible for man, nor fear  
To meet the foe  
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave  
On earth below

" A life of honour and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth,  
'Tis but a name,  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life which lends  
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
Wealth cannot purchase nor the high  
And proud estate,  
The soul in dalliance laid the spirit  
Corrupt with sin shall not inherit  
A joy so great

" But the good monk in cloistered cell,  
Shall gain it by his book and bell  
His prayers and tears, [dures  
And the brave knight whose arm en  
Fierce battle and against the Moors  
His standard rears

" And thou brave knight, whose hand  
has poured  
The life blood of the Pagan horde  
O'er all the land  
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length  
The guerdon of thine earthly strength  
And dauntless hand

" Cheered onward by this promise sure  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess  
Depart thy hope is certainty  
The third the better life on high,  
Shalt thou possess

" O Death no more no more delay !  
My spirit longs to flee away  
And be at rest,  
The will of Heaven my will shall be,  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest

" My soul is ready to depart,  
No thought rebels, the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh,  
The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when tis God's sovereign  
will

That we shall die.

" O Thou that for our sins didst take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth,  
Thou, that to thy Divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,

" And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently,  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
Oh, pardon me !

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind,  
Embraced by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye  
So soft and kind,

His soul to Him who gave it, rose  
God lead it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest !  
And though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.

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## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE  
VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! who with thine amorous  
sylvan songs  
Hast broken the slumber that en-  
compassed me  
Who mad'st thy crook from the  
recursed tree  
On which thy powerful arms were  
stretched so long !  
Lead me to mercy's ever flowing foun-  
tains,  
For thou my shepherd, guard, and  
guide shalt be,  
I will obey thy voice and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the  
mountains  
Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy  
flock art dying  
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins,  
for thou



Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's  
 vow  
 Oh, wait ! to thee my weary soul is  
 crying,  
 Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when  
 I see,  
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou art  
 waiting still for me ?

~~~~~  
 THE IMAGE OF GOD  
 FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO  
 DE ALDANA

O LORD ! who seest, from yon starry  
 height  
 Centred in one the future and the  
 past [how fast  
 Fashioned in thine own image, see

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The world obscures in me what  
 once was bright !  
 Eternal Sun ! the warmth which thou  
 hast given,  
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast  
 decays,  
 Yet in the hoary winter of my days,  
 For ever green shall be my trust in  
 Heaven  
 Celestial King ! Oh let thy presence  
 pass  
 Before my spirit, and an image fair  
 Shall meet that look of mercy from  
 on high,  
 As the reflected image in a glass  
 Doth meet the look of him who  
 seeks it there,  
 And owes its being to the gazer's  
 eye



TO MORROW

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE  
VEGA

LORD, what am I that with unceasing  
care  
Thou didst seek after me, that thou  
didst wait  
We: with unhealthy dews before  
my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter  
there?  
O strange delusion! that I did not  
greet  
Thy blest approach, and oh, to  
Heaven how lost  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds  
upon thy feet  
How oft my guardian angel gently  
cried  
'Soul from thy casement look, and  
thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait  
for thee!  
And oh! how often to that voice of  
sorrow,  
"To-morrow we will open," I re-  
plied,  
And when the morrow came I an-  
swered sullen, "To-morrow"

THE NATIVE LAND

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO  
DE ALDANA

CLEAR fount of light! my native land  
on high  
Bright with a glory that shall never  
fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a veil or  
shade  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal  
essence  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble  
breath,  
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glo-  
rious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears  
not death.  
Beloved country! banished from thy  
shore  
A stranger in this prison-house of  
clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs  
for thee!

Heavenward the bright perfections I  
adore

Direct, and the sure promise cheers  
the way,  
That, whither love aspires, there  
shall my dwelling be.

THE BROOK

FROM THE SPANISH

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird  
and tree!  
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of  
the morn!  
The soul of April, unto whom are  
born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild  
in thee!  
Although, where'er thy devious cur-  
rent strays,  
The lap of earth with gold and  
silver teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding brighter  
seems  
Than golden sands, that charm each  
shepherd's gaze.  
How without guile thy bosom, all  
transparent  
As the pure crystal, let the curious  
eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round  
pebbles count!  
How without malice murmuring  
glides thy current!  
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!  
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to  
dwell in limpid fount!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT

FROM DANTE PURGATORIO II

AND now behold! as at the approach  
of morning  
Through the gross vapours, Mars  
grows fiery red  
Down in the west upon the ocean  
floor,  
Appeared to me,—may I again behold  
it!—  
A light along the sea, so swiftly  
coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is  
equalled  
And when therefrom I had withdrawn  
a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question my  
conductor,

Again I saw it brighter grown and  
 larger  
 Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
 I knew not what of white, and  
 underneath,  
 Little by little, there came forth  
 another  
 My master yet had uttered not a word,  
 While the first whiteness into wings  
 unfolded,  
 But, when he clearly recognized the  
 pilot  
 He cried aloud "Quick, quick, and  
 bow the knee!  
 Behold the Angel of God! fold up  
 thy hands!  
 Henceforward shalt thou see such  
 officers!  
 See, how he scorns all human argu-  
 ments,  
 So that no our he wants, nor other  
 sail  
 Than his own wings, between so  
 distant shores!  
 See, how he holds them, pointed  
 straight to heaven,  
 Fanning the air with the eternal  
 pinions,  
 That do not moult themselves like  
 mortal hair!  
 And then, as nearer and more near us  
 came  
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious  
 he appeared  
 So that the eye could not sustain his  
 presence  
 But down I cast it, and he came to  
 shore  
 With a small vessel, gliding swift  
 and light,  
 So that the waters swallowed nought  
 thereof  
 Upon the stern stood the Celestial  
 Pilot!  
 Beatitude seemed written in his face!  
 And more than a hundred spirits sat  
 within  
 "*In exitu Israel de Aegypto!*"  
 Thus sang they all together in one  
 voice,  
 With whatso in that Psalm is after  
 written  
 Then made he sign of holy rood upon  
 them,  
 Whereat all cast themselves upon  
 the shore,  
 And he departed swiftly as he came

## THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE PURGATORIO, XXVIII

LONGING already to search in and  
 round  
 The heavenly forest, dense and living  
 green,  
 Which tempered to the eyes the  
 new born day,  
 Withouten more delay I left the bank  
 Crossing the level country, slowly,  
 slowly,  
 Over the soil, that everywhere  
 breathed fragrance  
 A gently-breathing air, that no muta-  
 tion  
 Had in itself, smote me upon the  
 forehead,  
 No heavier blow, than of a pleasant  
 breeze,  
 Whereat the tremulous branches  
 readily  
 Did all of them bow downward  
 towards that side  
 Where its first shadow casts the  
 Holy Mountain,  
 Yet not from their upright direction  
 bent  
 So that the little birds upon their tops  
 Should cease the practice of their  
 tuneful art,  
 But, with full-throated joy, the hours of  
 prime  
 Singing received they in the midst of  
 foliage  
 That made monotonous burden to  
 their rhymes,  
 Even as from branch to branch it  
 gathering swells,  
 Through the pine forests on the  
 shore of Chirassi,  
 When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco  
 Already my slow steps had led me on  
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
 Could see no more the place where  
 I had entered  
 And lo! my further course cut off a  
 river,  
 Which, towards the left hand, with  
 its little waves  
 Bent down the grass, that on its  
 margin sprung [are  
 All waters that on earth most limpid  
 Would seem to have within them-  
 selves some mixture,  
 Compared with that, which nothing  
 doth conceal,

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Although it moves on with a brown,  
brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that  
never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the  
moon

### BEATRICE

FROM DANTE PURGATORIO, XXX.,  
XXVI

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final sum-  
mons,  
Shall rise up quickened, each one  
from his grave,  
Wearing again the garments of the  
flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,  
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*  
Ministers and messengers of life  
eternal.

They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui*  
*venis*

And scattering flowers above and  
round about,

' *Manibus o date lilia plenis*

Oft have I seen at the approach of day,  
The orient sky all stained with  
roseate hues

And the other heaven with light  
serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising over  
shadowed,

So that by temperate influence of  
vapours

The eye sustained his aspect for long  
while,

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers  
Which from those hands angelic

were thrown up,

And down descended inside and  
without

With crown of olive o'er a snow white  
veil

Appeared a lady under a green  
mantle

Vested in colours of the living flame

Even as the snow, among the living  
rafters

Upon the back of Italy, congeals  
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian

winds

And then dissolving filters through  
itself

Where'er the land that loses  
shadow, breathes,

Like as a taper melts before a fire,  
Even such I was without a sigh or  
tear,

Before the song of those who chime  
for ever

After the chiming of the eternal  
spheres,

But, when I heard in those sweet  
melodies

Compassion for me, more than had  
they said,

"Oh wherefore lady, dost thou  
thus consume him?"

The ice that was about my heart con-  
gealed,

To air and water changed, and, in  
my anguish,

Through lips and eyes came gushing  
from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together  
mingled,

Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out  
of my mouth,

To understand it one had need of  
sight

Even as a cross bow breaks, when its  
discharged

Too tensely drawn the bow string  
and the bow,

And with less force the arrow hits  
the mark,

So I gave way beneath this heavy  
burden,

Gushing forth into bitter tears and  
sighs

And the voice, fainting, flagged  
upon its passage.

### SPRING

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
DORLEANS XV CENTURY

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!

For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou, thou makest the sad heart

gay

He sees thee and calls to his gloomy  
train,

The sleet, and the snow, and the  
wind and the rain

And they shrink away, and they flee in  
fear,

When thy merry step draws near



Winter giveth the fields and the trees,  
 so old,  
 Their beards of icicles and snow,  
 And the rain, it runneth so fast and  
 cold,  
 We must cover over the embers low.  
 And, snugly housed from the wind  
 and weather,  
 Mope like birds that are changing  
 feather

But the storm retires, and the sky  
 grows clear,  
 When thy merry step draws near

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy  
 sky  
 Wrap him round with a mantle of [cloud,  
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is  
 nigh, [shroud,  
 Thou tearst away the mournful

And the earth looks bright, and  
 Winter surly  
 Who has toiled for nought both late  
 and early,  
 Is banished afar by the new-born  
 year  
 When thy merry step draws near

THE CHILD ASLEEP

FROM THE FRENCH

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy  
 father's face,  
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips  
 have pressed!  
 Sleep little one, and closely gently  
 place  
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's  
 breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little  
 friend  
 Soft sleep shall come that cometh  
 not to me!  
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee,  
 defend,  
 'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone  
 for thee!

His arms fall down, sleep sits upon  
 his brow  
 His eye is closed, he sleeps, nor  
 dreams of harm  
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy  
 glow,  
 Would you not say he slept on  
 Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with  
 affright!  
 Awake and chase this fatal thought!  
 Unclose  
 Thine eye but for one moment on the  
 light!  
 Even at the price of thine, give me  
 repose!

Sweet error! he but slept—I breathe  
 again,  
 Come gentle dreams the hour of  
 sleep beguile!  
 Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in  
 vain,  
 Beside me watch to see thy waking  
 smile?

THE GRAVE

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

FOR thee was a house built  
 Ere thou wast born,  
 For thee was a mould meant  
 Ere thou of mother camest.  
 But it is not made ready,  
 Nor its depth measured,  
 Nor is it seen  
 How long it shall be  
 Now I bring thee  
 Where thou shalt be,  
 Now I shall measure thee  
 And the mould afterwards

Thy house is not  
 Highly timbered,  
 It is unhigh and low,  
 When thou art therein,  
 The heel ways are low  
 The side-ways unhigh  
 The roof is built  
 Thy breast full high  
 So thou shalt in mould  
 Dwell full cold,  
 Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
 And dark it is within,  
 There thou art fast detained  
 And Death hath the key  
 Loathsome is that earth-house,  
 And grim within to dwell  
 There thou shalt dwell,  
 And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,  
 And leavest thy friends.  
 Thou hast no friend,  
 Who will come to thee,  
 Who will ever see  
 How that house pleaseth thee,  
 Who will ever open  
 The door for thee  
 And descend after thee,  
 For soon thou art loathsome  
 And hateful to see

THE HAPPIEST LAND

FROM THE GERMAN

THERE sat one day in quiet  
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
 Four hale and hearty fellows,  
 And drank the precious wine.  
 The landlord's daughter filled their  
 cups  
 Around the rustic board,



Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But when the muid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand  
And cried, all hot and flushed with  
wine

"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with this compare ,  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there ,

"Hail !" cried a Saxon laughing,  
And dashed his beard with wine ,

"I had rather live in Lapland  
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this earth,  
It is the Saxon land !  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand !

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian  
and Saxon !"

A bold Bohemian cries ,  
"If there's a heaven upon this earth  
In Bohemia it lies

"There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,

And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said "Ye may no more con-  
tend —

There lies the happiest land ! "

KING CHRISTIAN

*A National Song of Denmark*

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES  
EVALD

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty  
mast

In mist and smoke,  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it  
passed

Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
In mist and smoke.

Fly ! " shouted they, fly, he who  
can !

Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
The stroke ?

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's  
roar,

Now is the hour !

He hoisted his blood-red flag once  
more

And smote upon the foe full sore  
And shouted loud through the tem-  
pest's roar

" Now is the hour !

" Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter  
fly !

Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
The power ?

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
Thy murky sky !

Then champions to thine arms were  
sent

Terror and Death glared where he  
went

From the waves was heard a wail that  
rent

Thy murky sky !

From Denmark thunders Torden-  
skjol

Let each to Heaven commend his  
soul

And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !  
Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despite  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,

Dark-rolling wave !

And amid pleasures and alarms  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
My grave !

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

" WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?  
Whither with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou ?

I am the Wave of Life  
Stained with my margin's dust,  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN

How they so softly rest,  
All they the holy ones,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near !  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down sinking !

And they no longer weep  
Here, where complaint is still !  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies !  
And by the cypresses  
Softly overshadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber !

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go,  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow

" The clouds are passing far and high,  
We little birds in them play,  
And everything, that can sing and fly,  
Goes with us, and far away





SONG OF THE BELL

FROM THE GERMAN

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,  
When the bridal party  
To the church doth hie !  
Bell ! thou sonndest solemnly,  
When on Sabbath morning,  
Fields deserted lie !  
Bell ! thou soundest merrily ,  
Teltest thou at evening,  
Bed-time draweth nigh !  
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully ,  
Teltest thou the bitter  
Parting hath gone by !  
Say ! how canst thou mourn ?  
How canst thou rejoice ?  
Thou art but metal dull !  
And yet all our sorrowings  
And all our rejoicings  
Thou dost feel them all !  
God hath wonders many  
Which we cannot fathom  
Placed within thy form !  
When the heart is sinking  
Thou alone canst raise it  
Trembling in the storm !

THE BLACK KNIGHT

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

Twas Pentecost the Feast of Glad-  
ness [sadness]  
When woods and fields put off all  
Thus began the King and spake  
So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls  
A luxuriant Spring shall break.  
Drums and trumpets echo loudly  
Wave the crimson banners proudly  
From balcony the King looked on,  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.  
To the banner of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.  
Sir Knight ! your name and  
scutcheon say !  
'Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear,  
I am a Prince of mighty sway !  
When he rode into the lists [mists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with  
And the castle gan to rock ,

At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle bow  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances  
Torch-light through the high hall's  
glances ,  
Waves a mighty shadow in ,  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin ,  
Danced in sable iron sark  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around ,  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame ,  
Twixt son and daughter all dis-  
traught  
With mournful mind  
The ancient King reclined  
Gazed at them in silent thought.  
Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took  
'Golden wine will make you  
whole !'  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank .  
Oh that draught was very  
cool !

Each the father's breast embraces  
Son and daughter , and their faces  
Colourless grow utterly ,  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
He beholds his children die.

Woe ! the blessed children both  
Fakest thou in the joy of youth  
'Take me too the joyless father !'  
Spake the grim Guest  
From his hollow, cavernous breast  
Roses in the spring I gather !"

BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN

I know a maiden fair to see,  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !



She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care ! [down,  
She gives a side glance, and looks  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care !  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care ! [show,  
She knows how much it is best to  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven, fair,  
Take care !

S

It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not  
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS

INTO the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly  
gather  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on  
the strand  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither O thither  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning  
visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's  
pledge and band!  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth  
stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR

PENTECOST day of rejoicing, had come The church of the village  
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,  
Decked with the brazen cock the friendly flames of the Spring-sun  
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.  
Clear was the heaven and blue and May, with her cap crowned with roses,  
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet  
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace! with lips rosy united  
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches  
Birds were singing their carol a jubilant hymn to the Highest  
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour  
Stood its old-fashioned gate, and within upon each cross of iron  
Hung was a fragrant garland new-twined by the hands of affection.  
Even the dirt that stood on a mound among the departed  
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms.  
Like to the patriarch hoary the sage of his kith and the hamlet  
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,  
So stood the ancient prophet and mute with his pencil of iron  
Marked on the tablet of stone and measured the time and its changes,  
While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in quiet.  
Also the church within was adorned for this was the season  
When the young their parents hope and the loved-ones of heaven,  
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism  
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was  
Blown from the walls and ceiling and from the oil-painted benches  
There stood the church like a garden, the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions  
Saw we in living presentment From noble arms on the church wall  
Grew forth a cluster of leaves and the preacher's pulpit of oak wood  
Budded once more anew as aforetime the rod before Aaron.  
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves and the dove washed with silver,  
Under its canopy fastened had on it a necklace of wind-flowers  
But in front of the choir round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg  
Crept a garland gigantic and bright curling tresses of angels  
Peeped like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.  
Likewise the lustre of brass new polished, blinked from the ceiling  
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets



Loud ring the bells already , the thronging crowd was assembled  
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching  
 Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,  
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits,  
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,  
 So cast off the soul its garments of earth , and with one voice  
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal  
 Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land  
 Tuned to the choral of Luther , the song on its mighty pinions  
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
 And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor  
 Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher  
 Father he hight and he was in the parish , a Christianly plainness  
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters  
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur  
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss covered gravestone a sunbeam  
 As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly

Gleams in the human soul even now, from the day of creation)  
 Th Artist the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos  
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven so seemed then the old man,  
 Such was the glance of his eye and such were his tresses of silver  
 All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered  
 But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand the old man  
 Nodding all hail and peace disappeared in the innermost chancel

Simply and solely now proceeded the Christian service  
 Singing and prayer and not an ardent discourse from the old man  
 Many a moving word and warning that out of the heart came  
 Fell like the dew of the morning like manna on those in the desert  
 Then when all was finished the Teacher re entered the chancel  
 Followed therein by the young 'The boys on the right had their places  
 Delicate figures with close curling hair and cheeks rose-blooming  
 But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies  
 Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens —  
 Folding their hands in prayer and their eyes cast down on the pavement  
 Now came, with question and answer the catechism. In the beginning  
 Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice but the old man's  
 Glances of kindness encouraged them soon and the doctrines eternal  
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains so clear from lips unpolished  
 Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as the, named the Redeemer,  
 Lowly bowed the boys and lowly the maidens all courted  
 Friendly the Teacher stood like an angel of light there among them,  
 And to the children explained the holy the highest in few words  
 Thorough yet simple and clear for sublimity always is simple  
 Both in sermon and song a child can seize on its meaning  
 Even as the green growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,  
 Leaf by leaf puts forth and warmed by the radiant sunshine  
 Blushes with purple and gold till at last the perfected blossom  
 Opens its odorous chalice and rocks with its crown in the breezes  
 So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,  
 Line by line from the soul of childhood The fathers and mothers  
 Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well worked answer

Now went the old man up to the altar, —and straightway transfigured  
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher  
 Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment  
 Stood he the God commissioned the soul's archer earthward descending  
 Glances sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent  
 Shot he his voice was deep was low like the thunder afar off  
 So on a sudden transfigured he stood there he spake, and he questioned

"This is the faith of the Fathers the faith the Apostles delivered  
 This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you while still ye  
 Lay on your mother's breasts and nearer the portals of heaven  
 Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom  
 Wakened from sleep are ye now and the light in its radiant splendour  
 Downward rains from the heaven, —to-day on the threshold of childhood  
 Kindly she frees you again to examine and make your election  
 For she knows nought of compulsion and only conviction desireth  
 This is the hour of your trial, the turning point of existence,  
 Seed for the coming days, without revocation departeth  
 Now from your lips the confession Bethink ye before ye make answer I  
 Think not, oh think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher  
 Sharp is his eye to-day and a curse ever rests upon falsehood,  
 Enter not with a lie on Life's journey, the multitude hears you,  
 Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy  
 Standeth before your sight as a witness, the Judge everlasting

Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him  
 Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal  
 Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created?  
 Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united?  
 Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to cherish  
 God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?  
 Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by your living,  
 Th heavenly faith of affection I to hope to forgive and to suffer,  
 Be what it may your condition and walk before God in uprightness?  
 Will ye promise me this before God and man? —With a clear voice  
 Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing  
 Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher  
 Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,  
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers

"Hail, then hail to you all! To the heirloom of heaven be ye welcome!  
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!  
 Yet—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven  
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,  
 Ruling them all as his household—forgiving in turn and chastising,  
 That is of human life a picture as Scripture has taught us  
 Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue  
 Resteth the Christian Faith she herself from on high is descended  
 Strong as a man and pure as a child Is the sun of the doctrine,  
 Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for  
 Oh, no ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
 Downward and ever downward and deeper in Age's chill valley  
 Oh, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward  
 Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun illumined, where Judgment  
 Stood like a father before you and Pardon, child like a mother,  
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,  
 Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!  
 Seventy years have I lived already, the Father eternal  
 Gave me gladness and care, but the loveliest hours of existence,  
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,  
 Known them all again,—they were my childhood's acquaintance  
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,  
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood!  
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,  
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily, on life's roaring billows  
 Swings she in safety she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping  
 Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men, in the desert  
 Angels descend and minister unto her, she herself knoweth  
 Nought of her glorious attendance but follows faithful and humble,  
 Follows so long as she may her friend Oh do not reject her  
 For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens—  
 Prayer is Innocence friend, and willingly fieth incessant  
 'Twixt the earth and the sky the carrier pigeon of heaven  
 Son of Eternity, fettered in Time and an exile, the Spirit  
 Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward  
 Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,  
 Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets,  
 Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels  
 Then grows the earth too narrow, too close, and homesick for heaven  
 Longs the wanderer again, and the Spirit's longings are worship,  
 Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty  
 Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,  
 Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,  
 Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children

Turns he ne'er from his door but he heeds and helps and consoles them  
 Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,  
 Pry in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful fortune  
 Kneels before the Eternal's throne, and with hands interfolded,  
 Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings  
 Or do ye know ye children one blessing that comes not from Heaven?  
 What has mankind, forsooth the poor! that it has not received?  
 Therefore fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs idoring  
 Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who  
 Hung his masonry pendant on nought, when the world he created  
 Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory  
 Races blossom and die and stars fall downward from heaven  
 Downward like withered leaves, at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums  
 Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them but counts them as nothing  
 Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the judge is terrible,  
 Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger  
 Hillocks skip like the kid and mountains leap like the roebuck.  
 Yet—why are ye afraid ye children? This awful avenger,  
 Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,  
 Not in the fire nor the storm but it was in the whispering breezes  
 Love is the root of creation God's essence worlds without number  
 Lie in his bosom like children he made them for this purpose only  
 Only to love and to be loved again he breathed forth his spirit  
 Into the slumbering dust and upright standing, it laid its  
 Hand on its heart and felt it was warm with life out of heaven  
 Quench oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being  
 Love is life, but hatred is death Not father nor mother  
 Loved you, as God has loved you, for 'twas that you may be happy  
 Gave he his only Son When he bowed down his head in the death hour  
 Solemnized Love's triumph, the sacrifice then was completed  
 Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple dividing  
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising  
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other  
 The answer but dreamed of before to creation's enigma—Atonement!  
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths for Love is Atonement  
 Therefore child of mortality love thou the merciful Father,  
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear but affliction,  
 Fear is the virtue of slaves but the heart that loveth is willing,  
 Perfect was before God and perfect is Love and Love only  
 Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren,  
 One is the sun in heaven, and one only one, is Love also  
 Bears not each human figure the God-like stamp on his forehead?  
 Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing  
 Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown and is he not guided  
 By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?  
 Hateth he thee forgive! For his sweet to strimmer one letter  
 Of the Eternal's language,—on earth it is called Forgiveness!  
 Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples?  
 Earnestly prayed for his foes for his murderers? Say dost thou know him?  
 Ah! thou confessest his name so follow likewise his example,  
 Think of thy brother no ill but throw a veil over his failings,  
 Guide the erring aright for the good, the heavenly shepherd  
 Took the lost lamb in his arms and bore it back to its mother  
 This is the fruit of Love and it is by its fruits that we know it  
 Love is the creature's welfare with God but Love among mortals  
 Is but an endless sigh! He longs and endures, and stands waiting,  
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids  
 Hope—so is called upon earth, his recompence,—Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful  
 Plunges her anchor's peil in the depths of the grave, and beneath it  
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !  
 Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise  
 Having nought else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,  
 Him who has given us more for to us his Hope been transfigured,  
 Groping no longer in night, she is Faith, she is living assurance  
 Faith is enlightened Hope, she is light, is the eye of affection,  
 Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble  
 Faith is the sun of life, and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,  
 For she has looked upon God, the Laven on its stable foundation  
 Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh  
 Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending  
 There enraptured she wanders and looks at the figures majestic  
 Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead  
 Therefore love and believe, for works will follow spontaneous  
 Even as day does the sun, the Right from the Good is an offspring  
 Love in a bodily shape, and Christian works are no more than  
 Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate Springtime  
 Works do follow us all unto God, there stand and bear witness  
 Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who  
 Hears their confession secure, they are mute upon earth until Death's hand  
 Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children does Death terrify you?  
 Death is the brother of Love, twin brother is he, and is only  
 More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading  
 Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection  
 Places the ransom'd child new born, fore the face of its father  
 Sounds of his coming already I hear—see dimly his pinions,  
 Swart as the night but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him  
 Death is only release and in mercy is mute. On his bosom  
 Freer breathes in its coolness, my breast, and free to face standing  
 Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapours,  
 Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic  
 Nobler, better than I, they stand by the throne all transfigured  
 Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem  
 Writ in the climate of heaven in the language spoken by angels  
 You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather  
 Never forgets he the weary,—then welcome ye loved ones here after!  
 Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,  
 Wander from holiness onward to holiness, earth shall ye heed not,  
 Earth is but dust and heaven is light, I have pledged you to heaven  
 God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,  
 Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!  
 Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,  
 Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father  
 May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,  
 Faithful so far as I knew, of thy word, again may they know me,  
 Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them  
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,  
 Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!

Weeping he spake in these words, and now at the beck of the old man  
 Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure  
 Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly  
 With him the children read at the close with tremulous accents,  
 Asked he the peace of Heaven a benediction upon them  
 Now should have ended his task for the day, the following Sunday  
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Sudden as struck from the clouds stood the Teacher silent and laid his  
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward while thoughts high and  
holy  
Flew through the midst of his soul and his eyes glanced with wonderfu  
brightness

'On the next Sunday, who knows I perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard'  
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a life broken untimely,  
Bow down his head to the earth, why delay? the hour is accomplished  
Warm is the heart — I will for to day grows the harvest of heaven  
What I began accomplish I now, what sifting therein is  
I the old man will answer to God and the reverend father  
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new come in heaven,  
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?  
What it denoteth that know ye full well, I have told it you often  
Of the new covenant symbol it is of Atonement a token,  
Stablished between earth and heaven Man by his sins and transgressions  
Far has wandered from God from his essence 'Twas in the beginning  
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell and it hangs its crown o'er the  
Fall to this day in the Thought is the Fall in the Heart the Atonement.  
Infinite is the Fall — the Atonement infinite likewise  
See I behind me as far as the old man remembers and forward,  
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions  
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.  
Sin is brought forth full grown, but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms  
Still as the cradled babe and dreams of heaven and of angels  
Cannot awake to sensation, is like the tones in the harp's strings,  
Spirits imprisoned that wait evermore the deliverer's finger  
Therefore ye children beloved descended the Prince of Atonement  
Woke the slumberer from sleep and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,  
Bright as the vault of the sky and battles with Sin and overcomes her  
Downward to earth he came and transfigured thence reascended,  
Not from the heart in like wise for there he still lives in the Spirit,  
Loves and atones evermore So long as Time is is Atonement.  
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token  
Tokens are dead if the things live not The light everlasting  
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision  
Neither in bread nor in wine but in the heart that is hallowed  
Loeth forgiveness enshrined, the intention alone of amendment  
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things and removes all  
Sin and the guerdon of sin Only Love with his arms wide extended  
Penitence weeping and prying the Will that is tried and whose gold flows  
Purified forth from the flames, in a word man's mind by Atonement  
Breaketh Atonement's bread and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup  
But he who cometh up hither unworthy, with hate in his bosom,  
Scoffing at men and at God is guilty of Christ's blessed body  
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh  
Death and doom! And from this preserve us thou heavenly Father!  
Are ye ready ye children to eat of the bread of Atonement?  
Thus with emotion he asked and together answered the children  
'Yes!' with deep sobs interrupted Then read he the due supplications,  
Read the Form of Communion and in chimed the organ and anthem  
"O Holy Lamb of God who takest away our transgressions  
Hear us! give us thy peace I have mercy, have mercy upon us!  
Th old man with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids  
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols  
Oh then seemed it to me as if God with the broad eye of midday,  
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard  
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves'grain to shiver



But in the children (I noted it well, I knew it) there ran a  
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members  
Decked like an altar before them there stood the green earth, and above It  
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen, they saw there  
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer  
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings and angels from gold clouds  
Beckon to them like brothers and fun with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their  
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely, [faces,  
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he  
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with the prayer, his hands full of blessings,  
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses

### THE HEMLOCK TREE

FROM THE GERMAN

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !  
Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime !  
O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !  
O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity !  
O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !  
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !  
So long as summer laughs she sings,

But in the autumn spreads her wings !  
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !  
It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !

ANNIE OF THARAW

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood !

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain

As the palm tree standeth so strugled and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow and where the sea flows,  
Through ice and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whatever I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand  
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife,  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whatever my desire is in thine may be seen,  
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen

It is this, O my Annie my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell,  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.



THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS  
FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH  
HFINE

THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars,  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And surer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart,  
My heart and the sea, and the  
heaven  
Are melting away with love I

~~~~~  
THE LEGEND OF THE  
CROSSBILL

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.  
ON the cross the dying Saviour  
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,

Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
In his pierced and bleeding palm

And by all the world forsaken,  
Sees he how with zealous care  
At the ruthless nail of iron  
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease,  
From the cross 'twould free the  
Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release

And the Saviour speaks in mildness  
"Blest be thou of all the good I  
Bear, as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy rood I"

And that bird is called the crossbill,  
Covered all with blood so clear,  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to  
hear

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

### THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS  
MOSEN

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above,  
Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with  
love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers wind,—  
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind

And so stands he calm and childlike,  
High in wind and tempest wild,  
Oh were I like him exalted  
I would be like him a child!

And my songs—green leaves and  
blossoms—

To the doors of heaven would bear,  
Calling even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of air



### POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINGEGEDICHTE OF  
FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

*Seventeenth Century*

#### MONEY

WHEREU'NTO is money good?  
Who has it not wants hardihood  
Who has it has much trouble and care,  
Who once has had it has despair

#### THE BEST MEDICINE.

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose

#### SIN

MAY-LIKE is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God like is it all sin to leave.

#### POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A BLIND man is a poor man, and  
blind a poor man is  
For the better seeth no man, and the  
latter no man sees

#### LAW OF LIFE

LIVE I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbour honestly  
Die I, so die I

### CREEDS

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all  
these creeds and doctrines three  
Extant are, but still the doubt is,  
where Christianity may be

### THE RESTLESS HEART

A MILLSTONE and the human heart  
are driven ever round,  
If they have nothing else to grind, they  
must themselves be ground.

### CHRISTIAN LOVE

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and  
warmth and comfort it bespoke,  
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only  
bites us, like the smoke.

### ART AND TACT

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not  
always are combined,  
Often in a wooden house a golden  
room we find

### RETRIBUTION

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly  
yet they grind exceeding small!  
Though with patience he stands wait-  
ing, with exactness grinds he all

### TRUTH

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking,  
kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha! how soon they all are silent!  
Thus Truth silences the liar

### RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mines should  
sound not well in strangers ears,  
They have only to bethink them that  
it happens so with theirs,  
For so long as words, like mortals, call  
a fatherland their own,  
They will be most highly valued where  
they are best and longest known.



### THE FUGITIVE

*Tartar Song from the Prose Version  
of Chodsko*

#### I

"HE is gone to the desert land!  
I can see the shining mane  
Of his horse on the distant plain  
As he rides with his Kossak band!  
"Come back, rebellious one!  
Let thy proud heart relent,  
Come back to my tall white tent,  
Come back, my only son!"

" This hand in freedom shall  
Cast its hawk when morning breaks,  
On the shores of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lake of Karadag.

" I will give thee leave to stray  
And pasture thy hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the meads  
Of the meadows of Karadag.

" I will give thee my coat of mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With a coat of steel in aid  
Will it not to thee prevail?

## II

" This hand no longer shall  
Cast its hawk when morning breaks  
On the shores of the Seven Lakes  
On the lake of Karadag.

" I will no longer stray  
As I pasture my hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the meads  
Of the meadows of Karadag.

" Though thou give me thy coat of  
mail

Of softest leather made  
With a coat of steel in aid  
All this cannot prevail.

" What need hast thou, O Khan,  
To me, who am mine own  
Who can chase to God alone,  
And not to my errand?

" God will appoint the day  
When I again shall be  
By the blue, shallow sea  
Where the steel brist'rs surgeons play.

" God who doth care for me,  
In the barren wilderness  
On undraining hills no less  
Will my companion be.

" When I wander lonely and lost  
In the ward when I watch at night  
Like a hunting wolf and am white  
And cover'd with hoar frost,

" Yea, wheresoever I be,  
In the yellow desert sands,  
In mountains or unknown lands,  
Allah will care for me!"

## III

THUS Sobra the old, old man,—  
Three hundred and sixty years  
Had he lived in this land of tears,—  
Bowed down and said, " O Khan!

" If you bid me I will speak.  
There's no sap in dry grass,  
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,  
The mind of old men is weak!

" I am old, I am very old  
I have seen the primeval man,  
I have seen the great Gengis Khan  
Arrived in his robes of gold.

" What I say to you is the truth,  
And I say to you O Khan,  
Pursue not the star white man  
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

" Him the Almighty made  
And brought him forth of the light,  
At the verge and end of the night,  
When men on the mountain prayed.

" He was born at the break of day,  
When abroad the angels walk,  
He hath listened to their talk  
And he knoweth what they say.

" Gifted with Allah's grace  
Like the moon of Ramazan  
When it shines in the skies O Khan,  
Is the light of his beautiful face.

When first on earth he trod  
The first words that he said  
Were these as he stood and prayed  
There is no God but God!

" And he shall be king of men  
For Allah hath heard his prayer,  
And the Archangel in the air,  
Gabriel hath said, Amen!

## THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

*Tartar Song from the Prose Version  
of Chodzko*

BLACK are the waters before Kazan,  
And their stagnant waters smell of  
blood,

I said in my heart, with horse and man,  
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,  
Like new moons were the shoes he  
bare,

Silken trappings hung on his back,  
In a talisman on his neck a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following  
me,

But when I looked behind, alas!

Not one of all the band could I see,  
All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and  
where

The power of Kazan with its four-  
fold gates?

From the prison windows our maidens  
fair

Talk of us still through the iron  
grates.

We cannot hear them, for horse and  
man

Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!  
Ah! the black day hath come down  
on Kazan!

Ah! was ever a grief like this?



### THE BOY AND THE BROOK

*Armenian Popular Song from the  
Prose Version of Alishan*

Down from yon distant mountain  
height

The brooklet flows through the  
village street

A boy comes forth to wash his hands  
Washing yes washing there he  
stands

In the water cool and sweet

Brook, from what mountain dost thou  
come?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!  
I come from yon mountain high and  
cold

Where lieth the new snow on the old  
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the river there below  
Where in bunches the violets grow,  
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the garden in the vale  
Where all night long the nightingale  
Her love song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the fountain at whose brink  
The maid that loves thee comes to  
drink

And whenever she looks therein  
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,  
And my joy is then complete.

### TO THE STORK

*Armenian Popular Song, from the  
Prose Version of Alishan*

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost wing  
Thy flight from the far away!

Thou hast brought us the signs of  
Spring,

Thou hast made our sad hearts gay

Descend, O Stork! descend

Upon our roof to rest,

In our ash-tree, O my friend,

My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork I complain,

O Stork, to thee I impart

The thousand sorrows the pain  
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go

Away from this tree of ours,

The withering winds did blow

And dried up all the flowers

Dark grew the brilliant sky,

Cloudy and dark and drear,

They were breaking the snow on high,

And winter was drawing near

From Varaca's rocky wall,

From the rock of Varaca unrolled,

The snow came and covered all,

And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork our garden with snow

Was hidden away and lost

And the rose-trees that in it grow

Were withered by snow and frost.



### CONSOLATION

*To M Duperrier Gentleman of Aix  
in Provence, on the Death of his  
Daughter*

FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then Duperrier, thy sorrow be  
eternal?

And shall the sad discourse

Whispered within thy heart by ten-  
derness paternal,

Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the  
tomb descending

By death's frequented ways,

Has it become to thee a labyrinth  
never ending,  
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her  
youth a benediction  
Nor should I be content,  
As a censorious friend, to solace thine  
affliction  
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fair-  
est things exposes  
To fates the most forlorn,  
A rose, she too hath lived as long as  
live the roses,  
The space of one brief morn

Death has his rigorous laws, unparal-  
leled, unfeeling,  
All prayers to him are vain,  
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to  
our appealing,  
He leaves us to complain

The poor man in his hut, with only  
thatch for cover,  
Unto these laws must bend,  
The sentinel that guards the barriers  
of the Louvre  
Cannot our kings defend

To murmur against death, in petulant  
defiance,  
Is never for the best,  
To will what God doth will that is  
the only science  
That gives us any rest

# TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

FROM MALHERBE

THOU mighty Prince of Church and  
State,

Richelieu! until the hour of death,  
Whatever road man chooses, Fate  
Still holds him subject to her breath  
Spun of all silks, our days and nights,  
Have sorrows woven with delights,  
And of this intermingled shade  
Our various destiny appears,  
Even as one sees the course of years  
Of summers and of winters made  
Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours  
Let us enjoy the hazy wave,  
Sometimes impending peril lowers  
Beyond the seaman's skill to save  
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,  
That gives to human destinies

Their fore-ordained necessity,  
Has made no law more fixed below,  
Than the alternate ebb and flow  
Of Fortune and Adversity



# THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER  
OF NISMES

AN angel with a radiant face  
Above a cradle bent to look,  
Seemed his own image there to trace,  
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so"  
He whispered, "come, oh come with  
Happy together let us go, [me!]  
The earth unworthy is of thee!"

"Here none to perfect bliss attain,  
The soul in pleasure suffering lies,  
Joy hath an undertone of pain,  
And even the happiest hours their  
sighs

"Fear doth at every portal knock,  
Never a day serene and pure  
From the overshadowing tempest's  
shock [cure]  
Hath made the morrow's dawn se-

"What then, shall sorrows and shall  
fears  
Come to disturb so pure a brow?  
And with the bitterness of tears  
These eyes of azure troubled grow?"

"Ah, no! into the fields of space,  
Away shalt thou escape with me,  
And Providence will grant the grace  
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,  
In sombre vestments draped and  
veiled,  
But let them welcome thy last hour,  
As thy first moments once they  
hailed

"Without a cloud be there each brow,  
There let the grave no shadow cast,  
When one is pure as thou art now,  
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,  
The angel at these words had sped  
Towards the eternal realms of light!—  
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!



TO ITALY

FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY I Italy I thou who art doomed to wear  
The fatal gift of beauty and possess  
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness  
Written upon thy forehead by despair,  
Ah I would that thou wert stronger or less fair,  
That they might fear thee more or love thee less,  
Who in the splendour of thy loveliness  
Seem wasting yet to mortal combat dare!  
Then from the Alps I should not see descending  
Such torrents of armed men nor Gallic horde  
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore  
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword  
Not thine and with the stranger's arm contending  
Victor or vanquished, slave for ever more.

~~~~~

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS

FROM GOETHE

I

THOU that from the heavens art,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest  
And the doubly wretched heart  
Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
I am weary with contending!  
Why this rapture and unrest?  
Peace descending  
Come ah, come into my breast!

II

O'er all the hill tops  
Is quiet now  
In all the tree tops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath,  
The birds are asleep in the trees  
Wait, soon like these  
Thou too shalt rest

~~~~~

REMORSE

FROM AUGUST VON PLATTEN

How I started up in the night, in the night,  
Drawn on without rest or reprieve!  
The streets with their watchmen, were  
lost to my sight,  
As I wandered so light  
In the night in the night  
Through the gate with the arch mediant

The mill brook rushed from the rocky height  
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning,  
Deep under me watched I the waves  
in their flight,  
As they glided so light  
In the night in the night,  
Yet backward not one was returning

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright  
The stars in melodious existence,  
And with them the moon, more serenely be-  
dight,  
They sparkled so light  
In the night in the night  
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night in the night,  
And gazed on the waves in their fleeting,  
Ah woe I thou hast wasted thy days  
in delight  
Now silence thou light,  
In the night, in the night,  
The remorse in thy heart that is beating

~~~~~

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK

FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA

LET nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee,  
All things are passing,  
God never changeth,  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things,  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting,  
Alone God sufficeth.

## Songs.

## SEAWEED

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
 The gigantic  
 Storm wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
 The toiling surges  
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks  
 From Bermuda's reefs, from edges  
 Of sunken ledges  
 In some far off, bright Azore,  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
 Silver flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador,  
 From the tumbling surf, that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas,—  
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main,  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again  
 So when storms of wild emotion  
 Strike the ocean  
 Of the poet's soul, ere long  
 From each cave and rocky fastness,  
 In its vastness,  
 Floats some fragment of a song  
 From the far-off isles enchanted,  
 Heaven has planted  
 With the golden fruit of Truth  
 From the flashing surf, whose vision  
 Gleanis Elysian  
 In the tropic clime of youth,  
 From the strong Will and the En-  
 deavour  
 That for ever  
 Wrestles with the tides of Fate,  
 From the wreck of Hopes far scat-  
 tered,  
 Tempest shattered,  
 Floating waste and desolate,—  
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless heart,

Till at length in books recorded,  
 They like hoarded  
 Household words, no more depart.

## THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in its flight  
 I see the lights of the village  
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
 That my soul cannot resist  
 A feeling of sadness and longing,  
 That is not all in to pain,  
 And resembles sorrow only  
 As the mist resembles the rain  
 Come read to me some poem  
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
 That shall soothe that restless feeling,  
 And banish the thoughts of day  
 Not from the grand old masters,  
 Not from the bards sublime,  
 Whose distant footsteps echo  
 Through the corridors of Time  
 For like strains of martial music,  
 Their mighty thoughts suggest  
 Life's endless toil and endeavour,  
 And to-night I long for rest  
 Read from some humbler poet  
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
 As showers from the clouds of sum-  
 mer,  
 Or tears from the eyelids start,  
 Who, through long days of labour,  
 And nights devoid of ease,  
 Still heard in his soul the music  
 Of wonderful melodies  
 Such songs have power to quiet  
 The restless pulse of care  
 And come like the benediction  
 That follows after prayer  
 Then read from the treasured volume  
 The poem of thy choice,  
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
 The beauty of thy voice

And the night shall be filled with  
music,

And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

THE day is ending  
The night is descending  
The marsh is frozen  
The river dead

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red

The snow recommences  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer

The road over the plain

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell

Shadows are trailing  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell

WALTER VON DER  
VOGELWEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister  
Under Würzburg's minster towers

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest  
They should feed the birds at noon-  
tide

Daily on his place of rest

Saying 'From these wandering min-  
strels

I have learned the art of song,  
Let me now repay the lessons

They have taught so well and long

Thus the bard of love departed,  
And fulfilling his desire

On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bird had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side,  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured "Why this waste of  
food?"

Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood

Then in vain o'er tower and turret  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noon-  
tide

Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir

Time has long effaced the inscrip-  
tions

On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-  
BOOK

WELCOME my old friend  
Welcome to a foreign fireside  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows

The ungrateful world  
Has it seems dealt harshly with thee,  
Since beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee



There are marks of age,  
There are thumbmarks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee  
At the ale house [rudely

Soiled and dull thou art,  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As the leaves with the libations  
Of Olynpus

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed half forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sung them in their smoky barracks,  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roving ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them

Thou hast been their friend,  
They, alas! have left thee friendless!  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome

And as swallows build  
In this wide, old fashioned chimney,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close and warm  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel

~~~~~  
DRINKING SONG

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE  
PITCHER

COME old friend ' sit down and listen !  
From the pitcher placed between us,  
How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus bloated drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs,  
On his breast his head is sunk  
Vacantly he leers and chatters

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow,  
Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo  
And possessing youth eternal

Round about him, fair Bacchantes  
Bearing cymbals, flutes and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxos groves or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delicious verses

Thus he won through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for  
armour

Judged by no over-zealous rigour  
Much thus mystic throng expresses,  
Bacchus was the type of vigour  
And Silenus of excesses

These are ancient ethnic revels  
Of a faith long since forsaken  
Now the Satyrs changed to devils  
Frighten mortals wine overtaken

Now to nuptials from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune tellers,  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains —  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars

Claudius, though he sang of dragons  
And huge tankards filled with  
Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables,  
Never I daresay threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !  
As it passes thus between us  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

~~~~~  
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE  
STAIRS

*L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier  
dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seule-  
ment dans le silence des tombeaux "Tou-  
jours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"*  
JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village  
street

Stands the old fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
"For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who under his cloak,  
Crosses himself and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who  
pass,—

"For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !"

By day its voice is low and light,  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-  
door —

"For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of  
birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has  
stood,

## SONNETS

And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of  
awe,—

"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality,  
His great fires up the chimney roared,  
The stranger feasted at his board,  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never  
ceased,—

"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played  
There youths and maidens dreaming  
strayed,

O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece  
told,—

"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

From that chamber clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding  
night,

There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow,  
And in the hush that followed the  
prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead,  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet  
again?"

As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there  
Where all parting pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disap-  
pen,—

For ever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—

"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

### ~~~~~ THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where,  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where,  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke,  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

---

## Sonnets.

### THE EVENING STAR

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarna-  
dines!

Like a fair lady at her casement,  
shines

The evening star, the star of love  
and rest!

And then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and  
reclines

Behind the sombre screen of yonder  
pines,

With slumber and soft dreams of  
love oppressed

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!  
My morning and my evening star of  
love!

My best and gentlest lady! even  
thus

As that fair planet in the sky above,  
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at  
night,

And from thy darkened window  
fades the light.

AUTUMN

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by  
the rain  
With banners, by great gales in  
cessant fanned  
Brighter than brightest silks of  
Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy  
wain !  
Thou standest, like imperial Charle-  
magne [land  
Upon thy bridge of gold thy royal  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er  
the land  
Blessing the farms through all thy  
vast domain !  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon  
suspended  
So long beneath the heavens o'er-  
hanging eaves  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers  
attended  
Like flames upon an altar shine the  
sheaves,  
And following thee, in thy ovation  
splendid,  
Thine almoner the wind, scatters  
the golden leaves !

DANTE

TUSCAN that wanderest through the  
realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad  
majestic eyes  
Stern thoughts and awful from thy  
soul arise,  
Like Frinata from his fiery tomb  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of  
doom,  
Yet in thy heart what human sym-  
pathies  
What soft compassion glows, as in  
the skies  
The tender stars their clouded  
lamps relume !  
Methinks I see thee stand with pallid  
cheeks  
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,  
As up the convent-walls in golden  
streaks  
The ascending sunbeams mark the  
days decrease,  
And, as he asks what there the  
stranger seeks  
Thy voice along the cloister whis-  
pers, ' Peace ! '

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

I  
WHEN I remember them, those friends  
of mine, [three,  
Who are no longer here, the noble  
Who half my life were more than  
friends to me,  
And whose discourse was like a  
generous wine,  
I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them and  
made us see  
The archetypal man, and what  
might be [sign  
The imptude of Nature's first de-  
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp  
their hands,  
I cannot find them Nothing now  
is left  
But a majestic memory They  
meanwhile  
Wander together in Elvian lands,  
Perchance remembering me, who  
am bereft  
Of their dear presence, and, remember-  
ing smile

II  
IN Attica thy birthplace should have  
been,  
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the  
seas  
Embrace in their arms the Cyclades  
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy  
serene  
And childlike joy of life O Philhelene !  
Around thee would have swarmed  
the Attic bees,  
Homer had been thy friend, or  
Socrates,  
And Plato welcomed thee to his  
demesne  
For thee old legends breathed historic  
breath  
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple  
sea  
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of  
gold !  
Oh what hadst thou to do with cruel  
Death,  
Who wast so full of life, or Death,  
with thee,  
That thou shouldst die before thou  
hadst grown old !

III  
I STAND again on the familiar shore  
And hear the waves of the distracted  
sea

# SONNETS

Piteously calling and lamenting  
 thee  
 And waiting restless at thy cottage  
 door  
 The roofs, the seaweed on the ocean  
 floor  
 The willows in the meadow, and the  
 free  
 Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome  
 me  
 Then why shouldst thou be dead,  
 and come no more?  
 Ah, why shouldst thou be dead when  
 common men  
 Are busy with their trivial affairs,  
 Having and holding? Why, when  
 thou hadst read  
 Nature's mysterious manuscript and  
 then  
 Wast ready to reveal the truth it  
 bears  
 Why art thou silent? Why shouldst  
 thou be dead?

## IV

RIVER, that stealest with such silent  
 peace  
 Around the City of the Dead where  
 A friend who bore thy name, and  
 whom these eyes  
 Shall see no more in his accustomed  
 place  
 Linger and fold him in thy soft em-  
 brace  
 And say good night, for now the  
 western skies  
 Are red with sunset and gray mists  
 arise  
 Like damps that gather on a dead  
 man's face  
 Good night! good night! as we so  
 oft have said  
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the  
 days  
 That are no more, and shall no  
 more return  
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and  
 gone to bed  
 I stay a little longer, as one stays  
 To cover up the embers that still  
 burn

THE door are all wide open, at the  
 gate  
 The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a  
 blaze,  
 And seem to warm the air, a  
 dreamy haze

Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows  
 like a fate,  
 And on their margin, with sea tides  
 ebb  
 The flooded Charles, as in the hap-  
 pier days  
 Writes the last letter of his name,  
 and staves  
 His restless steps, as if compelled to  
 wait  
 I also wait! but they will come no  
 more  
 Those friends of mine, whose pre-  
 sence satisfied  
 The thirst and hunger of my heart  
 Ah me!  
 They have forgotten the pathway to  
 my door!  
 Something is gone from nature since  
 they died  
 And summer is not summer nor can  
 be

## SHAKESPEARE

A vision as of crowded city streets,  
 With human life in endless overflow,  
 Thunder of thoroughfares, trum-  
 pets that blow  
 To battle, clamour in obscure re-  
 treats  
 Of sailors landed from their anchored  
 fleets,  
 Tolling of bells in turrets and be-  
 low  
 Voices of children, and bright  
 flowers that throw  
 O'er garden-walls their intermingled  
 sweets!  
 This vision comes to me when I un-  
 The volume of the Poet paramount,  
 Whom all the Muses loved, not one  
 alone —  
 Into his hands they put the lyre of  
 gold,  
 And, crowned with sacred laurel at  
 their fount,  
 Placed him as Musagetes on their  
 throne

## CHAUCER

AN old man in a lodge within a park,  
 The chamber walls depicted all  
 around  
 With portraiture of huntsman,  
 hawk, and hound,





MILTON

And the hurt deer, he listeneth to  
 the lark,  
 Whose song comes with the sunshine  
 through the dark.  
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice  
 bound,  
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the  
 sound  
 Then writeth in a book like any  
 clerk.  
 He is the poet of the dawn who wrote  
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old  
 age  
 Made beautiful with song, and as I  
 read  
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the  
 note  
 Of lark and linnet and from every  
 page  
 Rise odours of ploughed field or  
 flowery mead.

I PACE the sounding sea beach and  
 behold  
 How the voluminous billows roll  
 and run  
 Upheaving and subsiding while the  
 sun  
 Shines through their sheeted emer-  
 ald far unrolled,  
 And the ninth wave, slow gathering  
 fold by fold  
 All its loose flowing garments into  
 one  
 Plunges upon the shore, and floods the  
 dun  
 Pale reach of sands, and changes  
 them to gold.  
 So in majestic cadence rise and fall  
 The mighty undulation of thy song,  
 O sightless bard, England's Milton-  
 ides

And ever and anon, high over all  
Uplifted a ninth wave, superb and  
strong,  
Floods all the soul with its melo-  
dious seas

~~~~~  
KEATS

THE young Ladmion sleeps Endy-  
mion's sleep  
The shepherd boy whose tale was  
left half told !  
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of  
gold  
To the red rising moon, and loud  
and deep  
The nightingale is singing from the  
steep  
It is midsummer, but the air is cold,  
Can it be death? Alas, beside the  
fold  
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near  
his sheep  
Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble  
white,  
On which I read "Here lieth one  
whose name  
Was writ in water" And was this  
the need  
Of his sweet singing? Rather let me  
write  
"The smoking flax before it burst  
to flame  
Was quenched by death, and bro-  
ken the bruised reed

~~~~~  
THE GALAXY

TORRENT of light and river of the air,  
Along whose bed the glimmering  
stars are seen  
Like gold and silver sands in some  
ravine  
Where mountain streams have left  
their channels bare !  
The Spirit sees in thee, the path-  
way where  
His patron saint descended in the  
sheen  
Of his celestial armour, on serene  
And quiet nights, when all the  
heavens were fair  
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient  
fable  
Of Phaeton's wild course, that  
scorched the skies  
Where'er the hoofs of his hot  
coursers trod,  
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But the white drift of worlds o'er  
charms of sable,  
The star dust, that is whirled aloft  
and flies  
From the invisible chariot wheels of  
God

~~~~~  
THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its  
sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far  
and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising  
tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted  
sweep,  
A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain's  
side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded  
steep,  
So comes to us at times, from the un-  
known  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the  
soul,  
And inspirations that we deem our  
own,  
Are some divine foreshadowing and  
foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or con-  
trol

~~~~~  
A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

THE sun is set, and in his latest  
beams  
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and  
gold,  
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,  
The falling mantle of the prophet  
seems  
From the dim headlands many a  
lighthouse gleams,  
The street-lanterns of the ocean, and  
behold  
O'erhead the banners of the night  
unfold,  
The day hath passed into the land  
of dreams  
O summer day beside the joyous sea !  
O summer day so wonderful and  
white,  
So full of gladness and so full of  
pain !

For ever and for ever shalt thou be  
To some the gravestone of a dead  
delight  
To some the landmark of a new  
domain

~~~~~  
THE TIDES

I SAW the long line of the vacant  
shore,  
The seaweed and the shells upon  
the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare on  
every hand  
As if the ebbing tide would flow no  
more  
Then heard I more distinctly than be-  
fore  
The ocean breathe and its great  
breast expand  
And hurrying came on the defence-  
less land  
The insurgent waters with tumult-  
uous roar  
All thought and feeling and desire I  
said  
Love laughter, and the exultant joy  
of song,  
Have ebbed from me for ever  
Suddenly o'er me  
They swept again from their deep  
ocean bed  
And in a tumult of delight and  
strong  
As youth and beautiful as youth  
upbore me

~~~~~  
A SHADOW

I SAID unto myself if I were dead  
What would befall these children?  
What would be  
their fate who now are looking up  
to me  
For help and furtherance? Their  
lives I said  
Would be a volume wherein I have read  
But the first chapters and no longer  
see  
To read the rest of their dear his-  
tory,  
So full of beauty and so full of  
dread  
Be comforted, the world is very old  
And generations pass as they have  
passed  
A troop of shadows moving with the  
sun,

Thousands of times has the old tale  
been told,  
The world belongs to those who  
come the last,  
They will find hope and strength as  
we have done.

~~~~~  
A NAMELESS GRAVE.

A SOLDIER of the Union mustered  
out  
Is the inscription on an unknown  
grave  
At Newport News, beside the salt-  
sea wave  
Nameless and dateless, sentinel or  
scout  
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous  
rout  
Oh battle when the loud artillery  
drove  
Its iron wedges through the ranks  
of brave  
And doomed battalions, storming  
the redoubt  
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the  
sea  
In thy forgotten grave! with secret  
shame  
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead  
burn  
When I remember thou hast given for  
me  
All that thou hadst thy life, thy  
very name,  
And I can give thee nothing in return

~~~~~  
SLEEP

LULL me to sleep ye winds, whose  
fitful sound  
Seems from some faint Æolian harp-  
string caught  
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of  
thought  
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep  
profound  
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus  
bound,  
For I am weary and am over-  
wrought  
With too much toil, with too much  
care distraught  
And with the iron crown of anguish  
crowned  
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and  
check,

# SONNETS

O peaceful sleep ! until from pain  
 released [breath !  
 I breathe again uninterrupted  
 Ah, with what subtle meaning did  
 the Greek  
 Call thee the lesser mystery at the  
 feast  
 Whereof the greater mystery is  
 death !

## THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,  
 Five centuries old. I plant my foot  
 of stone  
 Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own  
 Was planted on the dragon Fold  
 by fold  
 Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
 Its glistening scales Twice hath it  
 overthrown  
 My kindred and companions Me  
 alone  
 It moveth not but is by me con-  
 trolled  
 I can remember when the Medici  
 Were driven from Florence, longer  
 still ago [Guelf  
 The final wars of Ghibelline and

Florence adorns me with her jewellery,  
 And when I think that Michael  
 Angelo  
 Hath leaned on me, I glory in my-  
 self

## IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE

GADDI mi fece, il Ponte Vecchio  
 sono,  
 Cinquecent anni già sull' Arno  
 pianto  
 Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo  
 Piantò sul draco Mentre ch' io  
 ragiono  
 Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono  
 Le rilucenti scaglie Ha questi  
 affranto  
 Due volte i miei maggior Me solo  
 intanto  
 Neppure muove, ed io non l' ab-  
 bandono  
 Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati  
 I Medici, pur quando Ghibellino  
 E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento  
 Firenze i suoi gioielli m' ha prestati,  
 E quando penso ch' Agnolo il  
 divino  
 Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento

# Sonnets.

1878.

## NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is  
 over,  
 Leads by the hand her little child  
 to bed,  
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
 And leave his broken playthings on  
 the floor,  
 Still gazing at them through the open  
 door,  
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
 By promises of others in their stead,  
 Which, though more splendid, may  
 not please him more,  
 So Nature deals with us, and takes  
 away  
 Our playthings one by one, and by  
 the hand  
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Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
 Scarce knowing if we wished to go or  
 stay,  
 Being too full of sleep to understand  
 How far the unknown transcends  
 the what we know

## IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN

HERE lies the gentle humourist, who  
 died  
 In the bright Indian summer of his  
 fame ! [name,  
 A simple stone, with but a date and  
 Marks the secluded resting-place  
 beside  
 The river that he loved and glorified

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Here in the autumn of his days he came,  
But the dry leaves of life were all inflame  
With tints that brightened and were multiplied  
How sweet a life was his, how sweet a death!  
Living to wing with mirth the weary hours  
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer,  
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath  
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,  
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

### ELIOT'S OAK

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud  
With sounds of unintelligible speech  
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach  
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd,  
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed  
Thou speakest in different dialect to each,  
To me a language that no man can teach  
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud  
For underneath thy shade in days remote,  
Seated like Abraham at eventide  
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown  
Apostle of the Indians Eliot wrote  
His Bible in a language that hath died  
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

### THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face  
Came from their convent on the shining heights  
Of Pierus the mountain of delights,  
To dwell among the people at its base.  
Then seemed the world to change

All time and space,  
Splendour of cloudless days and starry nights  
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,  
Had a new meaning and a diviner grace.  
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud  
To teach in schools of little country towns  
Science and song and all the arts that please,  
So that while housewives spun, and farmers ploughed  
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,  
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides

### VENICE

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest  
So wonderfully built among the reeds  
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds  
As saveth thy old historian and thy guest!  
White water-lily cradled and caressed  
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds  
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds  
Thy sun illumined spires thy crown and crest!  
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets  
Are rivers and whose pavements are the shifting  
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky,  
I want to see thee vanish like the fleets  
Seen in mirage or towers of cloud uplifting  
In air their unsubstantial masonry

### THE POETS

O YE dead Poets who are living still  
Immortal in your verse though life be fled,  
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead  
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,  
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,



This is the lore a Spanish monk,  
distraught  
With dreams and visions, was the  
first to teach  
These Silences commingling each  
with each  
Made up the perfect Silence that he  
sought  
And prayed for, and wherein at  
times he caught  
Mysterious sounds from realms be-  
yond our reach  
O thou whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come and in whose  
thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury ! thou too hast  
heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond  
the gates  
And speakest only when thy soul is  
stirred !

## THE TWO RIVERS

**I**  
SLOWLY the hour hand of the clock  
moves round,  
So slowly that no human eye hath  
power  
To see it move ! Slowly in shine or  
shadow  
The painted ship above it, home-  
ward bound  
Sails but seems motionless as if  
aground [tower  
Yet both arrive at last, and in his  
The slumbrous watchman wakes and  
strikes the hour  
A mellow measured melancholy  
sound.  
Midnight ! the outpost of advancing  
day ! night !  
The frontier town and citadel of  
The watershed of Time, from which  
the streams  
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take  
their way  
One to the land of promise and of  
light,  
One to the land of darkness and of  
dreams !

**II**  
O RIVER of Yesterday, with current  
swift  
Through chasms descending and  
soon lost to sight,

I do not care to follow in thy flight  
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom  
drift !  
O River of To-morrow, I uplift  
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the  
night  
Wanes into morning, and the dawn-  
ing light  
Broadens, and all the shadows fade  
and shift !  
I follow, follow, where thy waters run  
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar  
fields,  
Fragrant with flowers and musical  
with song, [sun  
Still follow follow sure to meet the  
And confident, that what the future  
yields  
Will be the right, unless myself be  
wrong

**III**  
YET not in vain, O River of Yesterday,  
Through chasms of darkness to the  
deep descending  
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and  
blending  
Thy voice with other voices far  
away  
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst  
not stay  
But turbulent, and with thyself con-  
tending,  
And torrent like thy force on peb-  
bles spending,  
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's  
cry  
Thoughts like a loud and sudden rush  
of wings  
Regrets and recollections of things  
past,  
With hints and prophecies of things  
to be  
And inspirations, which, could they  
be things,  
And stay with us and we could hold  
them fast  
Were our good angels — these I owe  
to thee.

**IV**  
AND thou, O River of To-morrow,  
flowing  
Between thy narrow adamantine  
walls  
But beautiful, and white with water-  
falls  
And wreaths of mist like hands, the  
pathway showing,

## SONNETS

I hear the trumpets of the morning  
 blowing,  
 I hear thy mighty voice, that calls  
 and calls [halls,  
 And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's  
 Mysterious phantoms, coming, beck-  
 oning, going!  
 It is the mystery of the unknown  
 That fascinates us, we are children  
 still  
 Wayward and wistful, with one  
 hand we cling  
 To the familiar things we call our own,  
 And with the other, resolute of will,  
 Grope in the dark for what the day  
 will bring

### BOSTON

ST BOTOLPH'S TOWN! Hither across  
 the plains  
 And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb  
 rustere  
 There came a Saxon monk, and  
 founded here  
 A Priory, pillaged by marauding  
 Danes,  
 So that thereof no vestige now re-  
 mains,  
 Only a name, that, spoken loud and  
 clear,  
 And echoed in another hemisphere,  
 Survives the sculptured walls and  
 painted pines  
 St Botolph's Town! Far over leagues  
 of land  
 And leagues of sea looks forth its  
 noble tower,  
 And far around the chiming bells  
 are heard  
 So may that sacred name for ever  
 stand  
 A landmark, and a symbol of the  
 power  
 That lies concentred in a single  
 word

### ST JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

I STAND beneath the tree, whose  
 branches shade  
 Thy western window, Chapel of St  
 John!  
 And hear its leaves repeat their  
 benison  
 On him, whose hand thy stones me-  
 morial laid,  
 287

Then I remember one of whom was  
 said  
 In the world's darkest hour, "Be-  
 hold thy son!"  
 And see him living still, and wan-  
 dering on  
 And waiting for the advent long  
 delayed  
 Not only tongues of the apostles teach  
 Lessons of love and light, but these  
 expanding  
 And sheltering boughs with all their  
 leaves implore  
 And say in language clear as human  
 speech,  
 "The peace of God that passeth  
 understanding,  
 Be and abide with you for ever-  
 more!"

### MOODS

O THAT a Song would sing itself to me  
 Out of the heart of Nature, or the  
 heart  
 Of man, the child of Nature, not of  
 Art  
 Fresh as the morning, salt as the  
 salt sea,  
 With just enough of bitterness to be  
 A medicine to this sluggish mood,  
 and start  
 The life-blood in my veins, and so  
 impart  
 Healing and help in this dull  
 lethargy  
 Ah! not always doth the breath of  
 song  
 Breathe on us It is like the wind  
 that bloweth  
 At its own will, not ours, nor carries  
 long,  
 We hear the sound thereof, but no  
 man knoweth  
 From whence it comes, so sudden  
 and swift and strong,  
 Nor whither in its wayward course  
 it goeth

### WOODSTOCK PARK

HERE in a little rustic herm'tage  
 Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the  
 Great,  
 Postponed the cares of kingscraft to  
 translate [sage.  
 The Consolations of the Roman



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old  
age  
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which  
soon or late  
The venturesome hand that strives to  
imitate  
Vanquished must fall on the un-  
finished page.  
Two kings were they, who ruled by  
right divine  
And both supreme, one in the realm  
of Truth, [Song  
One in the realm of Fiction and of  
What prince hereditary of their line  
Uprising in the strength and flush  
of youth  
Their glory shall inherit and pro-  
long?

### THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA

#### A PHOTOGRAPH

SWEET faces that from pictured case-  
ments lean  
As from a castle window, looking  
down  
On some gay pageant passing  
through a town,  
Yourselves the fairest figures in the  
scene,  
With what a gentle grace, with what  
serene  
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple  
crown  
Of youth and beauty and the fair  
renown  
Of a great name that ne'er hath  
tarnished been!  
From your soft eyes so innocent and  
sweet  
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as  
they,  
Gaze on the world below, the sky  
above,  
Hark! there is some one singing in  
the street,  
'Faith, Hope, and Love! these  
three he seems to say,  
"These three and the greatest of  
the three is Love."

#### HOLIDAYS

THE holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and  
apart,

The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling over-  
flows,—  
The happy days unclouded to their  
close,  
The sudden joys that out of darkness  
start  
As flames from ashes, swift desires  
that dart  
Like swallows singing down each  
wind that blows!  
White as the gleam of a receding sail  
White as a cloud that floats and  
fades in air,  
White as the whitest lily on the  
stream,  
These tender memories are,—a Fairy  
Tale  
Of some enchanted land we know  
not where  
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

### WAPENTAKE

#### TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET! I come to touch thy lance  
with mine,  
Not as a knight, who on the listed  
field  
Of tourney touched his adversary's  
shield  
In token of defiance but in sign  
Of homage to the mastery, which is  
thine,  
In English song, nor will I keep  
concealed  
And voiceless as a rivulet 'frost-con-  
cealed,  
My admiration for thy verse divine.  
Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
Who crize the brain with their  
delirious dance  
Art thou, O sweet historian of the  
heart!  
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves  
belong  
To thee our love and our allegiance,  
For thy allegiance to the poet's art

### THE BROKEN OAR.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand  
A poet wandered with his book and  
pen,  
Seeking some final word, some  
sweet Amen,

## TRANSLATIONS

Wherewith to close the volume in his hand	Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,	A broken oar, and carved thereon he read,
The circling sea gulls swept beyond his ken,	"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee,"
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then	And like a man, who findeth what was [lost,
Flashed 'he red sunset over sea and and	He wrote the words, then lifted up his head
	[sea. And flung his useless pen into the

## Translations.

### VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

#### MELIBŒUS

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech tree reclining,  
Meditatest, with slender pipe the Muse of the woodlands.  
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,  
We our country fly, thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,  
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

#### TITYRUS

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,  
For he will be unto me a god for ever, his altar  
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds  
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou sceest,  
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted

#### MELIBŒUS

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather on all sides  
In all the fields is such trouble Behold, my goats I am driving,  
Heartsick further away this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I,  
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,  
Hope of the flock ah me! on the naked flint she hath left them.  
Often this evil to me if my mind had not been insensate,  
Oak trees stricken by heaven predicted as now I remember,  
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted,  
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

#### TITYRUS

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome I imagined,  
Foolish I! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds  
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring  
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers  
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed  
But this among other cities its herd as far hath exalted  
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

#### MELIBŒUS

And what so great occasion of seeing Pome hath possessed thee?

#### TITYRUS

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,  
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shiving,—  
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Since Amyrllis possesses and Galatea hath left me  
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me  
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there  
Though from my watted folds there went forth many a victim,  
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful  
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money

### AMYRLLIS

I have wondered why sad thou invokest the gods Amyrllis,  
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches I  
Tityrus hence was absent I thee Tityrus even the pine trees  
Thee, the very fountains, the very copses were calling

### TITYRUS

What could I do? No power had I to escape from my bondage,  
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognise gods so propitious  
Here I beheld that youth to whom each year Melibæus,  
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars  
Here first gave he response to me solacing favour  
"Feed us before your hifers, ye boys and yoke up your bullocks."

### AMYRLLIS

Fortunate old man I So then thy fields will be left thee  
And large enough for thee thou naked stone and the marsh  
All thy pasture lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.  
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,  
Nor of the neighbouring flock the dire contagion infect them.  
Fortunate old man I Here among familiar rivers  
And these sacred founts shalt thou take the shadows & coolness  
On this side a hedge along the neighbouring cross road,  
Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,  
Often with gentle susurris to fall asleep shall persuade thee  
Yonder beneath the high rock the pruner shall slip to the breezes,  
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight the hoarse wood pigeons,  
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from rural elm trees.

### TITYRUS

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,  
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea shore  
Sooner the border lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled  
Parthian drink of the Seine or the German drink of the Tigris,  
Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom I

### MELIBÆUS

But we hence shall go a part to the thirsty Africa  
Part to Scythia come and the rapid Cretan Orxes,  
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly Sundered  
Ah, shall I ever a long time hence the bounds of my country  
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greenward  
Seeing with wonder behold —my kingdoms a handful of wheat-cars  
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,  
And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo a further discord  
Us wretched people hath brought I for whom our fields we have planted I  
Graft, Melibæus, thy pear-trees now, put in order thy vineyards,  
Go, my goats, go hence my flock so happy alocume.  
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern  
Shall I behold you far from the bushy precipice hanging  
Songs no more shall I sing, not with me ye goats as your shepherd,  
Shall ye browse on the blither willow or blooming laburnum

## TRANSLATIONS

### TITYRUS

Nevertheless this night together with me canst thou rest thee  
Here on the verdant leaves, for us there are mellowing apples,  
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance,  
And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,  
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows

### ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ OVID IN EXILE,

AT TOMIS, IN Bessarabia, near the mouths of the Danube

TRISTIA, Book III Elegy X

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,  
And without me, my name still in the city survive,  
Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean  
I 'm existing still, here in a barbarous land  
Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getae  
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!  
Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us  
He as he flows, repels invasions of war with his waves  
But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,  
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost,  
And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Areturus,  
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold  
Deep lies the snow and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it,  
Boreas hardens it still, makes it for ever remain  
Hence, ere the first has melted away another succeeds it,  
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie  
And so great is the power of the North-wind awakened it levels  
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off  
Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,  
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen  
Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,  
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.  
Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels,  
No more draughts of wine—pieces presented they drink.  
Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,  
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?  
Ister—no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus,—  
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep,  
Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,  
Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea  
There where ships have sailed men go on foot, and the billows,  
Solid made by the frost, hoof beats of horses indent  
Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,  
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.  
Scarcely shall I be believed, yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,  
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given  
I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,  
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean,  
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.  
If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!  
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.  
Nor can the curv'd dolphins uplift themselves from the water,  
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents,  
And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,  
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be,  
And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost as in marble,  
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.  
Fast bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering  
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.  
Hence if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes  
Whether the salt sea wave whether the reflux stream,—  
Straightway,—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind,—  
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed,  
Foe that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,  
All the neighbouring land void of inhabitants makes  
Some take flight and none being left to defend their possessions,  
Unprotected their goods pillage and plunder become,  
Cattle and creaking carts the little wealth of the country,  
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess  
Some as captives are driven along their hands bound behind them,  
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands  
Others transfixed with barbed arrows in agony perish  
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.  
What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,  
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots  
Even when there is peace the fear of war is impending,  
None with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.  
Either this region sees or fears a foe that it sees not,  
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.  
No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine leaves,  
No fermenting must fills and overflows the deep vats  
Apples the region denies, nor would Acontius have found here  
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read  
Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—  
Places alas! unto which no happy man would repair  
Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,  
Has this region been found only my prison to be?

### TRISTIA, Book III Elegy XII

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold and the year being ended,  
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before,  
And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,  
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.  
Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,  
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed

## TRANSLATIONS

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colours,  
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds  
Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,  
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes,  
And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,  
Now from the tepid ground rises its delicate head  
Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,  
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine !  
Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,  
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree !  
Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order  
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar  
Now they are riding the horses, with light arms now they are playing  
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop,  
Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,  
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs  
Thrives the stage, and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,  
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound  
Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,  
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys  
But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,  
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.  
Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister  
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.  
Hitherto, nevertheless some keels already are steering,  
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.  
Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,  
Who he may be, I shall ask, wherefore and whence he hath come.  
Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,  
And incautious unless ploughing the neighbouring sea.  
Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes  
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbours devoid  
Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,  
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be  
Also perchance from the mouth of the Strut and the waters Propontic,  
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails  
Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,  
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth  
He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,  
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove,  
And that thy sorrowful head, Germanus thou, the rebellious,  
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid  
Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me  
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be  
Woe is me ! Is the house of Ovid in Seythian lands now ?  
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home ?  
Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,  
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

ON THE TERRACE OF THE  
AIGALADLS

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRÏ

FROM this high portal, where up-  
springs

The rose to touch our hands in play,  
We nt a glance behold three things —  
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway

And the Sea says My shipwrecks  
fear,

I drown my best friends in the deep,  
And those who braved my tempests,  
here

Among my sea weeds lie asleep !

The Town says I am filled and  
fraught

With tumult and with smoke and care  
My days with toil are overwrought,  
And in my nights I grasp for air

The Highway says My wheel tracks  
guide

To the pale climates of the North  
Where my last milestone stands abide  
The people to their death gone forth

Here in the shade, this life of ours,  
Full of delicious air, glides by  
Amid a multitude of flowers  
As countless as the stars on high,

These red tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,  
Bathed with an azure all divine,  
Where springs the tree that gives us  
oil

The grape that giveth us the wine

Beneath these mountains stripped of  
trees

Whose tops with flowers are covered <sup>[o'er,</sup>  
Where springtime of the Hesperides  
Begins but endeth nevermore,

Under these leafy vaults and walls,  
That unto gentle sleep persuade,  
This rainbow of the waterfalls,  
Of mingled mist and sunshine made,

Upon these shores where all invites,  
We live our languid life apart,  
This air is that of life's delights,  
The festival of sense and heart,

This limpid space of time prolong,  
Forget to-morrow in to-day  
And leave unto the passing throng  
The Sea the Town, and the Highway

TO MY BROOKLET

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUCIS

THOU brooklet, all unknown to song,  
Hid in the covert of the wood !  
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,  
Like thee I love the solitude

O brooklet, let my sorrows past  
Lie all forgotten in their graves,  
Till in my thoughts remain at last  
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy  
waves

The lily by thy margin waits —  
The nightingale, the marquerite,  
In shadow here he meditates  
His nest his love his music sweet

Near thee the self collected soul  
Knows nought of error or of crime  
Thy waters murmuring as they roll,  
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when on bright autumnal eves,  
Pursuing still thy course, shall I  
List the soft shudder of the leaves,  
And hear the hapwings plaintive cry ?

BARLÈGES

FROM THE FRENCH OF LÉFRANC DE  
POMPIGNAN

IF I FEAR you ye cold mountain chains,  
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore !  
You may these eyes behold no more,  
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !  
Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds !  
Of skies enwrapped in misty shrouds,  
Impreicable avenues !

Ye torrents that with might and main  
Break pathways through the rocky  
walls

With your terrific waterfalls  
Fatigue no more my weary brain !

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,  
Arise ye pictures of delight !  
Ye brooks, that water in your flight  
The flowers and harvests of our farms !

You I perceive, ye meadows green,  
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,  
Not far from that long chain of hills,  
With intermingled vales between

You wreath of smoke, that mounts so  
high, <sup>[come</sup>  
Methinks from my own hearth must

## SEVEN SONNETS

With speed to that beloved home,  
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the soul  
In quiet may itself possess,  
Where all things soothe the mind's  
distress

Where all things teach me and console

### ~~~~~ FORSAKEN

FROM THE GERMAN

SOMETHING the heart must have to  
cherish,

Must love and joy and sorrow learn,  
Something with passion clasp, or  
perish,

And in itself to ashes burn

So to this child my heart is clinging,  
And its frank eyes, with look  
intense,

Me from a world of sin are bringing  
Back to a world of innocence

Disdain must thou endure for ever,  
Strong may thy heart in danger be!

Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be never  
False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,  
And thou thy mother ne'er forsake,  
Until her lips are white and breath-  
less,

Until in death her eyes shall break.

### ~~~~~ ALLAH

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN

ALLAH gives light in darkness,

Allah gives rest in pain,  
Cheeks that are white with weeping  
Allah paints red again

The flowers and the blossoms wither,  
Years vanish with flying feet,  
But my heart will live on for ever,  
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling  
Yonder would I take flight,  
There will the darkness vanish,  
There will my eyes have sight

## Seven Sonnets

AND

A CANZONE, FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO

—◆—

[The following translations are from the poem of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti.]

### I THE ARTIST

NOTHING the greatest artist can con-  
ceive

That every marble block doth not  
confine

Within itself, and only its design  
The hand that follows intellect can  
achieve

The ill I flee, the good that I believe,  
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,  
Thus hidden lie, and so that death  
be mine

Art, of desired success, doth me  
bereave

Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair  
face,

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Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great dis-  
dain,

Of my disgrace, nor chance nor  
destiny,

If in thy heart both death and love  
find place, [brain,

At the same time, and if my humble  
Burning, can nothing draw but  
death from thee

### ~~~~~ II FIRE

NOT without fire can any workman  
mould

The iron to his preconceived design,  
Nor can the artist without fire refine



And purify from all its dross the  
gold !  
Nor can revive the phoenix, we are  
told,  
Except by fire. Hence if such death  
be mine  
I hope to rise again with the divine,  
Whom death augments, and time  
cannot make old  
O sweet, sweet death ! O fortunate fire  
that burns  
Within me still to renovate my days,  
Though I am almost numbered with  
the dead !  
If by its nature unto heaven returns  
This element, me, kindled in its  
blaze,  
Will it bear upward when my life is  
fled



II.

YOUTH AND AGE.

O GIVE me back the days when loose  
and free  
To my blind passion were the curb  
and rein  
O give me back the angelic face  
again,  
With which all virtue buried seems  
to be !  
O give my panting footsteps back to  
me,  
That are in age so slow and fraught  
with pain  
And fire and moisture in the heart  
and brain,  
If thou wouldst have me burn and  
weep for thee !  
If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,  
On the sweet-bitter tears of human  
hearts,  
In an old man thou canst not wake  
desire,  
Souls that have almost reached the  
other shore  
Of a diviner love should feel the  
darts,  
And be as tender to a holier fire



III.

OLD AGE.

THE course of my long life hath  
reached at last,  
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous  
sea,

The common harbour, where must  
rendered be  
Account of all the actions of the  
past  
The imprisoned phantasy, that, vague  
and vast,  
Made art an idol and a king to me,  
Was an illusion, and but vanity  
Were the desires that lured me and  
harassed  
The dreams of love, that were so  
sweet of yore,  
What are they now, when two  
deaths may be mine,—  
One sure and one forecasting its  
alarms ?  
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more  
The soul now turning to the Love  
Divine,  
That open, to embrace us, on the  
cross its arms.



TO VITTORIA COLONNA

LADY, how can it chance—yet this we  
see  
In long experience—that will longer  
last [last  
A living image carved from quarries  
Than its own maker, who dies pre-  
sently ?  
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be  
And even Nature is by Art sur-  
passed  
This know I, who to Art have given  
the past  
But see that Time is breaking faith  
with me,  
Perhaps on both of us long life can I  
Lither in colour or in stone bestow  
By now portraying each in look and  
mien,  
So that a thousand years after we die,  
How fair thou wast, and I how full  
of woe,  
And wherefore I so loved thee, may  
be seen



VI.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA,

WHEN the prime mover of my many  
sighs  
Heaven took through death from  
out her earthly place,

## SEVEN SONNETS

Nature, that never made so fair a  
face,  
Remained ashamed, and tears were in  
all eyes [cries!  
O fate, unheeding my impassioned  
O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit  
of grace,  
Where art thou now? Earth holds  
in its embrace  
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts  
the skies  
Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay  
The rumour of thy virtuous renown,  
That Lethe's waters could not wash  
away!  
A thousand leaves, since he hath  
stricken thee down,  
Speak of thee, nor to thee could  
Heaven convey  
Except through death, a refuge and  
a crown

VII

DANTE

WHAT should be said of him cannot  
be said,  
By too great splendour is his name  
attended, [offended,  
To blame is easier those who him  
Than reach the faintest glory round  
him shed  
This man descended to the doomed  
and dead  
For our instruction then to God  
ascended  
Heaven opened wide to him its  
portals splendid,  
Who from his country, closed  
against him, fled  
Ungrateful land! To its own pre-  
judice  
Nurse of his fortunes, and this  
showeth well,  
That the most perfect most of grief  
shall see  
Among a thousand proofs let one  
suffice,  
That as his exile hath no parallel  
Ne'er walked the earth a greater  
man than he

VIII

CANZONE

Alh me! alh me! when thinking of  
the years,  
The vanished years, alas, I do not find  
Among them all one day that was my  
own!  
Fallacious hopes, desires of the un-  
known,  
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in  
tears  
(For human passions all have stirred  
my mind),  
Have held me, now I feel and know,  
confined  
Both from the true and good still far  
away  
I perish day by day  
The sunshine fails, the shadows grow  
more dreary,  
And I am near to fall, infirm and  
weary

SONNET

ON MRS KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM  
SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly  
sped!  
Leaving us heirs to amplest heri-  
tages  
Of all the best thoughts of the  
greatest sages,  
And giving tongues unto the silent  
dead!  
How our hearts glowed and trembled  
as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the wondrous  
pages  
Of the great Poet who foreruns the  
ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be said!  
O happy reader! having for thy text  
The magic book, whose Sibylline  
leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human  
thought!  
O happy Poet! by no critic vexed!  
How must thy listening spirit now  
rejoice  
To be interpreted by such a voice!



## Tales of a Wayside Inn.

1863

### PRELUDE —THE WAYSIDE INN

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,  
Across the meadows bare and brown,  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with fire light through  
the leaves  
Of woodbine hanging from the eaves  
Their crimson curtains rent and thin

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old colonial day  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality,  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall  
Now somewhat fallen to decay  
With weather-stains upon the wall

And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.  
A region of repose it seems  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!  
For there no noisy railway speeds  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and  
gleeds

But noon and night, the panting  
teams

Stop under the great oaks that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below  
On roofs and doors and window-sills.  
Across the road the barns display  
Their lines of stalls their mows of hay,

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Through the wide doors the breezes  
blow,

The wattle cocks strut to and fro,  
And half effaced by sun and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign  
Round this old-fashioned, quaint  
abode

Deep silence reigned, save when a  
gust

Went rushing down the country road,  
And skeletons of leaves and dust,  
A moment quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of  
death,

And through the ancient oaks over-  
head

Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the inn  
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,  
Like water rushing through a weir,  
Oft interrupted by the din  
Of laughter and of loud applause,  
And, in each intervening pause,  
The music of a violin  
The fire-light, shedding over all  
The splendour of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlour large and low,  
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,  
It touched with more than wonted  
grace

Fair Princess Mary's pictured face,  
It bronzed the rafters overhead,  
On the old spinet's ivory keys  
It played inaudible melodies  
It crowned the sombre clock with  
flame, [name,

The hands, the hours, the makers  
And painted with a livelier red  
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again,  
And flashing on the window-pane,  
Embrazoned with its light and shade  
The jocular rhymes, that still remain,  
Writ near a century ago  
By the great Major Molineaux  
Whom Hawthorne has immortal  
made

Before the blazing fire of wood  
Erect the rapt musician stood,  
And ever and anon he bent  
His head upon his instrument,  
And seemed to listen till he caught  
Confessions of its secret thought,—  
The joy the triumph, the lament,  
The exultation and the pain,  
Then, by the magic of his art  
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,  
And lulled it into peace again

Around the fireside at their ease  
There sat a group of friends entranced  
With the delicious melodies,  
Who from the far off noisy town  
Had to the wayside inn come down,  
To rest beneath its old oak trees  
The fire light on their faces glanced,  
Their shadows on the wainscot  
danced,

And, though of different kinds and  
speech,

Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and please  
And while the sweet musician plays,  
Let me in outline sketch them all,  
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze  
With its uncertain touch portrays  
Their shadowy semblance on the wall

But first the Landlord will I trace,  
Grave in his aspect and attire,  
A man of ancient pedigree,  
A Justice of the Peace was he,  
Known in all Sudbury as "The  
Squire"

Proud was he of his name and race,  
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,  
And in the parlour, full in view,  
His coat-of-arms, well framed and  
glazed,

Upon the wall in colours blazed,  
He beareth gules upon his shield,  
A chevron Argent in the field,  
With three wolves heads, and for the  
crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred, below  
The scroll reads, 'By the name of  
Howe."

And over this, no longer bright,  
Though glimmering with a latent light,  
Was hung the sword of his grandsire bore  
In the rebellious days of yore,  
Down there at Concord in the fight

A youth was there, of quiet ways,  
A student of old books and days,  
To whom all tongues and lands were  
known,

And yet a lover of his own,  
With many a social virtue graced,  
And yet a friend of solitude,  
A man of such a genial mood  
The heart of all things he embraced  
And yet of such fastidious taste,  
He never found the best too good  
Books were his passion and delight,  
And in his upper room at home

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Stood many a rare and sumptuous  
tome,  
In vellum bound with gold bedight,  
Great volumes gurgled in white,  
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.  
He loved the twilight that surrounds  
The border-land of old romance,  
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and  
lance, [sounds  
And banner waves and trumpet  
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,  
And mighty warriors sweep along,  
Magnified by the purple mist  
The dusk of centuries and of song  
The chronicles of Charlemagne  
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthur,  
Mingled together in his brain  
With tales of Flores and Blancheisleur,  
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour  
Sir Launcelot Sir Morgadour,  
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian too was there,  
In sight of Etna born and bred,  
Some breath of its volcanic air  
Was glowing in his heart and brain,  
And being rebellious to his liege,  
After Palermo's fatal siege  
Across the western seas he fled,  
In good king Bomba's happy reign  
His face was like a summer night,  
All flooded with a dusky light,  
His hands were small, his teeth shone  
white

As sea shells when he smiled or spoke,  
His sinews supple and strong as oak,  
Clean shaven was he as a priest  
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,  
Save that upon his upper lip  
His beard a good palm's length at  
least

Level and pointed at the tip  
Shot sideways like a swallow's wings  
The poets read he o'er and o'er  
And most of all the Immortal Four  
Of Italy and next to those  
The story telling bard of prose  
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales  
Of the Decameron that make  
Fiesole's green hills and vales  
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake  
Much too of music was his thought,  
The melodies and measures fraught  
With sunshine and the open air,  
Of vineyards and the singing sea  
Of his beloved Sicily,  
And much it pleased him to peruse  
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—

Bucolic songs by Meli sung  
In the familiar peasant tongue,  
That made men say, "Behold! once  
more

The pitying gods to earth restore  
Theocritus of Syracuse!

A Spanish Jew from Alicante  
With aspect grand and grave was  
there,

Vender of silks and fabrics rare  
And attar of rose from the Levant.  
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,  
Abraham or Isaac or at least  
Some later Prophet or High Priest,  
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,  
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and  
chin,

The tumbling cataract of his beard  
His garments breathed a spicy scent  
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,  
Like the soft aromatic giles  
That meet the mariner, who sails  
Through the Moluccas, and the seas  
That wash the shores of Celebes  
All stories that recorded are  
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,  
And it was rumoured he could say  
The Parables of Sandabar,  
And all the Fables of Pilpay,  
Or if not all the greater part!  
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,  
Talmud and Targum and the lore  
Of Kabbala, and evermore  
There was a mystery in his looks  
His eyes seemed gazing far away,  
As if in vision or in trance  
He heard the solemn sackbut play,  
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school  
Of Cambridge on the Charles was there;  
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
He preached to all men everywhere  
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,  
The New Commandment given to men,  
Thinking the deed and not the creed,  
Would help us in our utmost need  
With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
Nor banished nature from his plan,  
But studied still with deep research  
To build the Universal Church,  
Lofty as in the love of God,  
And ample as the wants of man

A Poet, too was there, whose verse  
Was tender musical and terse,  
The inspiration, the delight,  
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem  
The revolutions of a dream,  
All these were his, but with them  
came

No envy of another's fame,  
He did not find his sleep less sweet  
For music in some neighbouring street,  
Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
The laurels of Miltades  
Honour and blessings on his head  
While living, good report when dead  
Who not too eager for renown  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood  
Illumed by that fire of wood,  
Fair-haired blue-eyed, his aspect  
blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe,  
And every feature of his face  
Revealing his Norwegian race  
Ardence, streaming from within  
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,  
The Angel with the violin,  
Painted by Raphael he seemed  
He lived in that ideal world  
Whose language is not speech, but  
song,

Around him evermore the throng  
Of elves and sprites their dances  
whirled,

The Strömekarl sang, the catarract  
hurled

Its headlong waters from the height,  
And mingled in the wild delight  
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,  
The ruin of the forest trees,  
The plunge of the implacable seas,  
The tumult of the wind at night,  
Voices of old like trumpets blowing,  
Old ballads and wild melodies  
Through mist and darkness pouring  
forth

Like Ljavar's river flowing  
Out of the glaciers of the North

The instrument on which he played  
Was in Cremona's workshops made,  
By a great master of the past,  
Ere yet was lost the art divine,  
Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
That in Tyrol's forests vast  
Had rocked and wrestled with the  
blast,

Exquisite was it in design,  
Perfect in each minutest part,  
A marvel of the luteist's art,  
And in its hollow chamber, thus,  
The maker from whose hands it came

Had written his unrivalled name,—  
"Antonius Stradivarius"

And when he played, the atmosphere  
Was filled with magic, and the ear  
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,  
Whose music had so weird a sound,  
The hunted stag forgot to bound,  
The leaping ruck backward rolled,  
The birds came down from bush and  
tree,

The dead came from beneath the sea,  
The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased, the applause was  
loud

The pleased musician smiled and  
bow'd,

The wood fire clapped its hands of  
flame,

The shadows on the wainscot stirred,  
And from the harpsichord there came  
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,  
A sound like that sent down at night,  
By birds of passage in their flight  
From the remotest distance heard

Then silence followed, then began  
A clamour for the Landlord's tale,—  
The story promised them of old,  
They said but always left untold,  
And he, although a bashful man,  
And all his courage seemed to fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail  
Yielded, and thus the story ran

### THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall  
hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-  
Hardly a man is now alive [five,  
Who remembers that famous day and  
year

He said to his friend "If the British  
march

By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal  
light,—

One, if by land, and two, if by sea,  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and  
farm,

For the country-folk to be up and to

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Then he said "Good night ! ' and  
with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown  
shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay  
Where swinging wide at her moorings  
lay

The Somerset British man-of war,  
A phantom-ship, with each mast and  
spar

Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was mag-  
nified

By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend through alley  
and street

Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack-  
door

The sound of arms and the tramp of  
feet

And the measured tread of the gren-  
adiers

Marching down to their boats on the  
shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old  
North Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy  
tread

To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their  
perch

On the sombre rafters, that round him  
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade —  
By the trembling ladder, steep and  
tall

To the highest window in the wall  
Where he paused to listen and look  
down

A moment on the roofs of the town  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath in the churchyard, lay the  
dead

In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's  
tread

The watchful night-wind as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent  
And seeming to whisper, 'All is well !  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the  
secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead ,

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the  
bay,—

A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of  
boats

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and  
ride

Booted and spurred, with a heavy  
stride,

On the opposite shore walked Paul  
Revere

Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and  
near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-  
girth ,

But mostly he watched with eager  
search

The belfry tower of the old North  
Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and  
still

And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's  
height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle  
he turns,

But lingers and gazes, till full on his  
sight

A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in  
the dark,

And beneath from the pebbles in  
passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed, flying fearless  
and fleet

That was all ! And yet, through the  
gloom and the light

The fate of a nation was riding that  
night ,

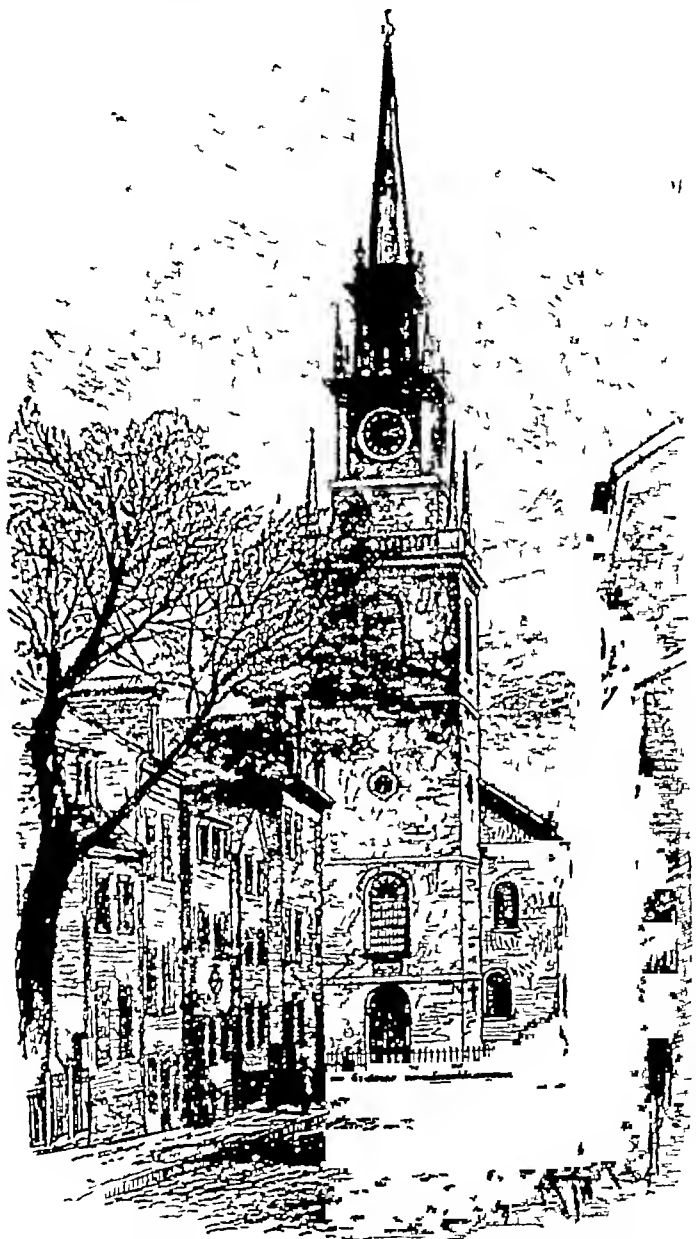
And the spark struck out by that steed,  
in his flight

Kindled the land into flame with its  
heat

He has left the village and mounted  
the steep

And beneath him, tranquil and broad  
and deep,

Is the Mystic meeting the ocean tides  
And under the alders that skirt its  
edge,



Now soft on the sand, now loud on | Is heard the tramp of his steed as he  
the ledge, | rides  
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It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Med  
ford town

He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog  
That rises after the sun goes down

It was one by the village clock  
When he galloped into Lexington  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows,  
blank and bare

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look  
upon

It was two by the village clock  
When he came to the bridge in Con-  
cord town

He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the  
trees  
And felt the breath of the morning  
breeze

Blowing over the meadows brown  
And one was safe and asleep in his  
bed

Who at the bridge would be first to  
fall,

Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you  
have read,

How the British Regulars fired and  
fled —

How the farmers gave them ball for  
ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard  
wall

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge  
again

Under the trees at the turn of the  
road,

And only pausing to fire and load

So through the night rode Paul Re-  
vere,

And so through the night went his cry  
of alarm

To every Middlesex village and  
farm —

A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at  
the door

And a word that shall echo for ever-  
[more]

For, borne on the night-wind of the  
Past,

Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and  
need,

The people will waken and listen to  
hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul  
Revere.



## INTERLUDE

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,  
Then rising took down from its nail  
The sword that hung there, dim with  
dust,

And cleaving to its sheath with rust,  
And said, "This sword was in the  
fight."

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
'It is the sword of a good knight  
Though home spun was his coat-of-  
mail,

What matter if it be not named  
Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale,  
Excalibar, or Aroundight,  
Or other name the books record?  
Your ancestor, who bore this sword  
As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
Mounted upon his old grey mare,  
Seen here and there and everywhere  
To me a grander shape appears  
Than old Sir William, or what not,  
Clinking about in foreign lands  
With iron gauntlets on his hands,  
And on his head an iron pot!

All laughed the Landlord's face grew  
red

As his escutcheon on the wall,  
He could not comprehend at all,  
The drift of what the Poet said,  
For those who had been longest dead  
Were always greatest in his eyes,  
And he was speechless with surprise  
To see Sir William's plumed head  
Brought to a level with the rest,  
And made the subject of a jest.  
And this perceiving to appease  
The Landlord's wrath, the others  
feared

The Student said, with careless ease,  
"The ladies and the cavaliers,  
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
The deeds of high emprise, I sing!  
Thus Ariosto says, in words

That have the stately stride and ring  
Of armed knights and clashing swords  
Now listen to the tale I bring,  
Listen! though not to me belong  
The flowing draperies of his song,  
The words that rouse, the voice that  
charms

The Landlord's tale was one of arms,  
Only a tale of love is mine,  
Blending the human and divine,  
A tale of the Decameron, told  
In Pulmicini's garden old,  
By Frimetta, laurel crowned,  
While her companions lay around,  
And heard the intermingled sound  
Of mirth that on their errands sped,  
And wild birds gossiping overhead,  
And hush of leaves, and fountain's fall,  
And her own voice more sweet than  
all,

Telling the tale, which, wanting these,  
Perchance may lose its power to  
please.

### THE STUDENT'S TALE

#### THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

ONE summer morning, when the sun  
was hot,  
Weary with labour in his garden plot,  
On a rude bench beneath his cottage  
eaves

Ser Federigo sat among the leaves  
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms  
outspread,  
Hung in delicious clusters overhead  
Below him, through the lovely valley,  
flowed

The river Arno like a winding road,  
And from its banks were lifted high in  
air

The spires and roofs of Florence called  
the Fair,

To him a marble tomb, that rose above  
His wasted fortunes and his buried  
love.

For there in banquet and in tourna-  
ment,

His wealth had lavished been, his sub-  
stance spent

To woo and lose, since all his wooing  
sped,

Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,  
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,  
The ideal woman of a young man's  
dream

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,

To this small farm, the last of his  
domain,

His only comfort and his only care  
To prune his vines, and plant the fig  
and pear,

His only forester and only guest  
His falcon, faithful to him, when the  
rest,

Whose willing hands had found so  
light of yore

The brazen knocker of his palace door,  
Had now no strength to lift the  
wooden latch, [thatch

That entrance gave beneath a roof of  
Companion of his solitary ways,  
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,  
On him this melancholy man bestowed  
The love with which his nature over-  
flowed.

And so the empty-handed years went  
round,

Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic  
sound,

And so, that summer morn, he sat and  
mused [used,

With folded, patient hands, as he was  
And dreamily before his half-closed  
sight

Flotted the vision of his lost delight  
Beside him, motionless, the drowsy  
bird

Dreamed of the chase, and in his  
slumber heard

The sudden, scythe-like sweep of  
wings, that dare

The headlong plunge thro' eddying  
gulfs of air,

Then, starting broad awake upon his  
perch,

Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a  
church, [say,

And, looking at his master, seemed to  
"Ser Federigo shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase,  
The tender vision of her lovely face,

I will not say he seems to see he sees  
In the leaf shadows of the trellises,

Herself, yet not herself, a lovely child  
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide  
and wild,

Coming undaunted up the garden  
walk, [hawk.

And looking not at him but at the  
"Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would  
that I [thou fly!"

Might hold thee on my wrist, or see

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

The voice was hers, and made strange  
echoes start

Through all the haunted chambers of  
his heart

As an æolian harp through gusty doors  
Of some old ruin its wild music pours

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?"  
he said, [head

His hand laid softly on that shining

"Monna Giovanna. Will you let me  
stay

A little while, and with your falcon  
play?

We live there, just beyond your garden  
wall,

In the great house behind the poplars  
tall.

So he spake on and Federigo heard  
As from afar each softly uttered word,

And drifted onward through the  
golden gleams

And shadows of the misty sea of  
dreams,

As mariners becalmed through vapours  
drift,

And feel the sea beneath them sink  
and lift,

And hear far off the mournful breakers  
roar,

And voices calling faintly from the  
shore!

Then waking from his pleasant  
reveries

He took the little boy upon his knees  
And told him stories of his gallant bird,

Till in their friendship he became a  
third

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her  
prime

Had come with friends to pass the  
summer time

In her grand villa half way up the hill  
Derelict Florence but retired and  
still

With iron gates, that opened through  
long lines

Of sacred ilex and centennial pines  
And terraced gardens, and broad steps  
of stone

And sylvan deities with moss o'er-  
grown

And fountains palpitating in the heat  
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath  
its feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may,  
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,

Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,  
Herself the statelyest statue among all

And seeing more and more, with  
secret joy,

Her husband risen and living in her  
boy,

Till the lost sense of life returned again  
Not as delight, but as relief from pain

Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his  
strength

Stormed down the terraces from length  
to length,

The screaming peacock chased in hot  
pursuit,

And climbed the garden trellises for  
fruit

But his chief pastime was to watch the  
flight

Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight  
Beyond the trees that fringed the  
garden wall,

Then downward stooping at some  
distant call

And as he grazed full often wondered he  
Who might the master of the falcon be,

Until that happy morning, when he  
found

Master and falcon in the cottage  
ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell  
On the great house, as if a passing-bell

Tolled from the tower, and filled each  
spacious room

With secret awe, and preternatural  
gloom,

The petted boy grew ill, and dry by day  
Pined with mysterious malady away

The mother's heart would not be com-  
forted,

Her darling seemed to her already  
dead

And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,  
"What can I do to comfort thee?"  
she cried.

At first the silent lips made no reply,  
But moved at length by her importu-  
nate cry

"Give me," he answered with implor-  
ing tone,

"See Federigo's falcon for my own!  
No answer could the astonished  
mother make,

How could she ask, even for her  
darling's sake

Such favour at a luckless lover's hand,  
Well knowing that to ask was to com-  
mand?

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,  
 In all the land that falcon was the best,  
 The master's pride and passion and delight,  
 And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight  
 But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less  
 Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,  
 So promised, and then promising to keep  
 Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep  
 The morrow was a bright September morn,  
 The earth was beautiful as if new-born,  
 There was that nameless splendour everywhere,  
 That wild exhilaration in the air,  
 Which makes the passers in the city street  
 Congratulate each other as they meet.  
 Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,  
 Passed through the garden gate into the wood,  
 Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen [tween  
 Of dewy sunshine showering down be-  
 The one close-hooded had the attractive grace  
 Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face,  
 Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll  
 From the gulf stream of passion in the soul,  
 The other with her hood thrown back, her hair  
 Making a golden glory in the air,  
 Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,  
 Her young heart singing louder than the thrush  
 So walked that morn, through mingled light and shade,  
 Each by the other's presence lovelier made,  
 Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,  
 Intent upon their errand and its end  
 They found Ser Federigo at his toil,  
 Like banished Adam, delving in the soil,

And when he looked and these fair women spied,  
 The garden suddenly was glorified,  
 His long-lost Eden was restored again,  
 And the strange river winding through the plain  
 No longer was the Arno to his eyes,  
 But the Euphrates watering Paradise  
 Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,  
 And with fair words of salutation said  
 "Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,  
 Hoping in this to make some poor amends  
 For past unkindness I who neer before  
 Would even cross the threshold of your door,  
 I who in happier days such pride maintained,  
 Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,  
 This morning come, a self invited guest,  
 To put your generous nature to the test,  
 And breakfast with you under your own vine  
 To which he answered "Poor desert of mine,  
 Not your unkindness, call it, for if aught  
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,  
 From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs  
 All sorrows, all regrets of other days'  
 And after further compliment and talk,  
 Among the dahlia's in the garden walk  
 He left his guests, and to his cottage turned,  
 And as he entered for a moment yearned  
 For the lost splendours of the days of old,  
 The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,  
 And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,  
 By want embittered and intensified  
 He looked about him for some means or way  
 To keep this unexpected holiday,  
 Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,  
 Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain,

"The Signor did not hunt to day,  
she said  
"There's nothing in the house but  
wine and bread

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon  
shook

His little bells, with that sagacious  
look,

Which said as plain as language to  
the ear

"If anything is wanting I am here!"  
Yes, everything is wanting gallant  
bird!

The master seized thee without further  
word,

Like thine own lure he whirled thee  
round, oh me!

The pomp and flutter of brave falcons  
The bells, the jesses the bright scarlet  
hood

The flight and the pursuit o'er field  
and wood

All these for evermore are ended now  
No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth  
he spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of  
bread,

Brought purple grapes with autumn  
sunshine hot

The fragrant peach, the juicy berry  
gamot,

Then in the midst a flask of wine he  
placed,

And with autumnal flowers the banquet  
graced

Ser Federigo would not these suffice  
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves  
and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly  
dame

With her companion to the cottage  
came,

Upon Ser Federigo's brawn there fell  
The wild enchantment of a magic spell!

The room they entered, mean and low  
and small,

Was changed into a sumptuous  
banquet hall,

With fanfares by aerial trumpets  
blown,

The rustic chair she sat on was a  
throne

He ate celestial food, and a divine  
flavour was given to his country wine,

And the poor falcon, fragrant with his  
spice,

A peacock was or bird of Paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose  
And passed again into the garden-  
close

Then said the lady, "Far too well I  
know,

Remembering still the days of long  
ago

Though you betray it not, with what  
surprise

You see me here in this familiar wise.  
You have no children, and you cannot  
guess

What anguish, what unspeakable dis-  
tress

A mother feels, whose child is lying ill  
Nor how her heart anticipates his will

And yet for this you see me lay aside  
All womanly reserve and check of  
pride,

And ask the thing most precious in  
your sight,

Your falcon, your sole comfort and  
delight,

Which if you find it in your heart to  
give

My poor unhappy boy perchance may  
live

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,  
With tears of love and pity in his eyes

"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task  
so sweet to me as giving when you ask.

One little hour ago if I had known  
This wish of yours it would have been  
my own

But thinking in what manner I could  
best

Do honour to the presence of my guest,  
I deemed that nothing worthier could  
be

Than what most dear and precious was  
And so my gallant falcon breathed his  
last

To furnish forth this morning our  
repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with  
dismay,

The gentle lady turned her eyes away,  
Grieving that he such sacrifice should  
make,

And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,  
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's  
pride,

That nothing she could ask for was  
[denied,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Then took her leave, and passed out  
at the gate

With footsteps slow and soul disconsolate

Three days went by, and lo! a passing bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the dell,  
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said

Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child  
is dead!"

Three months went by, and lo! a  
merry clime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas  
time,

The cottage was deserted, and no more  
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,  
But now, with servants to do his will,  
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,  
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his  
side

Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,  
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,  
Enthroned once more in the old rustic  
chair,

High-perched upon the back of which  
there stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood,  
And underneath the inscription, with a  
date,

"All things come round to him who  
will but wait."

### ~~~~~ INTERLUDE

SOON as the story reached its end,  
One, over eager to commend,  
Crowned it with injudicious praise,  
And then the voice of blame found vent,  
And fanned the embers of dissent  
Into a somewhat lively blaze  
The Theologian shook his head,  
"These old Italian tales," he said  
"From the much-praised Decameron  
down

Through all the rabble of the rest,  
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd,  
The gossip of a neighbourhood  
In some remote provincial town,  
A scandalous chronicle at best!  
They seem to me a stagnant fen,  
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,  
Where a white lily, now and then  
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds,  
And deadly nightshade on its banks

To this the Student straight replied,  
"For the white lily many thanks!"

One should not say, with too much  
pride,

Tountain, I will not drink of thee!  
Nor were it grateful to forget,  
That from these reservoirs and tanks  
Even imperial Shakespeare drew  
His Moor of Venice and the Jew,  
And Romeo and Juliet,  
And many a famous comedy

Then a long pause, till some one said,  
"An Angel is flying overhead!"

At these words spake the Spanish Jew,  
And murmured with an inward breath  
"God grant, if what you say be true,  
It may not be the Angel of Death!"

And then another pause, and then,  
Stroking his beard, he said again

"This brings back to my memory  
A story in the Talmud told,  
That book of gems, that book of gold,  
Of wonders many and manifold,  
A tale that often comes to me,  
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,  
And never wearies nor grows old"

### ~~~~~ THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read  
A volume of the Law in which it said,  
"No man shall look upon my face  
and live"

And as he read he prayed that God  
would give [eye  
His faithful servant grace with mortal  
To look upon his face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,  
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim  
with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before him  
stand,

Holding a naked sword in his right  
hand

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,  
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.  
With trembling voice he said, "What  
wilt thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time  
draws near

When thou must die, yet first, by  
God's decree,

Whatever thou askest shall be granted  
thee

Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living  
eyes

First look upon my place in Paradise."



Then said the Angel, "Come with me  
and look.

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred  
book,

And rising and uplifting his gray head,  
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel  
said

"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by  
the way

The Angel smiled and hastened to obey  
Then led him forth to the Celestial

Town

And set him on the wall, whence  
gazing down

Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,  
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord  
The Rabbi leaped with the Death  
Angel's sword

And through the streets there swept a  
sudden breath

Of something there unknown, which  
men call death

Meanwhile the Angel stayed without,  
and cried,

"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's  
voice replied,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

"No! in the name of God, whom I  
adore,  
I swear that hence I will depart no  
more!

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holi  
One,

See what the son of Levi here hath  
done!

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by  
violence

And in thy name refuses to go hence!"

The Lord replied, "My Angels, be  
not wroth,

Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?  
Let him remain for he with mortal eye  
Shall look upon my face and yet not  
die

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of  
Death

Heard the great voice, and said, with  
panting breath,

"Give back the sword, and let me go  
my way

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and an-  
swered, "Nay!

Anguish enough already has it caused  
Among the sons of men" And while  
he paused

He heard the awful mandate of the  
Lord

Resounding through the air, "Give  
back the sword!

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent  
prayer,

Then said he to the dreadful Angel  
"Swear,

No human eye shall look on it again,  
But when thou takest away the souls  
of men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen  
sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the  
Lord

The Angel took the sword again, and  
swore

And walks on earth unseen for ever-  
more

### ~~~~~ INTERLUDE.

HE ended and a kind of spell  
Upon the silent listeners fell  
His solemn manner and his words  
Had touched the deep, mysterious  
chords,  
That vibrate in each human breast

Alike, but not alike confessed  
The spiritual world seemed near,  
And close above them, full of fear,  
Its awful adumbration passed,  
A luminous shadow vague and vast  
They almost feared to look lest there,  
Embodied from the impalpable air,  
They might behold the Angel stand,  
Holding the sword in his right hand  
At last, but in a voice subdued,  
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,  
Said the Sicilian, "While you spoke,  
Telling your legend marvellous,  
Suddenly in my memory woke  
The thought of one, now gone from  
us,—

An old Abate, meek and mild,  
My friend and teacher, when a child,  
Who sometimes in those days of old  
The legend of an Angel told,  
Which ran, as I remember, thus "

### ~~~~~ THE SICILIANS TALE ~~~~~ KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope  
Urbane

And Valmont, Emperor of Allemagne,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and  
squire,

On St John's Eve, at vespers, proudly  
sat

And heard the priests chant the Mag-  
nificat

And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words "*Deposuit potentes*  
*De sede, et exaltavit humiles*,"

And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The  
clerk made answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from  
their seat,

And has exalted them of low de-  
gree

Thereat King Robert muttered scorn-  
fully,

"'Tis well that such seditious words  
are sung

Only by priests, and in the Latin  
tongue,

For unto priests and people be it  
known,

There is no power can push me from  
[my throne!]



LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

And leaning back, he yawned and fell  
asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and  
deep

When he awoke it was already night,  
The church was empty, and there was  
no light

Save where the lamps, that glimmered  
few and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint  
He started from his seat and grazed  
around

But saw no living thing, and heard no  
sound

He groped towards the door, but it  
was locked,

He cried aloud, and listened and then  
knocked

And uttered awful threatenings and  
complaints

And imprecations upon men and  
saints

The sounds re-echoed from the roof  
and walls

As if dead priests were laughing in  
their stalls!

At length the sexton hearing from  
without

The tumult of the knocking and the  
shout

And thinking thieves were in the house  
of prayer

Came with his lantern, asking "Who  
is there?"

Half choked with rage King Robert  
fiercely said

'Open 'tis I the King! Art thou  
afraid?

The frightened sexton muttering, with  
a curse

"This is some drunken vagabond, or  
worse!"

Turned the great key and flung the  
portal wide

A man rushed by him at a single  
stride

Haggard half naked, without hat or  
cloak

Who neither turned, nor looked at  
him nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the  
night,

And vanished like a spectre from his  
[sight.

Robert of Sicily brother of Pope  
Urbane

And Valmond Emperor of Allemaune,

Despoiled of his magnificent nature,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent  
with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage des-  
perate,

Strode on and thundered at the palace  
gate,

Rushed through the courtyard, thrust-  
ing in his rage

To right and left each seneschal and  
page,

And hurried up the broad and sounding  
stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches  
glare

From hall to hall he passed with  
breathless speed,

Voices and cries he heard, but did not  
heed,

Until at last he reached the banquet-  
room,

Blazing with light, and breathing with  
perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes his crown, his  
signet ring,

King Robert's self in features, form,  
and height

But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an Angel, and his presence

there

With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise

Though none the hidden Angel re-  
cognise.

A moment speechless, motionless,  
amazed

The throneless monarch on the Angel  
gazed,

Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes,

Then said "Who art thou? and why  
com'st thou here?"

To which King Robert answered with  
a sneer,

"I am the King and come to claim  
my own

From an impostor, who usurps my  
throne!

And suddenly, at these audacious  
words,

Up sprang the angry guests and drew  
their swords,

The angel answered, with unruffled  
brow,

"Nay, not the King, but the King's  
Jester, thou

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and  
scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an  
ape,  
Thou shalt obey my servants when  
they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the  
hall!

Deaf to King Robert's threats and  
cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and  
down the stairs,  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-  
door,

His heart failed, for he heard, with  
strange alarms

The boisterous laughter of the men-  
at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and  
ring

With the mock plaudits of "Long live  
the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's  
first beam,

He said within himself, "It was a  
dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his  
head,

There were the cap and bells beside  
his bed,

Around him rose the bare, discoloured  
walls,

Close by the steeds were champing in  
their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the  
wretched ape.

It was no dream, the world he loved  
so much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his  
touch!

Days came and went, and now re-  
turned again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign  
Under the Angel's governance benign

The happy island danced with corn  
and wine,

And deep within the mountain's  
burning breast

Encladus the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his

Sullen and silent and disconsolate  
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters

wear,

With look bewildered and a vacant  
stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks  
are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed  
to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsub-  
dued

And when the Angel met him on his  
way,

And half in earnest, half in jest, would  
say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might  
feel

The velvet scabbard held a sword of  
steel,

"Art thou the King?" the passion of  
his woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he

would fling

The haughty answer back, "I am, I  
am the King!"

Almost three years were ended, when  
there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Alle-  
maine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope  
Urbane

By letter summoned them forthwith to  
come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome  
The Angel with great joy received his

guests,

And gave them presents of embroi-  
dered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine  
lined

And rings and jewels of the rarest kind  
Then he departed with them o'er the

sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,

Whose loveliness was more resplen-  
dent made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings,

and the sure  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur  
And lo! among the menials, in mock

state  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the  
wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched  
behind,

The solemn ape demurely perched

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

King Robert rode, making huge merriment

In all the country towns through which they went

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on St Peter's Square

Giving his benediction and embrace,

Fervent and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers

He entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,

Into their presence rushed and cried aloud

'I am the King! Look, and behold in me

Robert your brother King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance

to your eyes

Is an impostor in a King's disguise

Do you not know me? does no voice within

Answer my cry and say we are akin?' The Pope in silence, but with troubled

men

Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene,

The Emperor, laughing said, "It is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!

And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,

And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the The presence of the Angel with its

light

Before the sun rose, made the city bright,

And with new fervour filled the hearts of men

Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw With haggard eyes the unwonted

splendour saw,

He felt within a power unfelt before, And kneeling humbly on his chamber

floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord

Sweep through the silent air, ascend ing heavenward

And now the visit ending, and once more

Valmond returning to the Danube's Homeward the Angel journeyed, and

again

The land was made resplendent with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,

And, seated on the throne in his great He heard the Angelus from convent

towers

As if the better world conversed with He beckoned to King Robert to draw

higher,

And with a gesture bade therest retire, And when they were alone, the Angel

said,

"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast

And meekly answered him "Thou knowest best I

My sins as scarlet are, let me go hence,

And in some cloister's school of Across those stones that pave the way

to heaven

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be The Angel smiled, and from his radiant

face

A holy light illumined all the place And through the open window loud,

and clear,

They heard the monks chant in the Above the stir and tumult of the street

He has put down the mighty from their seat

And has exalted them of low degree! And through the night a second

melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single string

"I am an Angel, and thou art the King Robert, who was standing near

the throne,

Lifted his eyes and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of old,

With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold!

And when his courtiers came they found him there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

### INTERLUDE

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman  
told

A Saga of the days of old  
"There is," said he, "a wondrous  
book

Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,  
Of the dead kings of Norrøyg, —  
Legends that once were told or sung  
In many a smoky fireside nook  
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,  
By wandering Saga-man, or Scald,  
Heimskringla is the volume called,  
And he who looks may find therein  
The story that I now begin

And in each pause the story made  
Upon his violin he played,  
As an appropriate interlude,  
Fragments of old Norwègian tunes  
That bound in one the separate runes,  
And held the mind in perfect mood,  
Entwining and encircling all  
The strange and antiquated rhymes  
With melodies of olden times,  
As over some half-ruined wall,  
Disjointed and about to fall,  
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,  
And keep the loosened stones in place

### THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

#### I — THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,  
I am the War God,  
I am the Thunderer!  
Here in my Northland,  
My fastness and fortress,  
Reign I for ever!

Here amid icebergs  
Rule I the nations,  
This is my hammer,  
Mibner the mighty,  
Giants and sorcerers  
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets  
Wherewith I wield it,  
And hurl it afar off,  
This is my girdle  
Whenever I brace it,  
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest  
Stream through the heavens,  
In flashes of crimson,  
Is but my red beard

Blown by the night-wind,  
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother  
Mine eyes are the lightning,  
The wheels of my chariot  
Roll in the thunder,  
The blows of my hammer  
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it shall rule it,  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant,  
Over the whole earth  
Still it is Thor's day!

Thou art a God, too,  
O Galilean!  
And thus single-handed  
Unto the combat,  
Gauntlet or Gospel,  
Here I defy thee!

#### II — KING OLAF'S RETURN

AND King Olaf heard the cry,  
Saw the red light in the sky,  
Laid his hand upon his sword,  
As he leaned upon the miling,  
And his ships went sailing, sailing  
Northward into Drontheim fiord

There he stood as one who dreamed,  
And the red light glanced and  
gleamed

On the armour that he wore,  
And he shouted, as the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,  
And reconquer realm and reign,  
Came the youthful Olaf home,  
Through the midnight, sailing, sailing,  
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,  
And the dashing of the foam

To his thoughts the sacred name  
Of his mother Astrid came  
And the tale she oft had told  
Of her flight by secret passes,  
Through the mountains and morasses,  
To the home of Hakon old

Then strange memories crowded back  
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack  
And a hurried flight by sea,  
Of grim Vikings, and the capture  
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,  
And the life of slavery

How a stranger watched his face  
In the Esthonian market-place,  
Scanned his features one by one  
Saying 'We should know each other,  
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother  
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son'

Then 's Queen Allogia's page,  
Old in honours young in age,  
Chief of all her men at-arms,  
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,  
Reached King Valdemar, the impe-  
rious,

Filling him with strange alarms  
Then his cruisings o'er the seas,  
Westward to the Hebrides,  
And to Scilly's rocky shore  
And the hermit's cavern dismal [mal  
Christ's great name and rites baptis  
In the ocean's rush and roar

All these thoughts of love and strife  
Glimmered through his lurid life  
As the stars intenser light trailing  
Through the red flames o'er him  
As his ships went sailing sailing  
Northward in the summer night

Trained for either camp or court,  
Skilful in each manly sport,  
Young and beautiful and tall,  
Art of warfare craft of chases,  
Swimming, skating snow-shoe races  
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers  
He along the bending oars  
Outside of his ship could run  
He the Smalsor Horn ascended  
And his shining shield suspended  
On its summit, like a sun

On the ship-rails he could stand  
Wield his sword with either hand  
And at once two javelins throw,  
At all feasts where ale was strongest  
Sat the merry monarch longest  
First to come and last to go

Norway never yet had seen  
One so beautiful of mien,  
One so royal in attire,  
When in arms completely furnished,  
Harness gold inlaid and burnished  
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,  
When upon the night-wind blown  
Passed that cry along the shore,  
And he answered, while the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!

III—THORA OF RIMOL

"THORA of Rimol, hide me! hide  
me!

Danger and shame and death betide  
me!

For Olaf the King is hunting me down  
Through field and forest, through  
thorp and town!

Thus cried Jarl Hakon  
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee  
Neither shall shame nor death come  
near thee!

But the hiding-place wherein thou  
must lie

Is the cave underneath the swine in  
the sty

Thus to Jarl Hakon  
Said Thora, the fairest of women

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall  
Karker

Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon  
darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,  
Through the forest roads into Orka-  
dale,

Demanding Jarl Hakon  
Of Thora, the fairest of women

"Rich and honoured shall be who-  
ever

The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-  
sever!

Hakon heard him, and Karker the  
slave,

Through the breathing-holes of the  
darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber  
Wept Thora, the fairest of women

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not  
slay thee!

For all the King's gold I will never  
betray thee!"

'Then why dost thou turn so pale, O  
churl!

And then again black as the earth?  
said the Earl,

More pale and more faithful  
Was Thora, the fairest of women

From a dream in the night the thrall  
started, saying,

"Round my neck a gold ring King  
Olaf was laying!"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of  
the King!

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

He will lay round thy neck a blood-  
red ring "  
At the ring on her finger  
Gazed Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men,

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sor-  
rows encumbered,  
But screamed and drew up his feet as  
he slumbered,  
The thrall in the darkness plunged  
with his knife,  
And the Earl awakened no more in  
this life.

But wakeful and weeping  
Sat Thora, the fairest of women

At Nidarholm the priests are all  
singing,

Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are  
swinging,

One is Jari Hakon's and one is his  
thrall's,

And the people are shouting from  
windows and walls,

While alone in her chamber  
Swoons Thora, the fairest of wo-  
men

## IV — QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

QUEEN SIGRID the Haughty sat  
proud and aloft

In her chamber, that looked over  
meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest,  
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was be-  
sprent,

Filling the room with their fragrant  
scent

She heard the birds sing, she saw the  
sun shine,

The air of summer was sweeter than  
wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the  
bright river lay

Between her own kingdom and Nor-  
roway

But Olaf the King had sued for her  
hand,

The sword would be sheathed, the  
river be spanned

Her maidens were seated around her  
knee,

Working bright figures in tapestry

And one was singing the ancient rune  
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of  
Gudrun

And through it, and round it, and  
over it all

Sounded incessant the waterfall

The Queen in her hand held a ring of  
gold,

From the door of Lade's temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding  
gift,

But her thoughts as arrows were keen  
and swift

She had given the ring to her gold  
smiths twain,

Who smiled, as they handed it back  
again

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty  
way,

Said, "Why do you smile, my gold-  
smiths? say

And they answered "O Queen! if  
the truth must be told,

The ring is of copper, and not of  
gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead  
and cheek

She only murmured, she did not  
speak

'If in his gifts he can faithless be,  
There will be no gold in his love to  
me."

A footstep was heard on the outer  
stair,

And in strode King Olaf with royal  
air

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he  
whispered of love,

And swore to be true as the stars are  
above

But she smiled with contempt as she  
answered, "O King,

Will you swear it, as Odin once swore,  
on the ring?"

And the King "Oh speak not of Odin  
to me,

The wife of King Olaf a Christian  
must be

Looking straight at the King, with her  
level brows, [my vows]

She said, "I keep true to my faith and

Then the face of King Olaf was  
darkened with gloom,  
He rose in his anger and strode  
through the room

"Why then should I care to have  
thee? he said,—

"A faded old woman, a heathenish  
jade!

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,  
And he struck the Queen in the face  
with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger  
he fled,

And the wooden stairway shook with  
his tread.

Queen Sigrd the Haughty said under  
her breath

"This insult King Olaf, shall be thy  
death!

Heart's dearest

Why dost thou sorrow so?

V—THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farns

His men at arms

Gathered on the Eve of Easter,

To his house at Angvalds-ness

Fast they press

Drinking with the royal feaster

Loudly through the wide flung door

Came the roar

Of the sea upon the Skerry,

And its thunder loud and near

Reached the ear

Mingling with their voices merry

'Hark! said Olaf to his Scald,

Halfred the Bald

"Listen to that song, and learn it!

Half my kingdom would I give,

As I live

If by such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes

Of all times,

Best I like the ocean's dirges

When the old harper heaves and rocks,

His hoary locks

Flowing and flashing in the surges!

Halfred answered "I am called

The Unrappalled!

Nothing hinders me or daunts me.

Hearken to me then, O King

While I sing

The great Ocean Song that haunts

"I will hear your song sublime

Some other time,

Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,

And retires, each laughing guest

Applauds the jest,

Then they sleep till day is dawning

Pacing up and down the yard,

King Olaf's guard

Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping

Over the sands and up the hill,

Gathering still

Round the house where they were

It was not the fog he saw,

Nor misty frow,

That above the landscape brooded,

It was Lyvind Kallda's crew

Of warlocks blue,

With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,

Weaving slow

Magic circles to encumber

And imprison in their ring

Olaf the King,

As he helpless lies in slumber

Then athwart the vapours dun

The Easter Sun

Streamed with one broad track of

splendour!

In their real forms appeared

The warlocks weird,

Awful as the Witch of Endor

Blinded by the light that glared,

They groped and stared

Round about with steps unsteady,

From his window Olaf gazed,

And, amazed,

'Who are these strange people?'

said he

Lyvind Kallda and his men!

Answered then

From the yard a sturdy farmer,

While the men-at-arms apace

Filled the place,

Busily buckling on their armour

From the gates they sallied forth,

South and north

Scoured the island coast around

them

Seizing all the warlock band,

Foot and hand

On the Skerry's rocks they bound

And at eve the King again

Called his train

And with all the candles burning,

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Silent sat and heard once more  
 The sullen roar  
 Of the ocean tides returning  
 Shrieks and cries of wild despair  
 Filled the air,  
 Growing fainter as they listened,  
 Then the bursting surge alone  
 Sounded on,—  
 Thus the sorcerers were christened!  
 "Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,  
 Your ocean-rhyme,  
 Cried King Olaf "it will cheer me!"  
 Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,  
 "The Skerry of Shrieks  
 Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

## VI—THE WRAITH OF ODIN

THE guests were loud, the ale was  
 strong,

King Olaf feasted late and long,  
 The hoary Scalds together sang,  
 Overhead the smoky rafters rang  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

The door swung wide, with creak and  
 din,  
 A blast of cold night-air came in,  
 And on the threshold shivering stood  
 A one-eyed guest, with cloak and  
 hood

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard  
 pale!  
 Come warm thee with this cup of  
 ale."

The forming draught the old man  
 quaffed,  
 The noisy guests looked on and  
 laughed

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

Then spake the King "Be not afraid,  
 Sit here by me The guest obeyed,  
 And seated at the table, told  
 Tales of the sea, and Sagas old  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

And ever, when the tale was o'er,  
 The King demanded yet one more,  
 Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,  
 "'Tis late, O King, and time for bed"  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

The King retired, the stranger-guest  
 Followed and entered with the rest,  
 The lights were out, the pages gone,  
 But still the garrulous guest spake on  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

As one who from a volume reads  
 He spake of heroes and their deeds,  
 Of lands and cities he had seen,  
 And stormy gulfs that tossed between  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

Then from his lips in music rolled  
 The Havamal of Odin old,  
 With sounds mysterious as the roar  
 Of billows on a distant shore  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

"Do we not learn from runes and  
 rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times  
 And do not still the great Scalds teach  
 That silence better is than speech?"

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

Smiling at this, the King replied,  
 "Thy lore is by thy tongue belied,  
 For never was I so enthralled  
 Either by Saga-man or Scald"

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

The Bishop said, "Late hours we  
 keep!

Night wanes, O King! tis time for  
 sleep!

Then slept the King, and when he  
 woke

The guest was gone, the morning  
 broke

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

They found the doors securely barred,  
 They found the watch dog in the yard,  
 There was no footprint in the grass,  
 And none had seen the stranger pass  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang

King Olaf crossed himself and said  
 "I know that Odin the Great is dead,  
 Sure is the triumph of our Faith,  
 The one-eyed stranger was his wraith"  
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-  
 sang



VII —IRON BEARD

OLAF the King, one summer  
morn,  
Blew a blast on his bugle horn  
Sending his signal through the land of  
Drontheim

And to the Hus Ting held at  
Mere  
Gathered the farmers far and near  
With their war weapons ready to con-  
front him

Ploughing under the morning  
star,  
Old Iron-Beard in Ymrar  
Heard the summons, chuckling with a  
low laugh

He wiped the sweat-drops from  
his brow  
Unharnessed his horses from the  
plough  
And clattering came on horseback to  
King Olaf

He was the churliest of the churls  
Little he cared for king or earls  
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his  
foaming passions

Hodden gray was the garb he  
wore,  
And by the Hammer of Thor he  
swore,  
He hated the narrow town, and all its  
fashions

But he loved the freedom of his  
farm,  
His ale at night, by the fireside  
warm,  
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen  
tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,  
The smell of the earth, and the  
song of birds  
His well filled barns his brook with  
its water-cresses

Huge and cumbersome was his  
frame,  
His beard, from which he took  
his name,  
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer  
the Giant

So at the Hus Ting he appeared  
The farmer of Ymrar Iron Beard,  
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,  
Out of the middle of the crowd,  
That tossed about him like a stormy  
ocean

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring  
To Odin and to Thor, O King,  
As other kings have done in their  
devotion!"

King Olaf answered "I com-  
mand  
This land to be a Christian land,  
Here is my Bishop who the folk bap-  
tises!"

"But if you ask me to restore  
Your sacrifices stained with gore,  
Then will I offer human sacrifices!"

"Not slaves and peasants shall  
they be  
But men of note and high degree  
Such men as Orm of Lyrn and Kar of  
Grating!"

Then to their Templestrode he in,  
And loud behind him heard the din  
Of his men at arms and the peasants  
fiercely fighting

There in the Temple, carved in  
wood,  
The image of great Odin stood,  
And other gods with Thor supreme  
among them

King Olaf smote them with the  
blade  
Of his huge war-axe gold inlaid  
And downward shattered to the pave-  
ment flung them

At the same moment rose without,  
From the contending crowd, a  
shout,  
A mingled sound of triumph and of  
wailing

And there upon the trampled plain  
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain  
Midway between the assailed and the  
assailing

King Olaf from the doorway  
spoke  
'Choose ye between two things,  
my folk  
To be baptised or given up to  
slaughter!'

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

And seeing their leader stark and dead,

The people with a murmur said,  
"O King, baptise us with thy holy water!"

So all the Drontheim land became  
A Christian land in name and fame,

In the old gods no more believing and trusting

And as a blood atonement, soon  
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun,  
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus Ting!

### VIII — GUDRUN

ON King Olaf's bridal night  
Shines the moon with tender light,  
And across the chamber streams  
Its tide of dreams

At the fatal midnight hour,  
When all evil things have power,  
In the glimmer of the moon  
Stands Gudrun

Close against her heaving breast,  
Something in her hand is pressed,  
Like an icicle, its sheen  
Is cold and keen

On the cairn are fixed her eyes,  
Where her murdered father lies,  
And a voice remote and drear  
She seems to hear

What a bridal night is this!  
Cold will be the digger's kiss,  
Laden with the chill of death  
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps  
To the couch where Olaf sleeps,  
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,  
His eyes meet hers

"What is that," King Olaf said,  
"Gleams so bright above thy head?  
Wherefore standest thou so white  
In pale moonlight?"

"'Tis the bodkin that I wear  
When at night I bind my hair  
It woke me falling on the floor  
'Tis nothing more"

'Forests have ears, and fields have eyes  
Often treachery lurking lies  
Underneath the forest hair

In the earliest peep of morn  
Blow King Olaf's bugle-horn,  
And for ever sundered ride  
Bridegroom and bride!

### IX — THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

SHORT of stature, large of limb,  
Burly free and russet beard,  
All the women stared at him  
When in Iceland he appeared  
"Look," they said,  
With nodding head, [Priest "  
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's  
All the prayers he knew by rote,  
He could preach like Chrysostome,  
From the Fathers he could quote,  
He had even been at Rome.

A learned clerk,  
A man of mark,  
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest

He was quarrelsome and loud,  
And impatient of control,  
Bolsterous in the market crowd,  
Bolsterous at the wassail bowl,  
Everywhere

Would drink and swear,  
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest

In his house thus discontent  
Could the king no longer bear,  
So to Iceland he was sent  
To convert the heathen there,  
And away

One summer day  
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books  
Pored the people day and night,  
But he did not like their looks,  
Nor the songs they used to write

"All this rhyme  
Is waste of time!  
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest

To the alehouse, where he sat,  
Came the Scalds and Saga-men,  
Is it to be wondered at,  
That they quarrelled now and then,  
When o'er his beer

Began to leer  
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord  
Boasted of their island grand,  
Saying in a single word,

"Iceland is the finest land  
That the sun  
Doth shine upon!" [Priest  
threw Thangbrand Olaf's

And he answered "What's the use  
Of this bragging up and down,  
When three women and one goose  
Make a market in your town!  
Every Scald  
Satires scrawled  
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest  
Something worse they did than that,  
And what vexed him most of all  
Was a figure in shovel hat  
Drawn in charcoal on the wall,  
With words that go  
Sprawling below,  
"This is Thangbrand Olaf's Priest.  
Hardly knowing what he did  
Then he smote them might and main  
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid  
Lay there in the alehouse slain  
To-day we are gold,  
To-morrow mould!  
Muttered Thangbrand Olaf's Priest  
Much in fear of axe and rope  
Back to Norway sailed he then,  
"O, King Olaf! little hope  
Is there of these Iceland men!  
Meekly said,  
With bending head  
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest

X — RAUD THE STRONG

"ALL the old gods are dead,  
All the wild warlocks fled  
But the White Christ lives and reigns  
And throughout my wide domains  
His Gospel shall be spread!  
On the Evangelists  
Thus swore King Olaf  
But still in dreams of the night  
Beheld he the crimson light  
And heard the voice that defied  
Him who was crucified  
And challenged him to the fight  
To Sigurd the Bishop  
King Olaf confessed it.  
And Sigurd the Bishop said  
'The old gods are not dead  
For the great Thor still reigns  
And among the Jarls and Thaness  
The old witchcraft still is spread  
Thus to King Olaf  
Said Sigurd the Bishop  
"Far north in the Salten Fiord  
By rapine, fire, and sword,

Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong,  
All the Godoe Isles belong  
To him and his heathen horde"  
Thus went on speaking  
Sigurd the Bishop

'A warlock a wizard is he  
And lord of the wind and the sea,  
And whichever way he sails,  
He has ever favouring gales,  
By his craft in sorcery  
Here the sign of the cross made  
Devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,  
He worships Odin and Thor,  
So it cannot yet be said,  
That all the old gods are dead  
And the warlocks are no more,  
Flushing with anger  
Said Sigurd the Bishop

Then King Olaf cried aloud  
'I will talk with this mighty Raud,  
And along the Salten Fiord  
Preach the Gospel with my sword,  
Or be brought back in my shroud!  
So northward from Drontheim  
Sailed King Olaf!

XI — BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD

LOUD the angry wind was wailing  
As King Olaf's ships came sailing  
Northward out of Drontheim haven  
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches  
Fore and aft the rowers benches,  
Not a single heart is craven  
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,  
But within it storm and riot,  
Such as on his Viking cruises [inde.  
Raud the Strong was wont to

And the sea through all its tide-ways  
Swept the reeling vessel sideways  
As the leaves are swept through  
sluices

When the flood gates open wide,

"'Tis the warlock! 'tis the demon  
Raud! cried Sigurd to the seamen,  
"But the Lord is not affrighted  
By the witchcraft of his foes

To the ship's bow he ascended,  
By his chonsters attended

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Round him were the tapers lighted,  
And the sacred incense rose

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,  
In his robes, as one transfigured,  
And the Crucifix he planted  
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled  
All the ship, the mass bells tinkled,  
Loud the monks around him chanted,  
Loud he read the Evangelist

As into the Fiord they darted,  
On each side the water parted,  
Down a path like silver molten  
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships,

Steadily burned all night the tapers,  
And the White Christ through the  
vapours

Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,  
As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwell-  
On the little isle of Gelling, [ling  
Not a guard was at the doorway,  
Not a glimmer of light was seen

But at anchor, carved and gilded,  
Lay the dragon-ship he builded,  
Twas the grandest ship in Norway,  
With its crest and scales of green

Up the stairway, softly creeping,  
To the loft where Raud was sleeping  
With their fists they burst asunder  
Bolt and bar that held the door

Drunken with sleep and ale they found  
him, [him,  
Dragged him from his bed and bound  
While he stared with stupid wonder,  
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said "O Sea-King!  
Little time have we for speaking,  
Choose between the good and evil  
Be baptised, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer  
Answered "I disdain thine offer,  
Neither fear I God nor Devil,  
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,  
When his frantic struggles ended  
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,  
Touched by fire they forced to  
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,  
As he gnawed through bone and  
marrow,

But without a groan or shudder,  
Raud the Strong blaspheming  
died

Then baptised they all that region,  
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,  
Far as swims the salmon leaping,  
Up the streams of Salten Fiord

In their temples Thor and Odin  
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,  
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,  
Preached the Gospel with his  
sword

Then he took the carved and gilded  
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,  
And the tiller single-handed,  
Grasping, steered into the main

Southward sailed the sea gulls o'er  
him,

Southward sailed the ship that bore  
him,

Till at Drontheim haven landed  
Olaf and his crew again

## XII — KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

AT Drontheim, Olaf the King  
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring  
As he sat in his banquet-hall,  
Drinking the nut-brown ale,  
With his bearded Berserks hale  
And tall

Three days his Yule-tide feasts  
He held with Bishops and Priests,  
And his horn filled up to the brim,  
But the ale was never too strong,  
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,  
For him

O'er his drinking horn, the sign  
He made of the Cross divine  
As he drank and muttered his  
prayers,  
But the Berserks evermore  
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor  
Over theirs

The gleams of the firelight dance  
Upon helmet and hauberk and lancee,  
And laugh in the eyes of the  
King,

And he cries to Halfred the Scald,  
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,  
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,  
With a sword in every line,  
And this shall be thy reward"

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

And he loosened the belt at his waist  
And in front of the singer placed  
His sword

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,  
Wherever at a stroke he hewed  
The millstone through and  
through  
And foot-breadth of Thoralf the  
Strong  
Were neither so broad nor so long,  
Nor so true.

Then the Scald took his harp and  
sang  
And loud through the music rang  
The sound of that shining word,  
And the harp-strings a clangour made  
As if they were struck with the blade  
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about  
Broke forth in a shout  
That made the rafters ring,  
They smote with their fists on the  
board  
And shouted, "Long live the Sword  
And the King!

But the King said "O my son,  
I miss the bright word in one  
Of thy measures and thy  
rhymes

And Halfred the Scald replied  
'In another twas multiplied  
Three times

Then King Olaf raised the hilt  
Of iron cross-shaped and gilt  
And said 'Do not refuse,  
Count well the gain and the loss  
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross  
Choose!

And Halfred the Scald said 'Thy's  
In the name of the Lord I kiss  
Who on it was crucified!  
And a shout went round the board  
"In the name of Christ the Lord,  
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows  
The noonday sun uprose  
Through the driving mists re-  
vealed

Like the lifting of the Host,  
By incense-clouds almost  
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast  
And shadowy cross was cast  
From the hilt of the lifted sword,

And in foaming cups of ale  
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!  
To the Lord!

## XIII —THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

THORBERG SKAFTING master builder,  
In his ship-yard by the sea  
Whistling said "It would bewilder  
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,  
Any man but me!

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
Built of old by Riud the Strong,  
And King Olaf had commanded  
He should build another Dragon,  
Twice as large and long

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,  
As he sat with half-closed eyes  
And his head turned sideways, draft-  
ing

That new vessel for King Olaf  
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-  
mered

Mallet huge and heavy axe,  
Workmen laughed and sang and  
clamoured,

Whirled the wheels that into rigging  
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—  
It was music to his ear,  
Fancy whispered all the faster  
Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting  
For a hundred year!

Workmen sweating at the forges  
Fashioned iron bolt and bar  
Like a warlock's midnight orgies  
Smoked and bubbled the black caul-  
dron

With the boiling tar  
Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?  
Could you not be gone a minute  
But some mischief must be doing,  
Turning bad to worse?

'Twas an ill wind that came wafting  
From his homestead words of  
woe,

To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,  
Oft repeating to his workmen,  
Build ye thus and so

After long delays returning  
Came the master back by night,

To his ship-yard longing, yearning,  
Hurried he, and did not leave it  
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"  
On the morrow said the King,  
"Finished now from keel to carling,  
Never yet was seen in Norway  
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
At the ship the workmen stared,  
Some one all their labour baulking,  
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,  
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil doer!"  
With an oath King Olaf spoke,  
"But rewards to his pursuer!"  
And with wrath his face grew redder  
Than his scarlet cloak.

Strait the master-builder, smiling,  
Answered thus the angry King  
"Cease blaspheming and reviling.  
Oh, it was Thorberg Skafung  
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the  
planking,  
Till the King, delighted swore,  
With much lauding and much thank-  
ing,  
"Handsome is now my Dragon  
Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended  
On the grass the vessel's keel,  
High above it gilt and splendid,  
Rose the figure-head ferocious  
With its crest of steel

Then they launched her from the  
tressels,  
In the ship-yard by the sea,  
She was the grandest of all vessels,  
Never ship was built in Norway  
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened  
Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!  
They who to the Saga listened  
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafung  
For a hundred year!

XIV — THE CREW OF THE LONG  
SERPENT

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay  
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,  
And, striped with white and blue,

Downward fluttered sail and banner,  
As alights the screaming lanner  
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,  
The Long Serpent's crew

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red,  
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,  
His teeth as large and white,  
His beard of grey and russet blended,  
Round as a swallow's nest descended  
As standard-bearer he defended  
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,  
Like the King in garb and face.  
So gallant and so hale,  
Every cabin-boy and varlet  
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet,  
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,  
Gleamed his coat of mail

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,  
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelmark,  
A figure gaunt and grand,  
On his hairy arm imprinted  
Was an anchor, azure tinted,  
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dented  
Was his brawny hand

Earl Tambersleher, bare  
To the winds his golden hair,  
By the mainmast stood,  
Graceful was his form and slender,  
And his eyes were deep and tender  
As a woman's in the splendour  
Of her maidenhood

In the forehold Biorn and Bork  
Watched the sailors at their work  
Heavens! how they swore!  
Thirty men they each commanded,  
Iron-sinewed, horny handed,  
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,  
Tugging at the oar

These, and many more like these,  
With King Olaf sailed the seas,  
Till the waters vast  
Filled them with a vague devotion,  
With the freedom and the motion,  
With the roll and roar of ocean  
And the sounding blast

When they landed from the fleet,  
How they roared through Drontheim's  
street,

Boisterous as the gale! [pounded  
How they laughed and stamped and  
Till the tavern roof resounded,  
And the host looked on astounded  
As they drank the ale!

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Never saw the wild North Sea  
Such a gallant company  
Sail its billows blue !  
Never while they cruised and quar-  
relled  
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth  
Harald  
Owned a ship so well-apparelled,  
Boasted such a crew !

## XX —A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A LITTLE bird in the air  
Is singing of Thyrí the Fair  
The sister of Svend the Dane ,  
And the song of the garrulous bird  
In the streets of the town is heard,  
And repeated again and again.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other

To King Burslaf it is said  
Was the beautiful Thyrí wed,  
And a sorrowful bride went she ,  
And after a week and a day,  
She has fled away and away,  
From his town by the stormy sea.  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other

They say that through heat and  
through cold,  
Through weald, they say, and through  
wold  
By day and by night they say,  
She has fled , and the gossips report  
She has come to King Olaf's court,  
And the town is all in dismay  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,  
Has talked with the beautiful Queen ,  
And they wonder how it will end ,  
For surely if here she remain  
It is war with King Svend the Dane  
And King Burslaf the Vend'  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other

O greatest wonder of all !  
It is published in hamlet and hall,  
It roars like a flame that is fanned !  
The King—yes Olaf the King—  
Has wedded her with his ring  
And Thyrí is Queen in the Land !  
Hoist up your sails of silk,  
And flee away from each other

## XVI —QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

NORTHWARD over Drontheim  
Flew the clamorous sea gulls,  
Sang the lark and linnet  
From the meadows green ,

Weeping in her chamber,  
Lonely and unhappy  
Sat the Drottning Thyrí,  
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows  
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,  
On the roof above her  
Softly cooed the dove ,

But the sound she heard not,  
Nor the sunshine heeded  
For the thoughts of Thyrí  
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,  
Beautiful as morning,  
Like the sun at Easter  
Shone his happy face ,

In his hand he carried  
Angelicas uprooted,  
With delicious fragrance  
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight  
Sat the Drottning Thyrí  
Even the smile of Olaf  
Could not cheer her gloom ,

Nor the stalks he gave her  
With a gracious gesture,  
And with words as pleasant  
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them  
And her jewelled fingers  
Through the green leaves glistened  
Like the dew of morn ,

But she cast them from her,  
Haughty and indignant  
On the floor she threw them  
With a look of scorn

" Richer presents, ' said she  
" Gave King Harald Gormson  
To the Queen, my mother,  
Than such worthless weeds ,

" When he ravaged Norway,  
Laying waste the kingdom,  
Seizing scatt and treasure  
For her royal needs

"But thou darest not venture  
Through the Sound to Vendland,  
My domains to rescue  
From King Burislaf,

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,  
Forked Beard, my brother,  
Scatter all thy vessels  
As the wind the chaff'

Then up sprang King Olaf,  
Like a reindeer bounding,  
With an oath he answered  
Thus the luckless Queen

"Never yet did Olaf  
Fear King Svend of Denmark,  
This right hand shall hale him  
By his forked chin !'

Then he left the chamber,  
Thundering through the doorway,  
Loud his steps resounded  
Down the outer stair

Smarting with the insult,  
Through the streets of Drontheim  
Strode he red and wrathful,  
With his stately air

All his ships he gathered,  
Summoned all his forces  
Making his war levy  
In the region round,

Down the coast of Norway,  
Like a flock of sea-gulls,  
Sailed the fleet of Olaf  
Through the Danish Sound

With his own hand fearless  
Steered he the Long Serpent,  
Strained the creaking cordage,  
Bent each boom and gaff,

Till in Vendland landing,  
The domains of Thyrl  
He redeemed and rescued  
From King Burislaf

Then said Olaf, laughing,  
"Not ten yoke of oxen  
Have the power to draw us  
Like a woman's hair !

"Now will I confess it,  
Better things are jewels  
Than angelica stalks are  
For a Queen to wear'

XVfI — KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

LOUDLY the sailors cheered  
Svend of the Forked Beard,  
As with his fleet he steered  
Southward to Vendland,  
Where with their courses hauled  
All were together called,  
Under the Isle of Svald  
Near to the mainland

After Queen Gunhild's death,  
So the old Saga saith,  
Plighted King Svend his faith  
To Sigrid the Haughty,  
And to avenge his bride  
Soothing her wounded pride,  
Over the waters wide  
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,  
Blushing with deep disgrace,  
Bore she the crimson trace  
Of Olaf's gauntlet,  
Like a malignant star,  
Blazing in heaven afar,  
Red shone the angry scar  
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,  
'For thine own honour's sake  
Shalt thou swift vengeance take  
On the vile coward !'  
Until the King at last,  
Gusty and overcast,  
Like a tempestuous blast  
Threatened and lowered

Soon as the Spring appeared,  
Svend of the Forked Beard  
High his red standard reared,  
Lager for battle,  
While every warlike Dane,  
Seizing his arms again  
Left all unsown the grain,  
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King  
Summoned in haste a Thing,  
Weapons and men to bring  
In aid of Denmark,  
Eric the Norseman, too,  
As the war-tidings flew,  
Sailed with a chosen crew  
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day  
Sailed the three kings away,  
Out of the sheltered bay,  
In the bright season





With them Earl Sigvald came,  
Eager for spoil and fame,  
Pity that such a name  
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last  
Now were their anchors cast,  
Safe from the sea and blast,

Plotted the three kings,  
While with a base intent,  
Southward Earl Sigvald went,  
On a foul errand bent,  
Unto the Sea kings

Thence to hold on his course,  
Unto King Olaf's force

Lying within the hoarse  
Mouths of Stet haven,  
Him to ensnare and bring  
Unto the Danish king  
Who his dead corpse would fling  
Forth to the raven!

XVIII — KING OLAF AND LARL  
SIGVALD

ON the gray sea sands  
King Olaf stands  
Northward and seaward  
He prays with his hands

With eddy and whirl  
The sea-ides curl  
Washing the sandals  
Of Sigvald the Earl

The mariners shout,  
The ship wing about  
The yards are all hoisted  
The sails flutter out

The war horns are played,  
The anchors are weighed  
Like moths in the distance  
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,  
The harbour lies dead  
As a corpse on the sea shore,  
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day,  
The histories say,  
Seventy vessels  
Sailed out of the bay

But soon scattered wide  
O'er the billows they ride,  
While Sigvald and Olaf  
Sail side by side

Cried the Earl, "Follow me!  
Your pilot will be  
For I know all the channels  
Where flows the deep sea

So into the strait  
Where his foes lie in wait,  
Gallant King Olaf  
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea fog veils  
The ships and their sails,  
Queen Sigrd the Haughty,  
Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX — KING OLAF'S WAR HORNS

"STRIKE the sails King Olaf said,  
"Never shall men of mine take flight,  
Never away from battle I fled,  
Never away from my foes,  
Let God dispose  
Of my life in the fight?"

"Sound the horns" said Olaf the  
King,  
And suddenly through the drifting  
brume

The blare of the horns began to ring,  
Like the terrible trumpet shock,  
Of Pegnarock,  
On the day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war horns sang  
Over the level floor of the flood,  
All the sails came down with a clang,  
And there in the mist overhead  
The sun hung red  
As a drop of blood

Drifting down on the Danish fleet  
Three together the ships were lashed,  
So that neither should turn and retreat,  
In the midst, but in front of the rest,  
The burnished crest  
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck  
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,  
His gilded shield was without a fleck,  
His helmet inlaid with gold,  
And in many a fold  
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red  
Watched the lashing of the ships,  
'If the Serpent lie so far ahead,  
We shall have hard work of it here,'  
Said he with a sneer  
On his bearded lips

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,  
'Have I a coward on board?' said he  
'Shoot it another way, O King!'  
Sullenly answered Ulf,  
The old sea wolf,  
'You have need of me!'

In front came Svend, the King of the  
Danes,  
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers,  
To the right, the Swedish king with  
his thranes,  
And on board of the Iron-Beard  
Larl Frle steered  
To the left with his oars

"These soft Danes and Swedes,"  
 said the King  
 'At home with their wives had better  
 stay  
 Than come within reach of my  
 Serpent's sting  
 But where Eric the Norseman leads  
 Heroic deeds  
 Will be done to-day !'  
 Then as together the vessels crashed  
 Eric severed the cables of hide  
 With which King Olaf's ships were  
 lashed  
 And left them to drive and drift  
 With the currents swift  
 Of the outward tide  
 Louder the war horns growl and snarl  
 Sharper the dragons bite and sung !  
 Eric the son of Hakon Jarl  
 A death-drink salt as the sea  
 Pledges to thee,  
 Olaf the King !

XX.—EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver  
 Stood beside the mast  
 From his yew bow tipped with silver  
 Flew the arrows fast  
 Aimed at Eric unwailing  
 As he sat concealed  
 Half behind the quarter railing  
 Half behind his shield  
 First an arrow struck the tiller  
 Just above his head  
 "Sing, O Eivind Skaldaspiller,  
 Then Earl Eric said  
 'Sing the song of Hakon dying,  
 Sing his funeral wail !'  
 And another arrow flying  
 Grazed his coat of mail  
 Turning to a Lapland yeoman  
 As the arrow past  
 Said Earl Eric "Shoot that howman  
 Standing by the mast.  
 Sooner than the word was spoken  
 Flew the yeoman's shaft,  
 Einar's bow in twain was broken,  
 Einar only laughed  
 'What was that?' said Olaf standing  
 On the quarter deck.  
 'Something heard I like the stranding  
 Of a shattered wreck.  
 Einar then, the arrow taking  
 From the loosened string,

Answered "That was Norway break-  
 ing  
 From thy hand, O King !"  
 'Though art but a poor diviner,"  
 Straightway Olaf said  
 'Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,  
 Let thy shafts be sped !'  
 Of his bows the fairest choosing  
 Reached he from above,  
 Einar saw the blood drops oozing  
 Through his iron glove  
 But the bow was thin and narrow,  
 At the first essay  
 O'er its head he drew the arrow,  
 Flung the bow away,  
 Said with hot and angry temper  
 Flushing in his cheek  
 'Olaf for so great a kinsman  
 Are thy bows too weak !'  
 Then with smile of joy defiant  
 On his beardless lip,  
 Sealed he, light and self-reliant,  
 Eric's dragon ship  
 Loose his golden locks were flowing,  
 Bright his armour gleamed  
 Like Saint Michael overthrowing  
 Lucifer he seemed

XXI.—KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,  
 All day have the ships engaged,  
 But not yet is assuaged  
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl.  
 The decks with blood are red,  
 The arrows of death are sped  
 The ships are filled with the dead  
 And the spears the champions hurl  
 They drift as wrecks on the tide,  
 The grapple-irons are plied  
 The boarders climb up the side  
 The shouts are feeble and few  
 Ah ! never shall Norway again  
 See her saviors come back o'er the  
 They all lie wounded or slain  
 Or asleep in the billows blue !  
 On the deck stands Olaf the King,  
 Around him whistle and sing  
 The spears that the foemen fling,  
 And the stones they hurl with their  
 hands  
 In the midst of the stones and the  
 spears,  
 Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,

His shield in the air he uprears  
By the side of King Olaf he stands

Over the slippery wreck  
Of the Long, Se pent's deel  
Sweep. Linc with hardly a cheek,  
His lips with anger are pale,

He he is with his axe at the mast  
Till it falls with the sails overcast  
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast  
Dim forests of Orkdale

Seeking King Olaf then,  
He rushes at with his men,  
As a hunter into the den  
Of the bear, when he stands at bay

"Remember Jarl Hrolf!" he cries  
When lo! on his wandering eyes,  
Two kingly figures arise  
Two Olafs in warlike array?

Then Kollborn speaks in the ear  
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,  
In a whisper that none may hear,  
With a smile on his tremulous lip,

Two shields raised high in the air,  
Two flashes of golden hair,  
Two scarlet meteors glare,  
And both have leaped from the ship

Jarl Linc's men in the boats  
See Kollborn's shield as it floats  
And cry from their hairy throats,  
'See! it is Olaf the King!'

While far on the opposite side  
I loathe another shield on the tide,  
Like a jewel set in the wide  
Sea current's eddying ring

There is told a wonderful tale,  
How the King stripped off his mail,  
Like leaves of the brown sea kale,  
As he swam beneath the main,

But the young grew old and gray,  
And never by night or by day,  
In his kingdom of Norway  
Was King Olaf seen again!

XXXI —THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,  
Alone in her chamber,  
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,  
At midnight, adoring,  
Beseeching, entreating  
The Virgin and Mother

She heard in the silence  
The voice of one speaking  
Without in the darkness,  
In gusts of the night wind,  
Now louder, now nearer,  
Now lost in the distance

The voice of a stranger  
It seemed as she listened  
Of some one who answered,  
Beseeching, imploring,  
A cry from afar off  
She could not distinguish

The voice of St. John,  
The beloved disciple  
Who wandered and waited  
The Master's appearance,  
Alone in the darkness,  
Unsheltered and friendless

"It is accepted,  
The angry defiance  
The challenge of battle,  
It is accepted  
But not with the weapons  
Of war that thou wisdest!

"Cross against corslet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace cry for war-cry!  
Patience is powerful,  
He that overcometh  
Hath power over the nations!

"As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the  
Sky is still cloudless  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains,

"So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to overflowing,  
And they that behold it  
Marvel and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been running!

"Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit,  
Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is,  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,  
A shape of the sea-mist,  
A shape of the brumal  
Rain and the darkness  
Fearful and formless,  
Day dawns and thou art not!



' The dawn is not distant,  
Nor is the night starless  
Love is eternal!  
God is still God, and  
His faith shall not fail us,  
Christ is eternal!

~~~~~  
INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,  
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God" the Theologian said,  
"The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world,

While love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky overhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled  
And most of all thank God for this  
The war and waste of clashing creeds  
Now end in words, and not in deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer with words that scorch  
Like sparks from an inverted torch,  
I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last account,  
And all transpired in the air,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,  
And as the Sermon on the Mount

"Must it be Calvin and not Christ?  
Must it be Athanasian creeds,  
Or holy water, books and beads?  
Must struggling souls remain content  
With councils and decrees of Trent?  
And can it be enough for these  
The Christian Church they emblemise  
With evergreens and boughs of palms,  
And fills the air with litanies?

"I know that yonder Pharisee  
Thanks God that he is not like me,  
In my humiliation dressed,  
I only stand and beat my breast,  
And pray for human charity

"Not to one church alone, but seven,  
The voice prophetic spoke from heaven,  
And unto each the promise came,  
Diversified, but still the same,  
For him that overcometh are  
The new name written on the stone,  
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,

And I will give him the Morning Star

"Ah! to how many Truth has been  
No evidence of things unseen,  
But a dim shadow that recasts  
The creed of the Phantasiasts  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Was but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified!

"For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead  
The passing of their beauteous feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words repeat  
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale  
So sad the hearer well may grieve  
And question if such things can be,  
Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
Down the dark pages runs this stain,  
And nought can wash them white again,  
So fearful is the tragedy"

### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

#### TORQUEMADA

In the heroic days, when Ferdinand  
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,

And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,  
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,

In a great castle near Valladolid  
Morted and high and by fair wood-lands hid,

There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,

An old Hidalgó proud and truculent  
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone

And all his actions save this one alone,  
This one so terrible, perhaps twice best  
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest,  
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein

The martyrdom triumphant over the sin,

A double picture, with its gloom and glow,

The splendour overhead the death below

This sombre man counted each day as lost

On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed,

And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,

He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street,

Oft he confessed, and with each mutinous thought,

As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought

In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent

Walked in processions, with his head down bent,

At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen,

And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green

His sole diversion was to hunt the boar

Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,

Or with his jingling mules to hurry down

To some grand bull-fight in the neighbouring town,

Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,

When Jews were burned, or banished from the land

Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy,

The demon whose delight is to destroy

Shook him, and shouted with a  
trumpet tone,  
"Kill, kill! and let the Lord find out  
his own!"

And now in that old castle in the  
wood,  
His daughters, in the dawn of woman-  
hood,  
Returning from their convent school,  
had made  
Resplendent with their bloom the  
forest shade  
Reminding him of their dead mother's  
face,  
When first she came into that gloomy  
place —

A memory in his heart as dim and  
sweet  
As moonlight in a solitary street,  
Where the same riffs that lift the sea,  
are thrown  
Lovely but powerless upon walls of  
stone.

These two fair daughters of a mother  
dead  
Were all the dream had left him as it  
fled

A joy at first and then a growing care  
As if a voice within him cried, "Be  
ware!"

A vague presentiment of impending  
doom

Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant  
room

Haunted him day and night, in form  
less fear

That death to some one of his house  
was near,

With dark surmises of a hidden crime  
Made life itself a death before its  
time.

Jealous suspicious, with no sense of  
shame

A spy upon his daughters he became  
With velvet slippers noiseless on the  
floors

He glided softly through half opened  
doors

Now in the room and now upon the  
stair

He stood beside them ere they were  
aware,

He listened in the passage when they  
talked,

He watched them from the casement  
when they walked [side

He saw the gipsy haunt the rivers

He saw the monk among the cork-  
trees glide,  
And, tortured by the mystery and the  
doubt

Of some dark secret, past his finding  
out

Baffled he paused, then reassured  
again

Pursued the flying phantom of his  
brain

He watched them even when they  
kneelt in church,

And then descending lower in his  
search,

Questioned the servants, and with  
larger eyes

Listened incredulous to their replies,  
The gipsy? none had seen her in the  
wood!

The monk? a mendicant in search of  
food!

At length the awful revelation came,  
Crushing at once his pride of birth and  
name,

The hopes his yearning bosom forward  
cast

And the ancestral glories of the past,  
All fell together crumbling in disgrace

A turret rent from battlement to base.  
His daughters talking in the dead of  
night

In their own chamber, and without a  
light,

Listening, as he was wont, he over-  
heard,

And learned the dreadful secret, word  
by word,

And hurrying from his castle, with a  
cry

He raised his hands to the un pitying  
sky,

Repeating one dread word, till bush  
and tree

Caught it and shuddering answered,  
"Heresy!"

Wropt in his cloak, his hat drawn over  
his face,

Now hurrying forward, now with  
lingering pace,

He walked all night the alleys of his  
park

With one unseen companion in the  
dark,

The Demon who within him lay in  
wait

And by his presence turned his love to  
hate,

# TUES OF 1 WAYSIDE INN

For ever muttering in an undertone,  
' Kill ! kill ! ' and let the Lord find out  
his own !

Upon the morrow, after early Mass  
While yet the dew was glistening on  
the grass

And all the woods were musical with  
birds

The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful  
words

Walked homeward with the Priest  
and in his room

Summoned his trembling daughters to  
their doom

When questioned, with brief answers  
they replied

Nor when accused evaded or denied,  
Expostulations, passionate appeals

All that the human heart most fears or  
feels,

In vain the Priest with earnest voice  
essay'd,

In vain the father threatened, wept,  
and pray'd,

Until at last he said, with haughty  
mien,

"The Holy Office, then, must inter-  
vene !"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain  
With all the fifty horsemen of his train

His awful name resounding, like the  
blast

Of funeral trumpets, as he onward  
pass'd

Came to Valladolid, and there began  
To harry the rich Jews with fire and  
ban

To him the Hidalgo went, and at the  
gate,

Demand'd audience on affairs of state,  
And in a secret chamber stood before

A venerable graybeard of fourscore  
Dressed in the hood and habit of a  
friar,

Out of his eyes flashed a consuming  
fire

And in his hand the mystic horn he  
held

Which poison and all noxious charms  
dispell'd

He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,  
Then answered in a voice that made  
him quail

"Son of the Church ! when Abraham  
of old

To sacrifice his only son was told,  
He did not pause to parley nor protest,

But hastened to obey the Lord's behest  
In him it was accounted righteousness,  
The Holy Church expects of thee no  
less !"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's  
brain,

And Mercy from that hour implor'd  
in vain

Ah ! who will e'er believe the words I  
say ?

His daughters he accused, and the  
same day

They both were cast into the dungeon's  
gloom,

That dismal antechamber of the tomb  
Arraigned, condemn'd, and sentenced  
to the flame,

The secret torture and the public  
shame

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once  
more

The Hidalgo went, more eager than  
before,

And said "When Abraham offered  
up his son,

He gave the wood wherewith it might  
be done

By his example taught let me too bring  
Wood from the forest for my offering !"

And the deep voice, without a pause  
replied

"Son of the Church ! by faith now  
justified,

Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou  
wilt,

The Church absolves thy conscience  
from all guilt !

Then this most wretched father went  
his way

Into the woods that round his castle  
lay,

Where once his daughters in their  
childhood played

With their young mother in the sun  
and shade

Now all the leaves had fallen, the  
branches bare

Made a perpetual moaning in the air  
And screaming from their cries over  
head

The ravens sailed athwart the sky of  
lead

With his own hands he lopped the  
boughs and bound

Fagots, that crackled with foreboding  
sound,



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent  
Again to the Inquisitor he went,  
And said "Behold, the fagots I have brought,  
And now lest my atonement be as nought  
Grant me one more request, one last desire —

With my own hand to light the funeral fire !

And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
"Son of the Church ! Thine offering is complete  
Her servants through all ages shall not cease

To magnify thy deed Depart in peace !

Upon the market-place, builded of stone  
The scaffold rose whereon Death claimed his own.

At the four corners in stern attitude  
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,

Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes

Upon this place of human sacrifice  
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd

With clamour of voices dissonant and loud

And every roof and window was alive  
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near

Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear

A line of torches smoked along the street,

There was a stir a rush a tramp of feet,  
And, with its banners floating in the air,

Slowly the long procession crossed the square,

And, to the statues of the Prophets bound

The victims stood, with fagots piled around

Then all the air a blast of trumpets

And louder sang the monks with bell and book

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,

Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,

Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,

Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead !

O pitiless skies ? why did your clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain ?

O pitiless earth ? why open no abyss  
To bury in its chasm a crime like this ?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke

From the dark thickets of the forest broke,

And, gliding o'er the landscape leagues away,

Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed

And as the villagers in terror gazed,  
They saw the figure of that cruel knight

Lean from a window in the turret's height,

His ghastly face illumined with the glare,

His hands upraised above his head in prayer,

Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell

Down the black hollow of that burning well

Three centuries and more above his bones

Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones,

His name has perished with him, and no trace

Remains on earth of his afflicted race,  
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast

Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,

Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,

Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath !



# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

## INTERLUDE

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,  
That cast upon each listener's face  
Its shadow, and for some brief space  
Unbroken silence filled the room  
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed,  
Upon his memory thronged and pressed

The persecution of his race,  
Their wrongs, and sufferings, and disgrace,

His head was sunk upon his breast,  
And from his eyes alternate came  
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame

The Student first the silence broke,  
As one who long has lain in wait,  
With purpose to retaliate,  
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke

' In such a company as this,  
A tale so tragic seems amiss,  
That by its terrible control  
O'ermasters and drags down the soul  
Into a fathomless abyss  
The Italian Tales that you disdain,  
Some merry Night of Straparola,  
Or Machiavelli's Belphagor,  
Would cheer us and delight us more,  
Give greater pleasure and less pain  
Than your grim tragedies of Spain '

And here the Poet raised his hand,  
With such entreaty and command,  
It stopped discussion at its birth,  
And said "The story I shall tell  
Has meaning in it, if not mirth,  
Listen and hear what once befell  
The merry birds of Killingworth !"

## THE POET'S TALE

### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

IT was the season, when through all  
the land

The merle and mavis build, and  
building sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His  
hand,

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the  
Blitheheart King,

When on the boughs the purple buds  
expand,

The banners of the vanguard of the  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals from  
the steep

The robin and the bluebird, piping  
loud,

Filled all the blossoming orchards  
with their glee,

The sparrows chirped as if they still  
were proud

Their rice in Holy writ should men-  
tioned be,

And hungry crows assembled in a  
crowd,

Chimoured their piteous prayer inces-  
santly,

Knowing who hears the ravens cry,  
and said,

"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily  
bread !"

Across the Sound the birds of passage  
sailed,

Speaking some unknown language  
strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing  
hailed

The village with the cheers of all  
their fleet,

Or quarrelling together, laughed and  
railed

Like foreign sailors, landed in the  
street

Of seaport town, and with outlandish  
noise

Of oaths and gibberish frightening  
girls and boys

Thus came the jocund Spring of Kil-  
lingworth,

In fabulous days, some hundred  
years ago,

And thirsty farmers, as they tilled the  
earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of the  
crow,

That mingled with the universal mirth,  
Cassandra-like, prognosticating

woe,

They shook their heads, and doomed  
with dreadful words

To swift destruction the whole race of  
birds

And a town-meeting was convened  
straightway

To set a price upon the guilty heads  
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of

pay,

Levied black-mail upon the garden  
beds

And corn-fields, and beheld without  
dismay

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

The awful scarecrow, with his flut-  
tering shreds,  
The skeleton that waited at their feast  
Whereby their sinful pleasure was in-  
creased.

Then from his house, a temple painted  
white

With fluted columns, and a roof of  
red

The Squire came forth, august and  
splendid sight

Slowly descending with majestic  
trend,

Three flights of steps nor looking left  
nor right

Down the long street he walked, as  
one who said

"A town that boasts inhabitants like  
me

Can have no lack of good society"

The Parson too appeared, a man  
austere

The instinct of whose nature was to  
kill,

The wrath of God he preached from  
year to year

and read with fervour Edwards  
on the Will

His favourite pastime was to say the  
dear

In Summer on some Adirondic  
hill,

Even now while walking down the  
rural lane,

He lopped the wayside lilies with his  
cane.

From the Academy whose beirn  
crowned

The hill of Science with its vine of  
brass

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly  
round

Now at the clouds, and now at the  
green grass

And all absorbed in reveries profound  
Of fair Almira in the upper class

Who was as in a sonnet he had said  
As pure as water and as good as

bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his  
door

In his voluminous neck-cloth white  
as snow

A suit of sable bombazine he wore  
His form was ponderous and his

step was slow

There never was a wiser man before  
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I  
told you so!"

And to perpetuate his great renown  
There was a street named after him in  
town

These came together in the new town  
hall

With sundry farmers from the  
region round

The Squire presided, dignified and  
tall

His air impressive and his reasoning  
sound

All faced him with the birds both great  
and small,

Hardly a friend in all that crowd  
they found

But enemies enough who every one  
charged them with all the crimes be-  
neath the sun

When toes had ended, from his place  
apart

Rose the Preceptor, to address the  
wrong

And trampling like a steed before the  
start

Looked round bewildered on the  
expectant throng,

Then thought of fair Almira, and took  
leave

To speak out what was in him clear  
and strong

Alike regardless of their smile or  
frown

And quite determined not to be  
laughed down

Plato, anticipating the Reviewers  
From his Republic banished without  
pity

The Poets, in this little town of ours  
You put to death by means of a  
Committee

The ballad singers and the Trouba-  
dours

The street musicians of the heavenly  
city

The birds who make sweet music for  
us all

In our dark hours, as David did for  
Saul

"The thrush that carols at the dawn  
of day

From the green steeples of the piny  
wood

The oriole in the elm, the noisy jay,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food,  
 The bluebird balanced on some top-  
 most spray  
 Flooding with melody the neigh-  
 bourhood,  
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift  
 of song

"You slay them all! and wherefore?  
 for the gain  
 Of a scant handful more or less of  
 wheat,  
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
 Scratched up at random by indus-  
 trious feet,  
 Searching for worm or weevil after  
 rain!  
 Or a few cherries, that are not so  
 sweet  
 As are the songs these uninvited  
 guests  
 Sing at their feast with comfortable  
 breasts

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous  
 beings these?  
 Do you ne'er think who made them,  
 and who taught  
 The dialect they speak, where melo-  
 dies  
 Alone are the interpreters of  
 thought?  
 Whose household words are songs in  
 many keys,  
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er  
 caught!  
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops  
 even  
 Are half-way houses on the road to  
 heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun  
 peeps through  
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of  
 the grove,  
 How jubilant the happy birds renew  
 Their old, melodious madrigals of  
 love!  
 And when you think of this, remember  
 too  
 'Tis always morning somewhere,  
 and above  
 The awakening continents, from shore  
 to shore,  
 Somewhere the birds are singing ever  
 more.

"Think of your woods and orchards  
 without birds!  
 Of empty nests that cling to boughs  
 and beams  
 As in an idiot's brain remembered  
 words  
 Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of  
 his dreams!  
 Will bleat of flocks or hellowing of  
 herds  
 Make up for the lost music, when  
 your teams  
 Drag home the stingy harvest, and no  
 more  
 The feather'd gleaners follow to your  
 door?

"What! would you rather see the in-  
 cessant stir  
 Of insects in the windrows of the  
 hay,  
 And hear the locust and the grass-  
 hopper  
 Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies  
 play?  
 Is this more pleasant to you than the  
 whir  
 Of meadow-lark, and her sweet  
 roundelay  
 Or twitter of little field-fares, as you  
 take  
 Your nooning in the shade of bush  
 and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers,  
 but know,  
 They are the winged wardens of  
 your farms,  
 Who from the cornfields drive the in-  
 sidious foe,  
 And from your harvests keep a hun-  
 dred harms,  
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
 Renders good service as your man-  
 at arms,  
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail

"How can I teach your children gen-  
 tleness,  
 And mercy to the weak, and rever-  
 ence  
 For Life, which, in its weakness or  
 excess, [tenec,  
 Is still a gleam of God's omnipo-  
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness,  
 is no less  
 The self-same light, although  
 averted hence,

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

When by your laws, your actions, and  
your speech,  
You contradict the very things I  
teach?

With this he closed, and through the  
audience went

A murmur like the rustle of dead  
leaves,

The farmers laughed and nodded, and  
some bent

Their yellow heads together like  
their sheaves,

Men have no faith in fine spun senti-  
ment

Who put their trust in bullocks and  
in beeves

The birds were doomed, and, as the  
record shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of  
crows

There was another audience out of  
reach

Who had no voice nor vote in  
making laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,  
And crowned his modest temples

with applause,

They made him conscious, each one  
more than each,

He still was victor, vanquished in  
their cause.

Sweetest of all, the applause he won  
from thee

O fair Almira, at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began,  
O'er fields and orchards and o'er

woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-

stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of  
man,

While the young died of famine in  
their nests,

A slaughter to be told in groans, not  
words,

The very St Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds  
were dead,

The days were like hot coals, the  
very ground

Was burned to ashes, in the orchards  
fed

Mynads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled,  
and found

No foe to check their march, till they  
had made

The land a desert without leaf or shade

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was  
the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents From the

trees spun down

The canker-worms upon the passers-  
by,

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl,  
and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little  
cry,

They were the terror of each favourite  
walk,

The endless theme of all the village  
talk

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not

complain,

For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain

Then they repealed the law, although  
they knew

It would not call the dead to life  
again,

As schoolboys, finding their mistake  
too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the accusing  
slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn  
came

Without the light of his majestic  
look,

The wonder of the falling tongues of  
fire,

The illumined pages of his Doom's-  
Day book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with  
their shame,

And drowned themselves despairing  
in the brook,

While the wild wind went moaning  
everywhere,

Lamenting the dead children of the  
air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight  
was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was  
sung,

As great a wonder as it would have  
been

If some dumb animal had found a  
tongue!

A wagon, overarched with evergreen,

## TALES OF A HAYSIDE INN

Upon whose boughs were wicker  
cages hung,  
All full of singing birds, came down  
the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and  
sweet

From all the country round these  
birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious  
quest,

And, loosened from their wicker pri-  
sons, sought

In woods and fields the places they  
loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many  
thought

Were satires to the authorities ad-  
dressed,

While others listening in green lanes,  
averred

Such lovely music never had been  
heard!

But blither still and louder carolled  
they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed  
to know

It was the fair Almlra's wedding-day,  
And everywhere, around, above,

below,

When the Preeceptor bore his bride  
away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous  
overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new  
earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.



### FINALE

THE hour was late, the fire burned  
low,

The Landlord's eyes were closed in  
sleep,

And near the story's end a deep  
Sonorous sound at times was heard,

As when the distant bagpipes blow  
At this all laughed, the Landlord

stirred,

As one awaking from a swoond,  
And, gazing anxiously around,

Protested that he had not slept,  
But only shut his eyes, and kept

His ears attentive to each word  
Then all arose, and said "Good

Night"

Alone remained the drowsy Squire  
To rake the embers of the fire,

And quench the waning parlour light,  
While from the windows, here and

there, [gleamed,  
The scattered lamps a moment

And the illumined hostel seemed  
The constellation of the Bear,

Downward, athwart the misty air,  
Sinking and setting toward the sun

Far off the village clock struck one.

## PART SECOND

### PRELUDE

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,  
That washed each southern window-  
pane,

And made a river of the road,  
A sea of mist that overflowed

The house, the burns, the gilded vane,  
And drowned the upland and the plain,

Through which the oak-trees, broad  
and high,

Like phantom ships went drifting by,  
And, hidden behind a watery screen,

The sun unseen, or only seen  
As a faint pallor in the sky,—

Thus cold and colourless and gray,  
The morn of that autumnal day,

As if reluctant to begin,

Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,  
And all the guests that in it lay

Full late they slept. They did not  
hear

The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,  
Who on the empty threshing-floor,

Disdainful of the rain outside,  
Was strutting with a martial stride,

As if upon his thigh he wore  
The famous broadsword of the Squire

And said, "Behold me, and admire!  
Only the Poet seemed to hear,

In drowse or dream, more near and  
near

Across the border-land of sleep  
The blowing of a bluthesome horn,

That laughed the dismal day to scorn,  
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels  
Through sand and mire like strand-  
ing keels,

As from the road with sudden sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep  
And stopped beside the tavern door.  
A moment stopped and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea of  
fog

And all was silent as before —  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came  
down,

And greeted with a smile the Squire,  
Who sat before the parlour fire  
Reading the paper fresh from town  
First the Sicilian like a bird  
Before his form appeared was heard  
Whistling and singing down the stair,  
Then came the Student with a look  
As placid as a meadow brook  
The Theologian still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and the  
next,

The Poet then as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams,  
Then the Musician like a fair  
Hyperion from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning streams,  
And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alicant who as he threw  
The door wide open on the air  
Breathed round about him a perfume  
Of damask roses in full bloom,  
Making a garden of the room

The breakfast ended each pursued  
The promptings of his various mood,  
Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,  
Lost in a pleasant reverie  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew  
And wrote beneath it "Edredin  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage,—  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best  
If one might trust the hostler's words,  
Chief instrument of their arrest,  
Two poets of the Golden Age  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and west,

And sunshine of long summer days  
Though outlawed now and dispos-  
sessed!—

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse  
With the Musician on the source  
Of all the legendary lore  
Among the nations, scattered wide  
Like silt and seaweed by the force  
And fluctuation of the tide,  
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,  
With change of place and change of  
name,

Disguised, transformed, and yet the  
same

We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused,  
And saw, as in a dream confused,  
The countenance of the Sun, dis-  
crowned

And haggard with a pale despair,  
And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift  
Before it, and the trees uplift  
Their leafless branches and the air  
Filled with the arrows of the run,  
And heard amid the mist below,  
Like voices of distress and pain,  
That haunt the thoughts of men in-  
sane,

The fateful cawings of the crow  
Then down the road with mud be-  
sprent,

And drenched with run from head to  
hoof,

The rain drops dripping from his  
mane

And tail as from a pent-house roof,  
A jaded horse, his head down bent,  
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian—who had grown  
Impatient longer to abide  
A prisoner, greatly mortified  
To see completely overthrown  
His plans for angling in the brook  
And leaning o'er the bridge of stone  
To watch the speckled trout glide by,  
And float through the inverted sky  
Still round and round the baited  
hook—

Now paced the room with rapid stride,  
And, pausing at the Poet's side  
Looked forth and saw the wretched  
steed,

And said "Alas for human greed  
That with cold hand and stony eye  
Thus turns an old friend out to die,

Or beg his food from gate to gate !  
This brings a tale into my mind  
Which, if you are not disinclined  
To listen I will now relate

All gave assent all wished to hear  
Not without many a jest and jeer,  
The story of a spawmed steed  
in <sup>the</sup> student with the rest  
Put in his pleasant little jest  
Out of Malherbe, that I can sur-  
Is but a horse that with all speed  
Bears poets to the hospital,  
While the Scottish self possessed  
After a moment's interval  
Began his simple story thus

### THE SICILIANS TALE

#### THE DEED OF ATRI

AT Atri in Abruzzo a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant  
renown

One of those little places that I have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing  
sun

And then sit down to rest as if to say,  
"I climb no further upward, come  
what may, —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to  
fame

So many monarchs since have borne  
the name

Had a great bell hung in the market  
place

Beneath a roof, projecting some small  
space,

By way of shelter from the sun and  
rain

Then rode he through the streets with  
all his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets loud  
and long,

Made proclamation, that whenever  
wrong

Was done to any man he should but  
sing

The great bell in the square, and he,  
the King

Would cause the Syndic to decide  
thereon

Such was the proclamation of King  
John

How swift the happy days in Atri  
sped,

What wrongs were righted need not  
here be said

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn  
away,

Untravell'd at the end and strand by  
strand

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's  
hand,

Fill one who noted this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the  
vine

Hung like a votive garland at a shrine

By chance it happened that in Atri  
dwelt

A knight with spur on heel, and  
sword in belt

Who loved to hunt the wild boar in  
the woods,

Who loved his falcons with their crim-  
son hoods,

Who loved his hounds and horses and  
all sports

And prodigalities of camps and  
courts, —

Loved, or had loved them, for at last,  
grown old,

His only passion was the love of gold  
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and  
hounds

Rented his vineyards and his garden-  
grounds,

Kept but one steed, his favourite steed  
of all,

To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his  
chair,

Devising plans how best to hoard and  
spare

At length he said "What is the use  
or need

To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Laying his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is  
dear?

Let him go feed upon the public ways,  
I want him only for the holidays"

So the old steed was turned into the  
heat

Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless  
street,

And wandered in suburban lanes for-  
lorn,

Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier  
and thorn

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,



With bolted doors and window shut-  
ters closed

The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell

The Syndic started from his bed up re-  
pose

Turned on his couch and listened and  
then rose

And donned his robes and with re-  
luctant pace

Went prancing forth into the market  
place

Where the great bell upon its cross  
beam swung

Reiterating with persistent tongue  
In half articulate jargon the old song

"Some one hath done a wrong hath  
done a wrong"

But ere he reached the belfry's lit, lit  
arcade

He saw or thought he saw beneath  
its shade

No shape of human form of woman  
born

But a poor steed dejected and forlorn  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye

Was tugging at the vines of briony  
"Domeneddio!" cried the Steed

straight  
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed  
of state!"

He calls for justice bring sore dis-  
tressed

And pleads his cause as loudly as the  
best.

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy  
crowd

Had rolled together like a summer  
cloud

And told the story of the wretched  
beast

In five and twenty different ways at  
least

With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive  
zeal

The Knight was called and questioned,  
in reply

Did not confess the fact did not deny,  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,

And set at naught the Syndic and the  
rest

Maintaining, in an angry undertone  
That he should do what pleased him

with his own

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King, then  
and

"Pride goeth forth on horseback  
grand and gay

But cometh back on foot and begs his  
way,

Hence the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry, and net of  
wreath!

There in familiar proverbial half jest  
They never yet have reached your  
knightly ear

What fair renown what honour, what  
repute

Can come to you from such of the  
poor brute?"

He who never will and speaks not,  
ment more

Then they who clamour loudest at the  
door

Therefore the law decrees that as this  
steed

Served you in youth henceforth you  
shall take heed

To comfort his old age, and to pro-  
vide

Shelter in stall and food and field  
be fit

The Knight with his attached the  
troop all

Led home the steed in triumph to his  
stable

The King heard and approved and  
laughed in place

And cried aloud "Right well it  
pleaseth me

Church bells at best but ring us to the  
door

Put go not into mass, my bell doth  
more

It cometh into court and pleads the  
cause

Of creatures dumb and unknown to  
the laws

And this shall make in every Christian  
clime

The Bell of Atri famous for all time

# INTERLUDE

"Yea, well your story pleads the cause  
Of those dumb mouths that have no  
speech,

Only a cry from each to each  
In its own kind, with its own laws,

Something that is beyond the reach  
Of human power to learn or teach,—  
An inarticulate moan of pain,  
Like the immeasurable main  
Breaking upon an unknown beach "

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh,  
Then added, with impassioned cry,  
As one who feels the words he speaks,  
The colour flushing in his cheeks,  
The fern our burning in his eye,  
" Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the  
least,

That man I honour and revere  
Who without favour without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The friend of every friendless beast,  
And tames with his unflinching hand  
The brutes that wear our form and  
face,

The were wolves of the human race!  
Then praised, and waited with a frown  
Like some old champion of romance,  
Who, having thrown his gauntlet  
down,

Expectant leans upon his lance,  
But neither Knight nor Squire is found  
To raise the gauntlet from the ground  
And try with him the battle's chance

" Wake from your dreams, O Edreli!  
Or dreaming speak to us, and make  
A feint of being half awake,  
And tell us what your dreams may be  
Out of the hazy atmosphere  
Of cloud-land deign to reappear  
Among us in this Wayside Inn,  
Tell us what visions and what scenes  
Illuminate the dark ravines  
In which you grope your way Begin!

Thus the Syrian spake The Jew  
Made no reply, but only smiled,  
As men unto a wayward child,  
Not knowing what to answer, do  
As from a cavern's mouth, o ergrown  
With moss and intertangled vines,  
A streamlet leaps into the light  
And murmurs over root and stone  
In a melodious undertone,  
Or as amid the noonday night  
Of sombre and wind haunted pines,  
There runs a sound as of the sea,  
So from his bearded lips there came  
A melody without a name,  
A song, a tale, a history,  
Or whatsoever it may be,  
Writ and recorded in these lines,

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

KAMBALU

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,  
At the head of his dusty caravan,  
Laden with treasure from realms afar,  
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,  
Rode the great captain Alau

The Khan from his palace-window  
gazed,  
And saw in the thronging street be-  
neath,

In the light of the setting sun, that  
blazed

Through the clouds of dust by the  
caravan raised,

The flash of harness and jewelled  
sheath,

And the shining scymitars of the guard,  
And the weary camels that bared  
their teeth,

As they passed and passed through  
the gates unbarred

Into the shade of the palace-yard

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
Rode the great captain Alau,  
And he stood before the Khan, and  
said

" The enemies of my lord are dead,  
All the Kalifs of all the West  
Bow and obey thy least behest,  
The plains are dark with the mulberry-  
trees,

The weavers are busy in Samarcand,  
The miners are sifting the golden sand,  
The divers plunging for pearls in the  
seas,

And peace and plenty are in the land.

" Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,  
Rose in revolt against thy throne,  
His treasures are at thy palace-door,  
With the swords and the shawls and  
the jewels he wore  
His body is dust o'er the desert blown

" A mile outside of Baldacca's gate  
I left my forces to lie in wait,  
Concealed by forests and hillocks of  
sand,  
And forward dashed with a handful of  
men,

To lure the old tiger from his den  
Into the ambush I had planned  
Ere we reached the town the alarm  
was spread,

For we heard the sounds of gongs from  
within,  
And with clash of cymbals and war-  
like din  
The gates swung wide, and we turned  
and fled,  
And the garrison sallied forth and pur-  
sued,  
With the gray old Kalif at their head,  
And above them the banner of Mo-  
ammed  
So we snared them all, and the town  
was subdued

"As in at the gate we rode behold,  
A tower that is called the Tower of  
Gold!

For there the Kalif had hidden his  
wealth

Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,  
Like sacks of wheat in a granary,  
And thither the miser crept by stealth  
To feel of the gold that gave him health  
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry  
eye

On jewels that gleamed like a glow-  
worm's spark,

Or the eyes of a panther in the dark

"I said to the Kalif 'Thou art old,  
Thou hast no need of so much gold  
Thou shouldst not have heaped and  
hidden it here,

Till the breath of battle was hot and  
near,

But have sown through the land these  
useless hoards

To spring into shining blades of swords  
And keep thine honour sweet and clear  
These grains of gold are not grains of  
wheat,

These bars of silver thou canst not eat  
These jewels and pearls and precious  
stones

Cannot cure the aches in thy bones  
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour  
From climbing the stairways of thy  
tower!

"Then into his dungeon I locked the  
demon

And left him to feed there all alone  
In the honey-cells of his golden hive  
Never a prayer nor a cry nor a groan  
Was heard from those massive walls  
of stone

Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door  
We found him dead upon the floor,

The rings had dropped from his  
withered hands,

His teeth were like bones in the desert  
sands

Still clutching his treasure he had died,  
And as he lay there, he appeared  
A statue of gold with a silver beard,  
His arms outstretched as if crucified

This is the story, strange and true,  
That the great captain Alau  
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan  
When he rode that day into Kambalu  
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan

# INTERLUDE.

"I THOUGHT before your tale began "  
The Student murmured, "we should  
have

Some legend written by Judah Rav  
In his Gemara of Babylon,  
Or something from the Gullistan,—  
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,  
Or of that King of Khorasan  
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one  
That had a hundred years been dead  
Still moving restless in his head,  
Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust  
Of power, though all the rest was dust,

"But lo! your glittering caravan  
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan  
Hath led us farther to the Last  
Into the regions of Cathay  
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,  
Pleasant has been the tale you told,  
And full of colour, that at least  
No one will question or gainsay  
And yet on such a dismal day  
We need a merrier tale to clear  
The dark and heavy atmosphere.  
So listen, Lordlings while I tell,  
Without a preface, what befell  
A simple cobbler in the year—  
No matter, it was long ago,  
And that is all we need to know "

## THE STUDENT'S TALE.

### THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow  
You all have heard of Hagenau  
A quiet quaint, and ancient town  
Among the green Alsatian hills  
A place of valleys, streams and mills,  
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

With rust of centuries still looks down  
On the broad, drowsy land below,—  
On shadowy forests filled with game,  
And the blue river winding slow  
Through meadows, where the hedges  
grow

That give this little town its name

It happened in the good old times,  
While yet the Master-singers filled  
The noisy workshop and the guild  
With various melodies and rhymes,  
That here in Hagenau there dwelt  
A cobbler,—one who loved debate,  
And, arguing from a postulate,  
Would say what others only felt,  
A man of forecast and of thrift,  
And of a shrewd and careful mind  
In this world's business, but inclined  
Somewhat to let the next world drift

Hans Sacks with vast delight he read,  
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,  
For their poetic fame had spread  
Even to the town of Hagenau  
And some Quick Melody of the Plough  
Or Double Harmony of the Dove,  
Was always running in his head  
He kept, moreover, at his side,  
Among his leathers and his tools,  
Reynard the Fox, the Slip of Fools,  
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide,  
With these he was much edified  
He thought them wiser than the  
Schools

His good wife full of godly fear,  
Liked not these worldly themes to hear,  
The Psalter was her book of songs,  
The only music to her ear  
Was that which to the church belongs,  
When the loud choir on Sunday  
chanted,

And the two angels carved in wood,  
That by the windy organ stood,  
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,  
And all the echoes, far and near,  
Gibbered as if the church were haunted  
Outside his door, one afternoon,  
This humble votary of the muse  
Sat in the narrow strip of shade  
By a projecting cornice made,  
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,  
And singing a familiar tune

"Our ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare,  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care,  
Our egress from the world

Will be nobody knows where  
But if we do well here  
We shall do well there,  
And I could tell you no more,  
Should I preach a whole year!"

Thus sang the cobbler at his work  
And with his gestures marked the time,  
Closing together with a jerk  
Of his waxed thread the stitch and  
rhyme

Meanwhile his quiet little dame  
Was leaning over the window-sill,  
Eager, excited, but mouse still,  
Gazing impatiently to see  
What the great throng of folk might be  
That onward in procession came,  
Along the unfrequented street,  
With horns that blew, and drums that  
beat

And banners flying and the flame  
Of tapers and, at times the sweet  
Voices of nuns, and as they sang  
Suddenly all the church-bells rang

In a gay coach, above the crowd  
There sat a monk in ample hood,  
Who with his right hand held aloft  
A red and ponderous cross of wood,  
To which at times he meekly bowed  
In front three horsemen rode and oft,  
With voice and air importunate  
A boisterous herald cried aloud  
"The grace of God is at your gate!  
So onward to the church they passed

The cobbler slowly turned his last,  
And, wagging his sagacious head,  
Unto his kneeling housewife said  
"Tis the monk Tetzl I have heard  
The cawings of that reverend bird  
Don't let him cheat you of your gold,  
Indulgence is not bought and sold

The church of Hagenau, that night,  
Was full of people, full of light,  
An odour of incense filled the air,  
The priest intoned, the organ groaned  
Its inarticulate despair,  
The candles on the altar blazed,  
And full in front of it upraised  
The red cross stood against the glare  
Below, upon the altar-rail  
Indulgences were set to sale,  
Like ballads at a country fair  
A heavy strong-box, iron bound  
And carved with many a quaint device,  
Received, with a melodious sound,  
The coin that purchased Paradise



Then from the pulpit overhead  
Tetzel the monk with fiery glow  
Thundered upon the crowd below  
"Good people all, draw near!" he  
said,

"Purchase these letters signed and  
sealed,

By which all sins, though unrevealed  
And unrepented are forgiven!  
Count but the gain; count not the loss!  
Your gold and silver are but dross  
And yet they pave the way to heaven  
I hear your mothers and your sirs  
Cry from their purgatorial fires  
And will ye not their ransom pay?  
O senseless people! when the gate  
Of heaven is open, will you wait?  
Will ye not enter in to-day?  
To-morrow it will be too late,  
I shall be gone upon my way  
Make haste! bring money while ye  
may!

The women shuddered, and turned  
pale,

Allured by hope or driven by fear,  
With many a sob and many a tear,  
All crowded to the altar rail.  
Pieces of silver and of gold  
Into the tinkling strong box fell  
Like pebbles dropped into a well.  
And soon the ballads were all sold  
The cobbler's wife among the rest  
Slipped into the capacious chest  
A golden florin, then withdrew,  
Hiding the paper in her breast,  
And homeward through the darkness  
went

Comforted, quieted content  
She did not walk she rather flew,  
A dove that settles to her nest,  
When some appalling bird of prey  
That scared her has been driven away

The days went by the monk was gone  
The summer passed, the winter came,  
Though seasons changed, yet still the  
same

The daily round of life went on,  
The daily round of household care

## VALLES OF A WAYSIDE INN

The narrow life of toil and prayer  
But in her heart the cobbler's dame  
Had now a treasure beyond price,  
A secret joy without a name,  
The certainty of Paradise.  
Alas, alas! Dust unto dust!  
Before the winter wore away,  
Her body in the churchyard lay,  
Her patient soul was with the just!  
After her death, among the things  
That even the poor preserve with  
care,—

Some little trinkets and cheap rings,  
A locket with her mother's hair,  
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers  
She wore upon her wedding day —  
Among these memories of past hours,  
That so much of the heart reveal,  
Carefully kept and put away,  
The Letter of Indulgence lay  
Folded with signature and seal

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and  
pained,

Waited and wondered that no word  
Of mass or requiem he heard  
As by the Holy Church ordained  
Then to the Magistrate complained,  
That as this woman had been dead  
A week or more, and no mass said,  
It was rank heresy or at least  
Contempt of Church, thus said the  
Priest,

And straight the cobbler was ar-  
raigned

He came, confiding in his cause,  
But rather doubtful of the laws  
The Justice from his elbow-chair  
Gave him a look that seemed to say  
'Thou standest before a Magistrate,  
Therefore do not prevaricate!  
Then asked him in a business way,  
Kindly but cold "Is thy wife dead?"  
The cobbler meekly bowed his head,  
"She is," came struggling from his  
throat

Scarcely audibly The Justice wrote  
The words down in a book, and then  
Continued, as he raised his pen  
"She is, and hath a mass been said  
For the salvation of her soul?  
Come, speak the truth! confess the  
whole!"

The cobbler without pause replied  
"Of mass or prayer there was no need,  
For at the moment when she died  
Her soul was with the glorified!"  
And from his pocket with all speed

He drew the priestly title deed  
And pryed the Justice he would read

The Justice read, amused amazed,  
And as he read his mirth increased,  
At times his shaggy brows he raised,  
Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,  
Now archly at the angry Priest  
"I from all excesses, sins, and crimes  
Thou hast committed in past times  
Thine I absolve! And furthermore,  
Purged from all earthly taints  
To the communion of the Saints  
And to the Sacraments restore!  
All stains of weakness, and all trace  
Of shame and censure I efface,  
Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,  
And make thee innocent and pure,  
So that in dying, unto thee  
The gates of heaven shall open be!  
Though long thou livest, yet this grace  
Until the moment of thy death  
Unchangeable continueth!"

Then said he to the Priest "I find  
This document is duly signed  
Brother John Tetzel, his own hand  
At all tribunals in the land  
In evidence it may be used,  
Therefore acquitted is the accused."  
Then to the cobbler turned "My  
friend,

Pry tell me didst thou ever read  
Reynard the Fox? — "O yes in  
deed!" —

"I thought so Don't forget the end!"

### INTERLUDE

'WHAT was the end? I am ashamed  
Not to remember Reynard's fate,  
I have not read the book of late,  
Was he not hanged? the Poet said  
The Student gravely shook his head,  
And answered "You exaggerate  
There was a tournament proclaimed,  
And Reynard fought with Isgrim  
The Wolf and having vanquished him,  
Rose to high honour in the State,  
And Keeper of the Seals was named!"  
At this the gay Sicilian laughed  
"Fight fire with fire, and craft with  
craft

Successful cunning seems to be  
The moral of your tale, said he.  
"Mine had a better, and the Jew's  
Had none at all, that I could see,  
His aim was only to amuse"

Meanwhile from out its ebon case  
His violin the Minstrel drew,  
And having tuned its strings anew,  
Now held it close in his embrace,  
And poising in his outstretched hand  
The bow, like a magician's wand,  
He paused, and said, with beaming  
face

"Last night my story was too long,  
To-day I give you but a song  
An old tradition of the North,  
But first to put you in the mood,  
I will a little while prelude,  
And from this instrument draw forth  
Something by way of overture.

He played, at first the tones were pure  
And tender as a summer night,  
The full moon climbing to her height,  
The sob and ripple of the seas,  
The flapping of an idle sail,  
And then by sudden and sharp degrees  
The multiplied, wild harmonies  
Freshened and burst into a gale,  
A tempest howling through the dark  
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,  
A loud and melancholy wail

Such was the prelude to the tale  
Told by the Minstrel, and at times  
He paused amid its varying rhymes,  
And at each pause again broke in  
The music of his violin  
With tones of sweetness or of fear,  
Movements of trouble or of calm,  
Creating their own atmosphere,  
As sitting in a church we hear  
Between the verses of the psalm  
The organ playing soft and clear,  
Or thundering on the startled ear

### THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

#### THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

I

At Stralsund by the Baltic Sea,  
Within the sandy bar  
At sunset of a summer's day,  
Ready for sea at anchor lay  
The good ship Valdemar

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,  
And played along her side,  
And through the cabin windows  
streamed

In ripples of golden light, that seemed  
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,  
Old skippers brown and hale,  
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their  
grog,

And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn,  
About Klaboterman,  
The Kobold of the sea, a spright  
Invisible to mortal sight,  
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,  
Sometimes upon the mast,  
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft  
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,  
And made all tight and fast

He helped the sailors at their work,  
And toiled with jovial din,  
He helped them hoist and reef the  
sails, [bales,  
He helped them stow the casks and  
And heave the anchor in

But woe unto the lazy louts,  
The idlers of the crew,  
Them to torment was his delight,  
And worry them by day and night,  
And pinch them black and blue

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
Klaboterman beheld,  
It is a certain sign of death!—  
The cabin-boy here held his breath,  
He felt his blood run cold

II

The jolly skipper paused a while,  
And then began again  
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,  
"A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,  
And is called the Carmilhan

"A ghostly ship with a ghostly crew,  
In tempest she appears,  
And before the gale, or against the  
gale

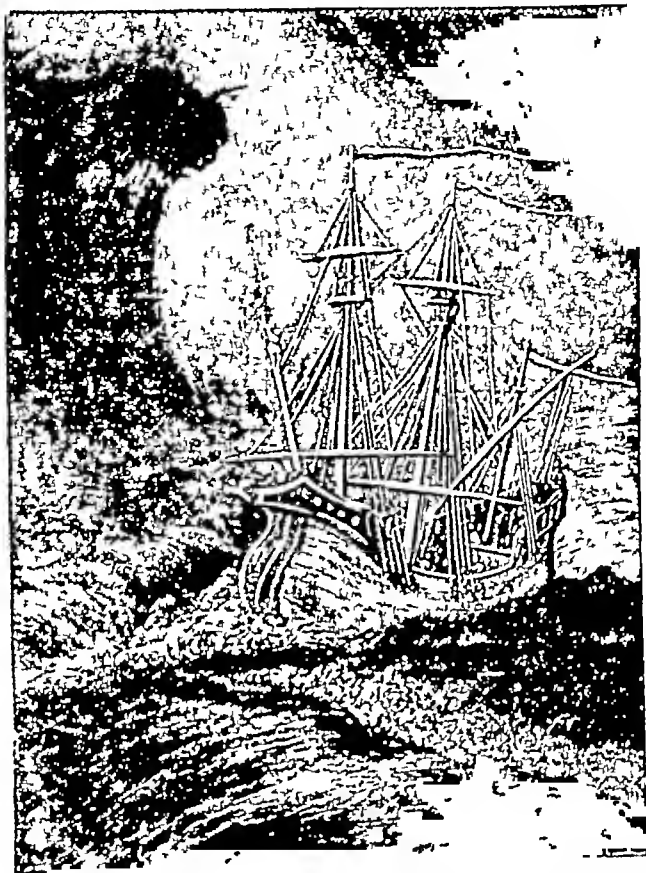
She sails without a rag of sail,  
Without a helmsman steers

'She haunts the Atlantic north and  
south,

But mostly the mid-sea,  
Where three great rocks rise bleak  
and bare

Like furnace-chimneys in the air,  
And are called the Chimneys Three.

"All ill betide the luckless ship  
That meets the Carmilhan



Over her decks the seas will leap,  
She must go down into the deep,  
And perish mouse and man

The captain of the Valdemar  
Laughed loud with merry heart  
"I should like to see this ship," said  
he, [Three,

"I should like to find these Chimneys  
That are marked down in the chart

"I have sailed right over the spot,"  
he said,

"With a good stiff breeze behind,  
When the sea was blue, and the sky  
was clear,—

You can follow my course by these  
pin holes here,—

And never a rock could find "

And then he swore a dreadful oath  
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,  
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,  
He would run her down, although he  
ran  
Right into Eternity !

All this, while passing to and fro,  
The cabin boy had heard,  
He lingered at the door to hear,  
And drank in all with greedy ear,  
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,  
But of a roving mind  
"O, it must be like heaven," thought  
he,

"Those far-off foreign lands to see,  
And fortune seek — n ! find ! "



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

But in the so castle, when he heard  
The mariners blaspheme  
He thought of home he thought of  
God, <sup>[sod]</sup>  
And his mother under the churchyard  
And wished it were a dream  
One friend on board that ship had he,  
Twas the Klabboterman  
Who saw the Bible in his chest  
And made a sign upon his breast,  
All evil things to ban

## III

THE cabin windows have grown blind  
As eyeballs of the dead,  
No more the glancing sunbeams burn  
On the gilt letters of the stern,  
But on the figure head,  
On Valdemar Victorious  
Who looketh with disdain  
To see his image in the tide  
Disembodied float from side to side  
And reunite again.

It is the wind those skippers said,  
'That swings the vessel so,  
It is the wind it freshens fast  
'Tis time to say farewell at last  
'Tis time for us to go

They shook the captain by the hand  
Good luck! good luck! they  
cried,

Each face was like the setting sun  
As broad and red they one by one  
Went o'er the vessel's side

The sun went down the full moon  
rose

Serene o'er field and flood  
And all the winding creeks and bays  
And broad sea meadows seemed  
ablaze

The sky was red as blood

The south west wind blew fresh and  
fur

As fair as wind could be,  
Bound for Odessa o'er the bar,  
With all sail set the Valdemar  
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
As one who walks in dreams,  
A tower of marble in her light  
A wall of black a wall of white  
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast  
The lights begin to burn,

And now, uplifted high in air,  
They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
And now drop far astern

The dawn appears the land is gone,  
The sea is all around,  
Then on each hand low hills of sand  
Linger and form another land,  
She steers ath through the Sound

Through Kattegat and Skager rael  
She flitteth like a ghost,  
By day and night by night and day,  
She bounds, she flies upon her way  
Along the English coast

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
Cape Finisterre is past,  
Into the open sea in stream  
She floats, the vision of a dream  
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set and rise and yet  
There is no land in sight  
The liquid planets overhead  
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,  
And longer stays the night

## IV

AND now along the horizon's edge  
Mountains of cloud arose  
Black as with forests underneath  
Above their sharp and jagged teeth  
Were white as drifted snows

Unseen behind them sank the sun,  
Put flashed each snowy peak  
A little while with rosy light  
That faded slowly from the sight  
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all  
black

The clouds were everywhere,  
There was a feeling of suspense  
In nature a mysterious sense  
Of terror in the air

And all on board the Valdemar  
Was still as still could be  
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,  
As ever and anon she rolled,  
And lurched into the sea

The captain up and down the deck  
Went striding to and fro, [wheel  
Now watched the compass at the  
Now lifted up his hand to feel  
Which way the wind might blow

And now he looked up to the sails  
And now upon the deep,

In every fibre of his frame  
He felt the storm before it came,  
He had no thought of sleep

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,  
With a great rush of rain,  
Making the ocean white with spume,  
In darkness like the day of doom,  
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to  
cloud,

And rent the sky in two,  
A jagged flame, a single jet  
Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
That pierced the eyeballs through

Then all around was dark again,  
And blacker than before,  
But in that single flash of light  
He had beheld a fearful sight,  
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the  
Dead,

The ghostly Carmilhan !  
Her masts were stripped, her yards  
were bare,  
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
Sat the Klaboterman

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck  
Or clambering up the shrouds,  
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's  
hail,  
Were like the piping of the gale,  
And thunder in the clouds

And close behind the Carmilhan  
There rose up from the sea,  
As from a foundered ship of stone,  
Three bare and splintered masts alone  
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark,  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had passed  
Right through the Phantom Bark

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,  
But cleft it unaware,  
As when careering to her nest,  
The sea gull severs with her breast  
The unresisting air

Again the lightning flashed, again  
They saw the Carmilhan  
Whole as before in hull and spar,  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
Stood the Klaboterman

And they all knew their doom was  
sealed,

They knew that death was near,  
Some prayed who never prayed before,  
And some they wept, and some they  
swore,

And some were mute with fear

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a hope-  
less wreck,

Upon the Chimneys Three

The storm and night were passed, the  
light

To streak the East began,  
The cabin-boy picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
To tell of the Carmilhan

~~~~~  
INTERLUDE

WHEN the long murmur of applause  
That greeted the Musicians lay  
Had slowly buzzed itself away,  
And the long talk of Spectre Ships  
That followed died upon their lips  
And came unto a natural pause,  
" These tales you tell are one and all  
Of the Old World, the Poet said  
" Flowers gathered from a crumbling  
wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they fall,  
Let me present you in their stead  
Something of our New England earth  
A tale which, though of no great  
worth,

Has still this merit, that it yields  
A certain freshness of the fields,  
A sweetness as of home-made bread

The Student answered " Be discreet,  
For if the flour be fresh and sound,  
And if the bread be light and sweet,  
Who careth in what mill 'twas  
ground,

Or of what oven felt the heat ?  
Unless, as Old Cervantes said,  
You are looking after better bread  
Than any that is made of wheat.  
You know that people nowadays  
To what is old give little praise,  
All must be new in prose and verse  
They want hot bread, or something  
worse,

Fresh every morning, and half baked,

The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
Nor is their thirst with water slaked

As oft we see the sky in May  
Threaten to rain and yet not run,  
The Poet's face, before so gay,  
Was clouded with a look of pain,  
But suddenly brightened up again,  
And without further let or stay  
He told his tale of yesterday

### THE POET'S TALE.

LADY WENTWORTH

ONE hundred years ago, and some  
thing more,  
In Queen Street Portsmouth, at her  
tavern door,  
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a  
rose  
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,  
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking  
nine  
Above her head, resplendent on the  
sign  
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,  
In scarlet coat and perwig of flax,  
Surveyed at leisure all her varied  
charms,  
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded  
arms  
And half resolved, though he was past  
his prime,  
And rather damaged by the lapse of  
time,  
To fall down at her feet and to declare  
The passion that had driven him to  
despair  
For from his lofty station he had seen  
Stavers, her husband, dressed in  
bottle green,  
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach,  
four-in hand,  
Down the long lane, and out into the  
land,  
And knew that he was far upon the  
way  
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!  
Just then the meditations of the Earl  
Were interrupted by a little girl  
Barefooted, ragged with neglected  
hair,  
Eyes full of laughter, neck and  
shoulders bare,

A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,  
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,  
A creature men would worship and  
adore,  
Though now in mean habiliments,  
she bore  
A pail of water dripping, through the  
street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked  
feet.

It was a pretty picture full of grace,—  
The slender form, the delicate thin  
face,  
The swaying motion, as she hurried  
by,  
The shining feet, the laughter in her  
eye,  
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed  
and glanced,  
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam  
danced  
And with uncommon feelings of delight  
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight  
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard  
her say  
These words, or thought he did, as  
plain as day  
"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare  
you go  
About the town half dressed, and  
looking so!  
At which the gipsy laughed, and  
straight replied  
"No matter how I look, I yet shall  
ride  
In my own chariot, ma'am And on  
the child  
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled  
As with her heavy burden she passed  
on,  
Looked back then turned the corner,  
and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,  
Arrested his attention was a gay  
And brilliant equipage, that flashed  
and spun,  
The silver harness glittering in the  
sun,  
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and  
lank,  
Pounding the saddles as they rose and  
sank,  
While all alone within the chariot sat  
A portly person with three-cornered  
hat,  
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair  
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,  
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease  
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,  
Fair Mistress Stavers curtsied low and fast,  
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down  
To Little Harbour, just beyond the town,  
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,  
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode  
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,  
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,  
Baronial and colonial in its style,  
Gables and dormer windows everywhere,  
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air  
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds  
That blew made mournful music the whole winter through  
Within, unwonted splendours met the eye,  
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry,  
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs  
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs,  
Doors opening into darkness un-  
wares,  
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs,  
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,  
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-  
Scripture names

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,  
A widower and childless, and he felt  
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,  
That like a presence haunted every room,  
For though not given to weakness, he  
Could feel  
The pain of wounds, that nehe be-  
cause they heal

The years came and the years went—  
seven in all,  
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er  
the Hall,  
The dawns their splendour through  
its chambers shed,  
The sunsets flushed its western win-  
dows red,  
The snow was on its roofs, the wind,  
the rain,  
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare  
again,  
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs  
bloomed and died,  
In the broad river ebbed and flowed  
the tide,  
Slups went to sea, and ships came  
home from sea,  
And the slow years sailed by and  
ceased to be.  
And all these years had Martha Hil-  
ton served  
In the Great House, not wholly unob-  
served  
By day, by night, the silver crescent  
grew,  
Though hidden by clouds, her light  
still shining through,  
A mind of all work, whether coarse or  
fine,  
A servant who made service seem  
divine!  
Through her each room was fair to  
look upon,  
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses  
shone,  
The very knocker on the outer door,  
If she but passed, was brighter than  
before  
And now the ceaseless turning of the  
mill  
Of Time, that never for an hour stands  
still,  
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth  
birthday,  
And powdered his brown hair with  
silver gray  
The robin, the forerunner of the  
spring,  
The bluebird with his jocund carol-  
ling,  
The restless swallows building in the  
caves,  
The golden buttercups, the grass, the  
leaves,  
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,  
All welcomed this majestic holiday!

He gave a splendid banquet, served  
on plate,  
Such as became the Governor of the  
State,  
Who represented England and the  
King  
And was magnificent in everything  
He had invited all his friends and  
peers,  
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and  
the Lears,  
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and  
the rest,  
For why repeat the name of every  
guest?  
But I must mention one, in lands and  
gown  
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur  
Brown  
Of the Established Church, with smil-  
ing face  
He sat beside the Governor and said  
grace  
And then the feast went on, as others  
do,  
But ended as none other I ever knew  
When they had drunk the King, with  
many a cheer,  
The Governor whispered in a ser-  
vant's ear  
Who disappeared, and presently there  
stood  
Within the room in perfect woman  
hood,  
A maiden modest and yet self-pos-  
sessed  
Youthful and beautiful, and simply  
dressed,  
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must  
be I  
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other  
she I  
Dowered with the beauty of her  
twenty years,  
How ladylike how queenlike she ap-  
pears  
The pale thin crescent of the days  
gone by  
Is Dian now in all her majesty I  
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she  
was there,  
Until the Governor rising from his  
chair  
Played slightly with his ruffles, then  
looked down,  
And said unto the Reverend Arthur  
Brown

"This is my birthday it shall like-  
wise be,  
My wedding-day, and you shall marry  
me!

The listening guests were greatly mys-  
tified,  
None more so than the rector, who  
replied

"Marry you? Yes, that were a plea-  
sant task,  
Your Excellency, but to whom, I  
ask?

The Governor answered "To this  
lady here,

And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw  
near

She came and stood, all blushes, at  
his side

The rector paused. The impatient  
Governor cried

"This is the lady, do you hesitate?  
Then I command you, as chief ma-  
gistrate

The rector read the service loud and  
clear

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered  
here,"

And so on to the end. At his command  
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand  
The Governor placed the ring and  
that was all

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the  
Hall!

~~~~~  
INTERLUDE

WHEN pleased the audience heard the  
tale

The Theologian said "Indeed  
To praise you there is little need  
One almost hears the farmer's flail  
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there  
fail

A certain freshness as you said  
And sweetness as of home-made bread,  
But not less sweet and not less fresh  
Are many legends that I know,  
Writ by the monks of long ago,  
Who loved to mortify the flesh,  
So that the soul might purer grow,  
And rise to a diviner state  
And one of these—perhaps of all  
Most beautiful—I now recall,  
And with permission will narrate,  
Hoping thereby to make amends  
For that grim tragedy of mine  
As strong and black as Spanish wine,

I told last night, and wish almost  
It had remained untold, my friends,  
For Torquemada's awful ghost  
Came to me in the dreams I dreamed.  
And in the darkness glared and  
gleamed  
Like a great lighthouse on the coast "  
The Student laughing said "Far  
more  
Like to some dismal fire of bale  
Flaring portentous on a hill,  
Or torches lighted on a shore  
By wreckers in a midnight gale  
No matter, be it as you will,  
Only go forward with your tale."

~~~~~  
THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have  
fied!"

That is what the Vision said

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial,  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendour brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone,  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about him,  
Like a garment round him thrown

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see,  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When he walked in Galilee

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that  
reignest,  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest,  
To reveal thyself to me?

Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood,  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendour  
Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration,  
Should he go, or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight this visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear,  
As if to the outward ear  
"Do thy duty, that is best,  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by,  
Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,

Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure,  
What we see not what we see,  
And the inward voice was saying  
"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me !

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with demision,  
And have turned nway with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling

But he paused with awe struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry, calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn  
Comprehending all the meaning  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stryed, I must have  
fled !

#### INTERLUDE

ALL praised the Legend more or less,  
Some liked the moral, some the verse,  
Some thought it better, and some worse  
Than other legends of the past,  
Until, with ill-concealed distress  
At all their cavilling at last  
The Theologian gravely said  
"The Spanish proverb then, is right,  
Consult your friends on what you do,  
And one will say that it is white,  
And others say that it is red."  
And "Amen !" quoth the Spanish Jew  
"Six stones told ! We must have seven,  
A cluster like the Pleiades

And lo ! it happens, as with these,  
That one is missing from our heaven.  
Where is the landlord? Bring him here,  
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear "

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went  
Forthwith to seek his missing star,  
But did not find him in the bar,  
A place that landlords most frequent,  
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire  
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall,  
It was in vain to ask or call,  
There were no tidings of the Squire.  
So he came back with downcast head,  
Exclaiming "Well, our brashful host  
Hath surely given up the ghost.  
Another proverb says the dead  
Can tell no tales, and that is true.  
It follows then, that one of you  
Must tell a story in his stead  
You must," he to the Student said,  
"Who know so many of the best,  
And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words be-  
guiled,

The Student, happy as a child  
When he is called a little man,  
Assumed the double task imposed,  
And without more ado unclosed  
His smiling lips, and thus began.

#### THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALL.

##### THE BARON OF ST CASTINE

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine  
His left his château in the Pyrenees,  
And sailed across the western seas  
When he went away from his fair de-  
mesne

The birds were building, the woods  
were green

And now the winds of winter blow  
Round the turrets of the old château,  
The birds are silent and unseen,  
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,  
And the Pyrenees are white with snow

His father, lonely, old and gray,  
Sits by the fireside day by day,  
Thinking ever one thought of care,  
Through the southern windows, nar-  
row and tall,

The sun shines into the ancient hall,  
And makes a glory round his hair  
The house-dog, stretched beneath his  
chair,

# TALES OF A WASSIDE INN.

Groans in his sleep as if in pain,  
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps  
and

So sure it is everywhere,—  
So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall,  
And the old man rouses from his  
dreams house,  
As I wander restless through the  
As if he heard strange voices call

His footsteps echo along the floor—  
Of a distant past and pause awhile,  
Peep "staring" by an open door  
Looking long with a sad sweet smile,  
Into the room of his absent son.  
There is the bed on which he lay  
There are the pictures light and gay,  
Horses and hounds and sunlit seas,  
There are his powder flask and gun,  
And his hunting gloves in shape of a  
fan

The chair by the window where he sat  
With the cloudy leather skin for a mat,  
Look no out on the Pyrenees,  
Looking out on Mount Marlboro  
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedin  
Ah me! he turns away and sighs  
There is a mist before his eyes

At night, whatever the weather be,  
Wind or rain or turn of heaven,  
Just as the clock is striking even  
Those who look from the windows see  
The vulgar Curate, with hump and  
maud park  
Come through the gateway from the  
And cross the courtyard damp and  
dark,—

A ring of light in a ring of shade  
And now at the old man's side he  
stands,

His voice is cheery, his heart expands,  
He rhapsodizes pleasantly, by the blaze  
Of the fire of sagacity about old days,  
And Cardinal Mazzarín and the Fronde,  
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,  
And what they did, and what they said  
When they heard his eminence was  
dead

And after a pause the old man says,  
His mind still coming back again  
To the one sad thought that haunts  
his brain,

"Are there any tidings from over sea?  
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from  
me?"

And the Curate answers, looking down,  
Harmless and docile as a lamb,  
"Young blood! young blood! It must  
so be!

And draws from the pocket of his gown  
A handkerchief like an orisamb,  
And wipes his spectacles and they play  
Their little game of lansquenet  
In silence for an hour or so,  
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and  
clear

From the village lying asleep below,  
And across the courtyard into the dark  
Of the winding pathway in the park,  
Curate and hump disappear,  
And darkness reigns in the old chateau

The ship has come back from over sea,  
She has been signalled from below,  
And into the harbour of Bordeaux  
She sails with her brilliant company  
But among them is now here seen  
The brave young Baron of St. Castine,  
He hath turned behind, I ween,  
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro  
Through the chambers of the old  
chateau,

Waiting, waiting to hear the hum  
Of wheels on the road that runs below,  
Of servants hurrying here and there,  
The voice in the courtyard, the step on  
the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth not  
come!

But letters there are, which the old  
man reads

To the Curate, when he comes at night,  
Word by word, as in neolyte  
Repeats his prayers, and tells his  
beads

Letters full of the rolling sea,  
Full of a young man's joy to be  
Abroad in the world, alone and free  
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes  
Of hunting the deer through forests  
vast

In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast,  
Of nights in the tents of the Tarri-  
thnes,

Of Mandocawando the Indian chief,  
And his daughters as glorious as queens,  
And beautiful beyond belief,  
And so soft the tones of their native  
tongue,

The words are not spoken, they are  
sung!



# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

And the Curate listens, and smiling  
says

"Ahyes, dear friend! in our young days  
We should have liked to hunt the deer  
All day amid those forest scenes,  
And to sleep in the tents of the Tar-  
rattines,

But now it is better sitting here  
Within four walls, and without the fear  
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens,  
For man is fire and woman is tow,  
And the Somebody comes and begins  
to blow

Then a gleam of distrust and vague  
surmise

Shines in the father's gentle eyes,  
As fire-light on a winter-pane  
Glimmers and vanishes again,  
But nought he answers, he only sighs,  
And for a moment bows his head,  
Then as their custom is, they play  
Their little game of lansquenet,  
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day  
And many a week and month depart,  
When a fatal letter wings its way  
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,  
And strikes and tears the old man's  
heart

Lo! the young baron of St Castine,  
Swift as the wind is and as wild  
Has married a dusky Tarratine,  
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's  
hand,  
Though the sinews of his heart are  
wring,

He utters no cry, he breathes no  
prayer,

No malediction falls from his tongue,  
But his stately figure, erect and grand  
Bends and sinks like a column of sand  
In the whirlwind of his great despair  
Dying, yes dying! His latest breath  
Of parley at the door of death  
Is a blessing on his wayward son  
Lower and lower on his breast  
Sinks his gray head he is at rest,  
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château  
Lies tenantless and desolate  
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,  
About its gables caws the crow,  
Only the porter at the gate  
Is left to guard it and to wait  
The coming of the rightful heir,

No other life or sound is there,  
No more the Curate comes at night,  
No more is seen the unsteady light,  
Threading the alleys of the park!  
The windows of the hall are dark,  
The chambers are dreary, cold, and  
bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is  
past,  
And birds are building, and woods are  
green,

With flying skirts is the curate seen  
Speeding along the woodland way,  
Humming gaily, "No day is so long  
But it comes at last to vesper song  
He stops at the porter's lodge to say  
That at last the Baron of St Castine  
Is coming home with his Indian queen,  
Is coming without a week's delay,  
And all the house must be swept and  
clean,

And all things set in good array!  
And the solemn porter shakes his  
head

And the answer he makes is "Lack-  
a-day!"

We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began  
The cock upon the village church  
Looks northward from his airy perch,  
As if beyond the limit of man,  
To see the ships come sailing on,  
And pass the Isle of Oléron,  
And pass the Tower of Cordouan,

In the church below is cold in clay  
The heart that would have leaped for  
joy—

O tender heart of truth and trust!—  
To see the coming of that day,  
In the church below the lips are dust,  
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet;  
That would have been so swift to meet  
The coming of that wayward boy

At night the front of the old château  
Is a blaze of light above and below,  
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs  
in the street,  
Cracking of whips, and scamper of  
feet,

Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,  
And the Baron hath come again to his  
own

The Curate is waiting in the hall  
Most eager and alive of all  
To welcome the Baron and Baroness,  
But his mind is full of vague distress,

For he hath read in Jesuit books  
Of those children of the wilderness,  
And now, good, simple man he looks  
To see a painted savage stride  
Into the room with shoulders bare,  
And eagle feathers in her hair,  
And around her a robe of panther's  
hide

Instead he beholds with secret shame  
A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without a name,  
Not of degree but more of kind  
Nor bold nor shy nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all  
Yes beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transfused, he sees  
The lady of the Pyrenees,  
The daughter of the Indian chief  
Beneath the shadow of her hair  
The gold bronze colour of the skin  
Seems lighted by a fire within,  
As when a burst of sunlight shines  
Beneath a sombre grove of pines —  
A dusky splendour in the air  
The two small hands, that now are  
pressed

In his, seemed made to be caressed,  
They lie so warm and soft, and still,  
Like birds half hidden in a nest,  
Trustful, and innocent of ill  
And ah! he cannot believe his ears  
When her melodious voice he hears  
Speaking his native Gascon tongue,  
The words she utter seem to be  
Part of some poem of Goudouli,  
They are not spoken, they are sung!  
And the Baron smiles, and says,  
"You see

I told you but the simple truth,  
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day  
The people gossip in their way,  
And stare to see the Baroness pass  
On Sunday morning to early Mass,  
And when she kneeleth down to pray,  
They wonder, and whisper together  
and say,

"Surely this is no heathen lass!  
And in course of time they learn to  
bless

The Baron and the Baroness

And in course of time the Curate  
learns

A secret so dreadful that by turns  
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns  
The Baron at confession hath said,

That though this woman be his wife,  
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,  
He hath bought her for a gun and a  
knife!

And the Curate replies "O profligate,

O Prodigal Son! return once more  
To the open arms and the open door  
Of the Church, or ever it be too late.  
Thank God, thy father did not live  
To see what he could not forgive,  
On thee so reckless and perverse,  
He left his blessing, not his curse.  
But the nearer the dawn the darker the  
night,

And by going wrong all things come  
right,

Things have been mended that were  
worse,

And the worse, the nearer they are to  
mend [dead,

For the sake of the living and the  
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,  
And all things come to a happy end"

O sun, that followest the night  
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,  
And pourest thine impartial light  
Alike on mountain and on moor,  
Praise for a moment in thy course,  
And bless the bridegroom and the  
bride!

O Grave that from thy hidden source  
In yon mysterious mountain side  
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,  
And leaping down its steps of stone,  
Along the meadow-lands demure  
Steepest away to the Adour,  
Praise for a moment in thy course  
To bless the bridegroom and the  
bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,  
The doors of the church are opened  
wide,

The people crowd, and press, and  
throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
They enter and pass along the nave,  
They stand upon the father's grave,  
The bells are ringing soft and slow,  
The living above and the dead below  
Give their blessing on one and twain,  
The warm winds blow from the hills of  
Spain,

The birds are building, the leaves are  
green,

And Baron Castine of St Castine  
Hath come at last to his own again

FINALE.

"NUNC plaudite! the Student cried,  
When he had finished, "now ap-  
plaud,

As Roman actors used to say,  
At the conclusion of a play, ' [abroad,  
And rose, and spread his hands  
And smiling bowed from side to side,  
As one who bears the palm away  
And generous was the applause and  
loud,

But less for him than for the sun,  
That even as the tale was done  
Burst from its canopy of cloud  
And lit the landscape with the blaze  
Of afternoon on autumn days,  
And filled the room with light, and  
made

The fire of logs a painted shade

A sudden wind from out the west  
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill,  
The windows rattled with the blast,  
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,

And straight, as if by fear possessed,  
The cloud encampment on the hill  
Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent  
Vanished into the firmament,  
And down the valley fled again  
The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky  
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow  
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,  
Was heaped together, vast and high,  
On which a shattered rainbow hung,  
Not rising like the ruined arch  
Of some ruined aqueduct,  
But like a roseate garland plucked  
From an Olympian god, and flung  
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon  
gloom,

Like birds escaping from a snare,  
Like school-boys at the hour of play,  
All left at once the pent-up room,  
And rushed into the open air,  
And no more tales were told that day

PART THIRD.

1873

PRELUDE

THE evening came, the golden vane  
A moment in the sunset glanced,  
Then darkened, and then gleamed again  
As from the east the moon advanced  
And touched it with a softer light  
While underneath with flowing mane  
Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,  
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon  
That followed the dark day of rain,  
And brighter than the golden vane  
That glistened in the rising moon,  
Within the ruddy fire light gleamed,  
And every separate window-pane,  
Backed by the outer darkness, showed  
A mirror where the flamesets gleamed  
And flickered to and fro, and seemed  
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,  
Like an old actor on the stage,  
With the uncertain voice of age,  
The singing chimney chanted low  
The homely songs of long ago  
The voice that Ossian heard of yore,

When midnight winds were in his hall,  
A ghostly and appealing call,  
A sound of days that are no more!  
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,  
And listened to the sound, and knew  
The passing of the airy hosts,  
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts  
In their interminable flight  
And listening muttered in his beard,  
With accent indistinct and weird  
"Who are ye, children of the Night?"

Beholding his mysterious face,  
' Tell me the gay Sicilian said,  
' Why was it that in breaking bread  
At supper, you bent down your head,  
And, musing, paused a little space,  
As one who says a silent grace? '

The Jew replied, with solemn air,  
"I said the Manichean's prayer  
It was his faith, — perhaps is mine, —  
That life in all its forms is one,  
And that its secret conduits run  
Unseen, but in unbroken line,  
From the great fountain head divine

Through man and beast, through grain  
and grass

Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry,  
From death there can be no escape,  
And no escape from life, alas!  
Because we cannot die, but pass  
From one into another shape  
It is but into life we die

"Therefore the Manichæan said  
This simple prayer on breaking bread,  
Lest he with hasty hand or knife  
Might wound the incarcerated life,  
The soul in things that we call dead  
'I did not reap thee, did not bind thee,  
I did not thrash thee, did not grind thee,  
Nor did I in the oven bake thee;  
It was not I, it was another  
Did these things unto thee, O brother!  
I only have thee, hold thee, break  
thee!'"

"That birds have souls I can concede,"  
The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks,  
"The flocks that form their beds of reed  
Uprising north or southward fly,  
And flying write upon the sky  
The biforked letter of the Greeks,  
As hath been said by Rucellai,  
All birds that sing or chirp or cry,  
Even those migratory bands,  
The minor poets of the air,  
The plover, peep, and sanderling,  
That hardly can be said to sing,  
But pipe along the barren sands,—  
All these have souls akin to ours,  
So hath the lovely race of flowers  
Thus much I grant, but nothing more  
The rusty hinges of a door  
Are not alive because they creak,  
This chimney, with its dreary roar,  
These rattling windows, do not speak!

"To me they speak," the Jew replied,  
"And in the sounds that sink and soar,  
I hear the voices of a tide  
That breaks upon an unknown shore!"

Here the Sicilian interfered [dozed  
"That was your dream, then as you  
A moment since, with eyes half-closed,  
And murmured something in your  
beard"

The Hebrew smiled, and answered,  
"Nay,

Not that, but something very near,  
Like, and yet not the same, may seem  
The vision of my waking dream,  
Before it wholly dies away,  
Listen to me, and you shall hear"

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

AZRAEL

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate,  
At evening, on the pavement tessellate  
Was walking with a stranger from the  
East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,  
The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned  
man,

And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan  
And as they walked the guest became  
aware

Of a white figure in the twilight air,  
Gazing intent, as one who with surprise  
His form and features seemed to  
recognise,

And in a whisper to the King he said  
"What is yon shape, that, pallid as  
the dead,

Is watching me, as if he sought to trace  
In the dim light the features of my  
face?"

The King looked, and replied "I  
know him well,

It is the Angel men call Azrael,  
'Tis the Death Angel, what hast thou  
to fear?"

And the guest answered "Lest he  
should come near,

And speak to me, and take away my  
breath! [death!

Save me from Azrael, save me from  
O King, that hast dominion o'er the  
wind,

Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The King gazed upward at the cloud-  
less sky, [on high,

Whispered a word, and raised his hand  
And lo! the signet ring of chrysoprase

On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze  
With hidden fire, and rushing from  
the west

There came a mighty wind, and seized  
the guest

And lifted him from earth, and on they  
passed, [blast,

His shining garments streaming in the  
A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,  
A purple cloud, that gleamed and  
disappeared.

Then said the Angel, smiling "If  
this man

Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,  
Thou hast done well in listening to  
his prayer,

I was upon my way to seek him there"

INTERLUDE.

"O EDREHI, forbear to-night,  
Your ghostly legends of affright,  
And let the Talmud rest in peace,  
Spare us your dismal tales of death  
That almost take away one's breath,  
So doing may your tribe increase  
Thus the Sicilian said then went  
And on the spinet's rattling keys  
Played Marianina like a breeze  
From Naples and the Southern seas,  
That brings us the delicious scent  
Of citron and of orange trees  
And memories of soft days of ease  
At Capri and Amalfi spent

"Not so the eager Poet said,  
"At least, not so before I tell  
The story of my Azrael  
An angel mortal as ourselves  
Which in an ancient tome I found  
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,  
Chained with an iron chain and bound  
In parchment and with clasps of brass  
Lest from its prison some dark day,  
It might be stolen or steal away  
While the good friars were singing  
mass.

"It is a tale of Charlemagne,  
When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers  
And sweeps from mountain crest to  
coast,  
With lightning flaming through its  
showers

He swept across the Lombard plain  
Beleaguering with his warlike train  
Pavia the country's pride and boast,  
The City of the Hundred Towers.

Thus heralded the tale began,  
And thus in sober measure ran

~~~~~  
THE POET'S TALE.

CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards on a lofty tower  
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling  
plains,  
League after league of harvests, to the  
foot  
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw  
approach  
A mighty army thronging all the roads  
That led into the city And the King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed his  
youth

As hostage at the court of France, and  
knew  
The Emperor's form and face "Is  
Charlemagne  
Among that host?" And Olger  
answered "No"

And still the innumerable multitude  
Flowed onward and increased, until  
the King [magne  
Cried in amazement "Surely Charle-  
Is coming in the midst of all these  
knights!

And Olger answered slowly "No, not  
yet,  
He will not come so soon" Then  
much disturbed

King Desiderio asked "What shall  
we do,

If he approach with a still greater  
army?"

And Olger answered "When he shall  
appear, [he is,  
You will behold what manner of man  
But what will then befall us I know not.

Then came the guard that never knew  
repose,  
The Paladins of France, and at the  
sight

The Lombard King o'ercome with  
terror cried

"This must be Charlemagne!" and  
as before

Did Olger answer "No, not yet, not  
yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete  
The Bishops and the Abbots and the  
Priests

Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts,  
And Desiderio could no more endure  
The light of day, nor yet encounter  
death,

But sobbed aloud and said "Let us  
go down

And hide us in the bosom of the earth,  
Far from the sight and anger of a foe  
So terrible as this!" And Olger said  
'When you behold the harvests in  
the fields

Shaking with fear, the Po and the  
Ticino

Lashing the city walls with iron waves,  
Then may you know that Charlemagne  
is come."

And even as he spake, in the northwest,  
Lo! there uprose a black and threaten-  
ing cloud,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Out of whose bosom flashed the light  
of arms  
Upon the people pent up in the city,  
A light more terrible than any darkness,  
And Charlemagne appeared,—a Man  
of Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves  
Of iron, and his breastplate and his  
greaves

And tassels were of iron and his shield  
In his left hand he held an iron spear,  
In his right hand his sword invincible.  
The horse he rode on had the strength  
of iron,

And colour of iron. All who went  
before him,

Beside him and behind him, his whole  
host,

Were armed with iron, and their hearts  
within them

Were stronger than the armour that  
they wore

The fields and all the roads were filled  
with iron,

And points of iron glistened in the sun  
And shed a terror through the city  
streets

This at a single glance Olger the Dane  
Saw from the tower, and turning to the  
King,

Exclaimed in haste "Behold! this is  
the man

You looked for with such eagerness!'  
and then

Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet

### INTERLUDE

WELL pleased all listened to the tale,  
That drew, the Student said, its pith  
And marrow from the ancient myth  
Of some one with an iron flail,  
Or that portentous Man of Brass  
Hephrastus made in days of yore,  
Who stalked about the Cretan shore,  
And saw the ships appear and pass,  
And threw stones at the Argonauts,  
Being filled with indiscriminate ire  
That tangled and perplexed his  
thoughts

But, like a hospitable host  
When strangers landed on the coast  
Heated himself red-hot with fire,  
And bugged them in his arms, and  
pressed

Their bodies to his burning breast

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The Poet answered "No, not thus  
The legend rose, it sprang not first  
Out of the hunger and the thirst  
In all men for the marvelous  
And thus it filled and satisfied  
The imagination of mankind,  
And this ideal to the mind  
Was truer than historic fact  
Fancy enlarged and multiplied  
The terrors of the awful name  
Of Charlemagne, till he became  
Armipotent in every act,  
And, clothed in mystery, appeared  
Not what men saw, but what they  
feared

"Besides, unless my memory fail,  
Your some one with an iron flail  
Is not an ancient myth at all,  
But comes much later on the scene,  
As Tulus in the Faerie Queene,  
The iron groom of Artegall,  
Who threshed out falsehood and de-  
ceit,

And truth upheld, and righted wrong,  
And was, as is the swallow, fleet,  
And as the lion is was strong

The Theologian said "Perchance  
Your chronicler in writing this  
Had in his mind the Anabasis,  
Where Xenophon describes the ad-  
vance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight,  
At first the low gray cloud of dust,  
And then a blackness over the fields  
As of a passing thunder-gust,  
Then flash of brazen armour bright,  
And ranks of men, with spears up-  
thrust,

Bowmen and troops with wicker  
shields,

And cavalry equipped in white,  
And chariots ranged in front of these  
With scythes upon their axle-trees

To this the Student answered "Well,  
I also have a tale to tell  
Of Charlemagne, a tale that throws  
A softer light, more tinged with rose,  
Than your grim apparition cast  
Upon the darkness of the past  
Listen, and hear in English rhyme  
What the good Monk of Lauresheim  
Gives as the gossip of his time,  
In mediæval Latin prose

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

EMMA AND EGINHARD

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of  
Charlemagne,  
In the free schools of Aix, how kings  
should reign  
And with them taught the children of  
the poor  
How subjects should be patient and  
endure  
He touched the lips of some, as best  
befit  
With honey from the hives of Holy  
Writ  
Others intoxicated with the wine  
Of ancient history, sweet, but less di-  
vine,  
Some with the wholesome fruits of  
grammar fed  
Others with mysteries of the stars o'er-  
head,  
That hang suspended in the vaulted  
sky  
Like lamps in some fur palace vast  
and high.  
In sooth it was a pleasant sight to see  
That Saxon monk, with hood and  
rosary,  
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and  
book  
And mingled love and reverence in his  
look  
Or hear the cloister and the court re-  
peat  
The measured footfalls of his san-  
dalled feet  
Or watch him with the pupils of his  
school  
Gentle of speech but absolute of rule  
Among them, always earliest in his  
place  
Was Eginhard a youth of Frankish  
race  
Whose face was bright with flashes  
that forerun  
The splendours of a yet unrisen sun.  
To him all things were possible, and  
seemed  
Not what he had accomplished, but  
had dreamed  
And what were tasks to others were  
his play  
The pastime of an idle holiday  
Smaragdo Abbot of St Michael's  
said, [the head,  
With many a shrug and shaking of

Surely some demon must possess the  
lad,  
Who showed more wit than ever  
school boy had,  
And learned his Trivium thus without  
the rod, [God.  
But Alcuin said it was the grace of  
Thus he grew up, in Logic point-de-  
vice,  
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric  
nice,  
Science of Numbers Geometrie art,  
And lore of Stars, and Music knew by  
heart,  
A Minnesinger long before the times  
Of those who sang their love in Sue-  
bian rhymes  
The Emperor, when he heard this  
good report  
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the  
court,  
Said to himself, "This stripling seems  
to be  
Purposely sent into the world for me,  
He shall become my scribe, and shall  
be schooled  
In all the arts whereby the world is  
ruled  
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain  
To honour in the court of Charle-  
magne,  
Became the sovereign's favourite, his  
right hand,  
So that his fame was great in all the  
land,  
And all men loved him for his modest  
grace  
And comeliness of figure and of face.  
An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,  
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse  
Among the armed knights with spur  
on heel  
The tramp of horses and the clang of  
steel,  
And as the Emperor promised he was  
schooled  
In all the arts by which the world is  
ruled.  
But the one art supreme, whose law  
is fate,  
The Emperor never dreamed of till  
too late.  
Home from her convent to the palace  
came  
The lovely Princess Emma, whose  
sweet name,





Had risen before the dawn, and  
musing gazed  
Into the silent night, as one amazed  
To see the calm that reigned o'er all  
supreme

When his own reign was but a trou-  
bled dream

The moon lit up the gables capped  
with snow

And the white roofs, and half the  
court below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed  
to cower

Beneath a burden, come from Emma's  
tower,—

A woman, who upon her shoulders  
bore

Clerk Eginhard to his own private  
door

And then returned in haste, but still  
essayed

To tread the footprints she herself had  
made,

And as she passed across the lighted  
space

The Emperor saw his daughter  
Emma's face!

He started not, he did not speak or  
moan,

But seemed as one who had been  
turned to stone,

And stood there like a statue, nor  
awoke

Out of his trance of pain, till morning  
broke,

Till the stars faded, and the moon  
went down

And o'er the towers and steeples of  
the town

Came the gray daylight, then the sun,  
who took

The empire of the world with sovereign  
look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden glow  
All the dead landscape in its shroud  
of snow

Touching with flame the tapering  
chapel spires,

Windows and roofs and smoke of  
household fires

And kindling park and palace as he  
came,

The stork's nest on the chimney  
seemed in flame.

And thus he stood till Eginhard ap-  
peared, [beard]

Demure and modest with his comely

And flowing flaxen tresses come to ask  
As was his wont, the day's appointed  
task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a  
smile, [a while,

And gently said "My son, wait yet  
This hour my council meets upon  
some great

And very urgent business of the state.  
Come back within the hour On thy  
return

The work appointed for thee shalt  
thou learn.'

Having dismissed this gallant Trou-  
badour,

He summoned straight his council,  
and secure

And steadfast in his purpose, from the  
throne

All the adventure of the night made  
known,

Then asked for sentence, and with  
eager breath

Some answered banishment, and others  
death

Then spake the king "Your sentence  
is not mine,

Life is the gift of God, and is divine;  
Nor from these palace walls shall  
one depart

Who carries such a secret in his heart,  
My better judgment points another  
way

Good Alcuin, I remember how one day  
When my Pepino asked you, 'What  
are men?' [pen,

You wrote upon his tablets with your  
'Guests of the grave and travellers  
that pass!

This being true of all men we, alas!  
Being all fashioned of the self-same  
dust,

Let us be merciful as well as just  
This passing traveller, who hath stolen  
away

The brightest jewel of my crown to-  
day [restore,

Shall of himself the precious gem  
By giving it, I make it mine once  
more.

Over these fatal footprints I will throw  
My ermine mantle like another snow "

Then Eginhard was summoned to the  
hall, [all,

And entered, and in presence of them

The Emperor said "My son, for  
thou to me  
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,  
Long hast thou served thy sovereign,  
and thy zeal  
Pleads to me with importunate appeal  
While I have been forgetful to requite  
Thy service and affection as was right.  
But now the hour is come, when I, thy  
lord,  
Will crown thy love with such supreme  
reward,  
A gift so precious kings have striven  
in vain  
To win it from the hands of Charle-  
magne '  
Then spring the portals of the chamber  
wide,  
And Princess Emma entered in the  
pride  
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'er-  
came  
The conscious terror and the blush of  
shame.  
And the good Emperor rose up from  
his throne,  
And taking her white hand within his  
own  
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said  
"My son,  
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath  
won,  
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,  
And cover up the footprints in the  
snow '

# INTERLUDE

THUS ran the Student's pleasant  
rhyme  
Of Eginhard and love and youth,  
Some doubted its historic truth,  
But while they doubted, nevertheless  
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,  
And thanked the Monk of Laures-  
heim  
Thus they discussed in various mood,  
Then in the silence that ensued  
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound  
As of a bowstring snapped in air,  
And the Musician with a bound  
Sprang up in terror from his chair,  
And for a moment listening stood,  
Then strode across the room, and  
found  
His dear, his darling violin  
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Still lying safe asleep within  
Its little cradle, like a child  
That gives a sudden cry of pain,  
And wakes to fall asleep again,  
And as he looked at it and smiled,  
By the uncertain light beguiled,  
Despair! two strings were broken in  
twain  
While all lamented and made moan,  
With many a sympathetic word  
As if the loss had been their own,  
Deeming the tones they might have  
heard  
Sweeter than they had heard before,  
They saw the Landlord at the door,  
The missing man, the portly Squire!  
He had not entered, but he stood  
With both arms full of seasoned wood,  
To feed the much-devouring fire,  
That like a lion in a cage  
Lashed its long tail and roared with  
rage  
The missing man! Ah, yes, they said,  
Missing, but whither had he fled?  
Where had he hidden himself away?  
No farther than the barn or shed,  
He had not hidden himself nor fled,  
How should he pass the rainy day  
But in his barn with hens and hay  
Or mending harness cart, or sled?  
Now, having come, he needs must stay  
And tell his tale as well as they  
The Landlord answered only "These  
Are logs from the dead apple trees  
Of the old orchard planted here  
By the first Howe of Sudbury  
Nor oak nor maple has so clear  
A flame, or burns so quietly  
Or leaves an ash so clean and white,"  
Thinking by this to put aside  
The impending tale that terrified,  
When suddenly to his delight,  
The Theologian interposed,  
Saying that when that door was closed,  
And they had stopped that draught of  
cold,  
Unpleasant night air, he proposed  
To tell a tale world-wide apart  
From that the Student had just told,  
World wide apart, and yet akin,  
As showing that the human heart  
Beats on for ever as of old,  
As well beneath the snow-white fold  
Of Quaker kerchief, as within  
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,  
And without preface would begin  
B B

And then the clamorous clock struck  
 eight  
 Deliberate, with sonorous chime  
 Slow measuring out the march of time,  
 Like some grave Consul of old Rome  
 In Jupiter's temple driving home  
 The nails that mark the year and  
 date.  
 Thus interrupted in his rhyme,  
 The Theologian needs must wait,  
 But quoted Horace, where he sings

The dire Necessity of things,  
 That drives into the roofs sublime  
 Of new-built houses of the great  
 The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon  
 To herald from its wooden tower  
 The important transit of the hour,  
 The Theologian hastened on,  
 Content to be allowed at last  
 To sing his Idyl of the Past

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

ELIZABETH

I  
 "Ah, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!  
 In the old country the twilight is longer, but here in the forest  
 Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,  
 Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight  
 Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,  
 As in the farm house kitchen that served for kitchen and parlour,  
 By the window she sat with her work and looked on a landscape  
 White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,  
 By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.  
 Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows  
 Nothing was dark but the sky and the distant Delaware flowing  
 Down from its native hills a peaceful and bountiful river

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid  
 'Beautiful Winter! yea the winter is beautiful surely,  
 If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling  
 But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it  
 Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,  
 Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going,  
 Here there is nothing but pines with patches of snow on their branches.  
 There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already,  
 All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,  
 Breaking his way through the drifts with his sled and oxen, and then, too  
 How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day'

But Elizabeth checked her and answered mildly reproving  
 'Surely the Lord will provide for unto the snow he sayeth,  
 Be thou on the earth the good Lord sayeth, he is it  
 Giveth snow like wool like ashes scatters the hoar-frost.'  
 So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,  
 Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there  
 Plates and cups from the dresser the brown rye loaf, and the butter  
 Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,  
 Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,  
 Poised it aloft in the air and filled up the earthen teapot  
 Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo! Joseph is long on his errand  
 I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing

## TILES OF A WAYSIDE INN

For the poor in the village A good lad and cheerful is Joseph,  
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing "

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid  
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was  
silent,

While her mistress went on " The house is far from the village,  
We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing  
Sometimes tarry overnight, and make us glad by their coming "

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal  
" Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern,  
Open to all are its doors and they come and go like the pigeons  
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,  
Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the sunshine. "

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered  
" All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it,  
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people  
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.  
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them  
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given  
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing,  
Though he came not himself, I came, for the Lord was my guidance,  
Leading me here for this service We must not grudge, then, to others  
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table "

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid,  
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer  
" Dost thou remember Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,  
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,  
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?  
No one spake till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,  
Moved by the Spirit rose as if he were John the Apostle,  
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind  
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.  
Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,  
Wherefore I do not know, but strong is the feeling within me  
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten "

### II

Ever as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,  
First far off with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,  
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,  
Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners  
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,  
And to herself, as she listened upbriding said Hannah the housemaid,  
" It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him "

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern  
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,  
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,  
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow  
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,  
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic  
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger  
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air,  
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and going to meet him,  
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,  
And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,  
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, " Thou art welcome John Estaugh "

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behaviour,  
 "Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many  
 Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee  
 Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.  
 For as I journeyed along and pondered alone and in silence  
 On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,  
 Seemingly weary with travel a wayfarer, who by the wayside  
 Paused and waited Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,  
 How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,  
 Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,  
 Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him  
 So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,  
 And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,  
 How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,  
 Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country  
 And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,  
 And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,  
 Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labours of love thou art doing "

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely  
 Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,  
 'Surely the hand of the Lord is in it, his Spirit hath led thee  
 Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet, the door was opened, and Joseph  
 Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out,  
 Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper,  
 For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,  
 But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,  
 Spacious open hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood,  
 Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,  
 Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty  
 All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter!  
 Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,  
 Coming and going, and hustling about in closet and chamber

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaulgh,  
 Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood,  
 How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments  
 Comforted with the extendings and holy sweet inflowings  
 Of the Spirit of love till the voice imperative sounded,  
 And she obeyed the voice and cast in her lot with her people  
 Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands and demurely  
 Listened, or seemed to listen and in the silence that followed  
 Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid  
 Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order  
 And Elizabeth said with a smile of compassion, "The maiden  
 Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward "  
 Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue and was silent

Then came the hour of sleep death's counterfeit nightly rehearsal  
 Of the great Silent Assembly the Meeting of Shadows where no man  
 Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken!  
 Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended  
 But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendour,  
 Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens,  
 Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Through the drifts of snow, the horses already were harnessed,  
And John Estraugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,  
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May, while above them  
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,  
Laughing aloud at Joseph then suddenly closing the casement,  
As the bird in the cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,  
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it

### III

Now was the winter gone, and the snow, and Robin the Redbreast,  
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other  
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely  
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,  
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only  
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building  
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon  
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless  
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,  
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly  
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,  
Men and women wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting  
In the neighbouring town, and with them came riding John Estraugh  
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting  
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey  
Brought from the hives that stood by the sunny wall of the garden,  
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,  
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid  
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning  
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estraugh  
"Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell thee,  
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others,  
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth"  
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together  
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest,  
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,  
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded  
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee,  
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estraugh"

And John Estraugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken,  
"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit,  
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,  
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning  
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me  
When the Lord's work is done and the toil and the labour completed  
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness  
Of my own heart a while, and listen and wait for his guidance"

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,  
"So is it best John Estraugh We will not speak of it further  
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow  
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not  
When I shall see thee more but if the Lord hath decreed it,  
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me  
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others

IV

SHIPS that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look, and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead  
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth laboured, in all things  
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,  
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled, and Hannah the housemaid  
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,  
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,  
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behaviour,  
For her shy looks, and her careless words and her evil surmising,  
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,  
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing  
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,  
Filling its chambers with fragrance and seeming to him in its sweetness  
Mary's ointment of spikenard that filled all the house with its odour  
O lost days of delight that are wasted in doubting and waiting!  
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!  
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,  
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,  
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection  
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,  
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,  
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things  
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,  
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid,  
For when he asked her the question, she answered, "Nay," and then added  
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

~~~~~  
INTERLUDE

"A PLEASANT and winsome tale,"  
The Student said, "though somewhat  
pale

And quiet in its colouring,  
As if it caught its tone and air  
From the gray suits that Quakers wear,  
Yet worthy of some German bard,  
Hebel or Voss, or Eberhard,  
Who love of humble themes to sing,  
In humble verse but no more true  
Than was the tale I told to you.

The Theologian made reply,  
And with some warmth, "That I  
deny,

'Tis no invention of my own,  
But something well and widely known  
To readers of a riper age  
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote

The Indian tale of Hobomok,  
And Philothea's classic page.  
I found it like a waif afloat,  
Or dulse uprooted from its rock,  
On the swift tides that ebb and flow  
In daily papers, and at flood  
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,  
But later when the ebb is low,  
Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little" quoth the Jew  
"The cloak of truth is lined with lies,  
Sayeth some proverb old and wise,  
And Love is master of all arts,  
And puts it into human hearts  
The strangest things to say and do"

And here the controversy closed  
Abruptly, ere 'twas well begun,

For the Sicilian interposed  
With "Lordings, listen, every one  
That listen may, unto a tale  
That's merrier than the nightingale,  
A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,  
A single rag or shred of truth,  
That does not leave the mind in doubt  
As to the with it or without,  
A naked falsehood and absurd  
As mortal ever told or heard.  
Therefore I tell it or, maybe  
Simply because it pleases me."

### THE SICILIAN'S TALE

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

Once on a time, some centuries ago,  
In the hot sunshine two Franciscan  
friars

Wended their weary way with foot-  
steps slow

Back to their convent, whose white  
walls and spires

Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of  
snow

Covered with dust they were, and  
torn by briars,

And bore like sumpter mules upon  
their backs

The badge of poverty, their beggars  
sacks

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare  
And silent man, with pallid cheeks  
and thin,

Much given to vigils, penance, fast-  
ing prayer,

Solemn and gray, and worn with  
discipline,

As if his body but white ashes were,  
Heaped on the living coals that  
glowed within,

A simple monk like many of his day,  
Whose instinct was to listen and obey

A different man was Brother Timothy,  
Of larger mould and of a coarser  
paste,

A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,  
Broad in the shoulders, broader in  
the wrist,

Who often filled the dull refectory  
With noise by which the convent  
was disgraced,

But to the mass book gave but little  
heed,

By reason he had never learned to read

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a  
wood,

They saw, with mingled pleasure  
and surprise,

Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that  
stood

Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes  
The farmer Gilbert of that neighbour-  
hood

His owner was, who, looking for  
supplies

Of fagots, deeper in the wood had  
strayed

Leaving his beast to ponder in the  
shade

As soon as Brother Timothy espied  
The patient animal, he said

"Good luck!

Thus for our needs doth Providence  
provide,

We'll try our wallets on the  
creature's back.

This being done he leisurely untied  
From head and neck the halter of  
the jack,

And put it round his own, and to the  
tree

Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,  
He cried to Brother Anthony

"Awny!

And drive the ass before you with  
your staff,

And when you reach the convent  
you may say

You left me at a farm, half tired and  
half

Ill with a fever, for a night and day,  
And that the farmer lent this ass to  
bear

Our wallets, that are heavy with good  
fare"

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the  
pranks

Of Brother Timothy, would not  
persuade

Or reason with him on his quirks and  
cranks,

But, being obedient, silently obeyed,  
And, smiting with his staff the ass's  
flanks,

Drove him before him over hill and  
glade,

Safe with his provend to the convent  
gate,

Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his  
[fate]



Then Gilbert, laden with figots for  
his fire,  
Forth issued from the wood, and  
stood aghast  
To see the ponderous body of the friar  
Standing where he had left his  
donkey last.  
Trembling he stood, and dared not  
venture nigher,  
But stared and gaped, and crossed  
himself full fast,  
For being credulous and of little wit,  
He thought it was some demon from  
the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus  
he gazed  
And dropped his load of figots on  
the ground  
Quoth Brother Timothy "Be no,  
amazed  
That where you left a donkey should  
be found  
A poor Franciscan friar, half starved  
and crazed  
Standing demure and with a halter  
bound,  
But set me free and hear the piteous  
story  
Of Brother Timothy of Casal Mag-  
giore

"I am a sinful man although you see  
I wear the consecrated cowl and  
cape,  
You never owned an ass but you  
owned me  
Changed and transformed from my  
own natural shape  
All for the deadly sin of gluttony,  
From which I could not otherwise  
escape  
Than by this penance, dieting on grass  
And being worked and beaten as an  
ass

"Think of the ignominy I endured,  
Think of the miserable life I led  
The toil and blows to which I was  
inured,  
My wretched lodging in a windy  
shed  
My scanty fare so grudgingly pro-  
cured,  
The damp and musty straw that  
formed my bed!  
But, having done this penance for my  
sins, [begins  
My life as man and monk again

The simple Gilbert, hearing words  
like these,  
Was conscience-stricken, and fell  
down apace  
Before the friar upon his bended knees,  
And with a suppliant voice implored  
his grace,  
And the good monk, now very much  
at ease,  
Granted him pardon with a smiling  
face,  
Nor could refuse to be that night his  
guest,  
It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside where the olive thrives,  
With figures painted on its white  
washed walls,  
The cottage stood, and near the  
humming hives  
Made murmurs as of far-off water-  
falls,  
A place where those who love secluded  
lives  
Might live content, and, free from  
noise and brawls,  
Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona  
here  
Measure by fruits the slow-revolving  
year

And, coming to this cottage of content,  
They found his children, and the  
buxom wench  
His wife Dame Cicely, and his father,  
bent  
With years and labour, seated on a  
bench,  
Repeating over some obscure event  
In the old wars of Milanese and  
French,  
All welcomed the Franciscan, with a  
sense  
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had  
come to pass,  
How beyond question, cavil, or  
surmise,  
Good Brother Timothy had been their  
ass  
You should have seen the wonder in  
their eyes,  
You should have heard them cry,  
"Alas! alas!"  
Have heard their lamentations and  
their sighs!  
For all believed the story and began  
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

# TALES OF THE WAYSIDE INN

Featherbed there was prepared a grand  
 repose,

To satisfy the craving of the friar  
 After a mild and profound a fast,

The bustling housewife stirred the  
 kitchen fire,

Then her two favourite pullets and her  
 hen

Were put to death at her express  
 desire,

And set up with a salad in a bowl,  
 And flasks of country wine to crown  
 the whole

It would not be believed should I  
 repeat

Hes Juniors brother Timothy ap-  
 peared,

It was a pleasure but to see him eat,  
 His white teeth flashing through his  
 hair and beard,

His face aglow and flushed with wine  
 and meat

His rosy eyes that rolled and  
 twinkled and beamed

Let him drink the blood red  
 country wine

As the vintage we celebrate

And all the while he talked without  
 a pause

And told his merry tales with jovial  
 phrase,

That never flagged but rather did in-  
 crease

And lay, head aloud as if insane were  
 he,

And waxes! His red beard matted like  
 a fleece

And cast such glances at Dame  
 Cissy

That Gilbert now grew angry with his  
 guest,

And thus in words his rising wrath  
 expressed

"Good father," said he, "easily we  
 are

How needful in some persons, and  
 how right

Mortification of the flesh may be,  
 The indulgence you have given it to  
 night,

After long penance, clearly proves to  
 me

Your strength against temptation is  
 but slight

And shows the dreadful peril you are in  
 Of a relapse into your deadly sin

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"To-morrow morning, with the rising  
 sun,

Go back unto your convent, nor re-  
 frain

From fasting and from scourging, for  
 you run

Great danger to become an ass again  
 Since monkish flesh and asinine are  
 one,

Therefore be wise, nor longer here  
 remain

Unless you wish the scourge should be  
 applied

By other hands that will not spare  
 your hide "

When this the monk had heard, his  
 colour fled,

And then returned like lightning in  
 the air,

Full he was all one blush from foot to  
 head

And even the bald spot in his russet  
 hair

Turned from its usual pallor to bright  
 red!

The old man was asleep upon his  
 chair,

Then all retired and sank into the  
 deep

And helpless imbecility of sleep

They slept until the dawn of day drew  
 near

Till the cock should have crowed,  
 but did not crow,

For they had slain the shining chan-  
 celer

And eaten him for supper, as you  
 know

The monk was up betimes and of good  
 cheer,

And having breakfasted, made haste  
 to go

As if he heard the distant matin bell,  
 And had but little time to say farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the breath  
 of kine,

Odours of herbs commingled with  
 the sweet

Balsamic exhalations of the pine,  
 A haze was in the air presaging  
 heat,

Uprose the sun above the Apennine  
 And all the misty valleys at its feet

Were full of the delicious song of  
 birds,

Voices of men, and bells, and low of  
 herds,

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

All this to Brother Timothy was  
 nought,  
 He did not care for scenery, nor here  
 His busy fancy found the thing it  
 sought,  
 But when he saw the convent walls  
 appear,  
 And smoke from kitchen chimneys  
 upward caught  
 And whirled aloft into the atmo-  
 sphere,  
 He quickened his slow footsteps, like  
 a beast [least.  
 That scents the stable a league off at  
 And as he entered through the con-  
 vent gate  
 He saw there in the court the ass,  
 who stood  
 Twirling his ears about, and seemed  
 to wait, [wood,  
 Just as he found him waiting in the  
 And told the Prior that, to alleviate  
 The daily labours of the brother-  
 hood,  
 The owner, being a man of means and  
 thrift,  
 Bestowed him on the convent as a gift  
 And thereupon the Prior for many  
 days  
 Revolved this serious matter in his  
 mind,  
 And turned it over many different  
 ways,  
 Hoping that some safe issue he  
 might find,  
 But stood in fear of what the world  
 would say,  
 If he accepted presents of this kind  
 Employing beasts of burden for the  
 packs  
 That lazy monks should carry on their  
 backs  
 Then to avoid all scandal of the sort,  
 And stop the mouth of cavil, he de-  
 creed  
 That he would cut the tedious matter  
 short  
 And sell the ass with all convenient  
 speed  
 Thus saving the expense of his support,  
 And hoarding something for a time  
 of need.  
 So he despatched him to the neigh-  
 bouring Fair,  
 And freed himself from cumber and  
 from care.

It happened now by chance, as some  
 might say,  
 Others perhaps would call it destiny,  
 Gilbert was at the Fair, and heard a  
 bray,  
 And nearer came, and saw that it  
 was he,  
 And whispered in his ear, "Ah, lack-  
 aday!  
 Good father, the rebellious flesh, I  
 see,  
 Has changed you back into an ass  
 again,  
 And all my admonitions were in vain."  
 The ass, who felt this breathing in his  
 ear,  
 Did not turn round to look, but  
 shook his head  
 As if he were not pleased these words  
 to hear,  
 And contradicted all that had been  
 said,  
 And thus made Gilbert cry in voice  
 more clear,  
 "I know you well, your hair is  
 russet red,  
 Do not deny it, for you are the same  
 Franciscan friar, and Timothy by  
 name."  
 The ass, though now the secret had  
 come out,  
 Was obstinate and shook his head  
 again,  
 Until a crowd was gathered round  
 about  
 To hear this dialogue between the  
 twain,  
 And raised their voices in a noisy shout  
 When Gilbert tried to make the  
 matter plain,  
 And flouted him and mocked him all  
 day long,  
 With laughter and with gibes and  
 scraps of song  
 "If this be brother Timothy," they  
 cried,  
 "Buy him, and feed him on the  
 tenderest grass  
 Thou canst not do too much for one  
 so tried  
 As to be twice transformed into an  
 ass  
 So simple Gilbert bought him, and  
 untied  
 His halter, and o'er mountain and  
 morass,

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

He led him homeward, talking as he  
went  
Of good behaviour and a mind content

The children saw them coming, and  
advanced,  
Shouting with joy, and hung about  
his neck,—

Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round  
him danced,

And wove green garlands where-  
withal to deck

His sacred person, for again it chanced  
Their childish feelings, without rein  
or check,

Could not discriminate in any way  
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray

"O Brother Timothy," the children  
said,

"You have come back to us just as  
before,

We were afraid, and thought that you  
were dead,

And we should never see you any  
more."

And then they kissed the white star on  
his head

That like a birth-mark or a badge  
he wore,

And patted him upon the neck and  
face,

And said a thousand things with  
childish grace.

Thenceforward and for ever he was  
known

As Brother Timothy, and led alway  
A life of luxury, till he had grown

Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn  
and hay,

And very vicious. Then in angry tone,  
Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said

one day,  
"When simple kindness is misunder-  
stood

A little flagellation may do good "

His many vices need not here be told,  
Among them was a habit that he had

Of flinging up his heels at young and  
old,

Breaking his halter, running off like  
mad

Over pasture lands and meadow, wood  
and wold,

And other misdemeanours quite as  
bad,

But worst of all was breaking from  
his shed  
At night, and ravaging the cabbage  
bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once  
more

To his old life of labour and dis-  
tress

Was beaten worse than he had been  
before

And now, instead of comfort and  
caress,

Came labours manifold and trials sore  
And as his toils increased his food

grew less,  
Until at last the great consoler, Death,

Ended his many sufferings with his  
breath

Great was the lamentation when he  
died,

And mainly that he died impenitent,  
Dame Cicely bewailed, the children

cried,  
The old man still remembered the  
event

In the French war, and Gilbert mag-  
nified

His many virtues as he came and  
went,

And said, "Heaven pardon Brother  
Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of gluttony "

## INTRODUCTION

"SIGNOR LUIGI," said the Jew,  
When the Sicilian's tale was told,

"The were-wolf is a legend old,  
But the were-ass is something new,

And yet for one I think it true.  
The days of wonder have not ceased,

If there are beasts in forms of men,  
As sure it happens now and then,

Why may not man become a beast,  
In way of punishment at least?

"But this I will not now discuss  
I leave the theme, that we may thus

Remain within the realm of song  
The story that I told before,

Though not acceptable to all,  
At least you, did not find too long

I beg you let me try again,  
With something in a different vein

Before you bid the curtain fall

Meanwhile keep watch upon the door,  
Nor let the Landlord leave his chair,  
Lest he should vanish into air,  
And thus elude our search once  
more'

Thus saying, from his lips he blew  
A little cloud of perfumed breath,  
And then, as if it were a clew  
To lead his footsteps safely through,  
Began his tale as followeth

## THE SPANISH JEWS SECOND TALL

SCANDERBEG

THE battle is fought and won  
By King Ladislaus the Hun  
In fire of hell and death's frost,  
On the day of Pentecost  
And in rout before his path  
From the field of battle red  
Flee all that are not dead  
Of the army of Amurath

In the darkness of the night  
Iskander, the pride and boast  
Of that mighty Othman host,  
With his routed Turks takes flight  
From the battle fought and lost  
On the day of Pentecost,  
Leaving behind him dead  
The army of Amurath,  
The vanguard as it led,  
The rearguard as it fled,  
Mown down in the bloody swath  
Of the battle's aftermath

But he cared not for Hospodars,  
Nor for Baron or Viovide  
As on through the night he rode  
And gazed at the fateful stars,  
That were shining overhead,  
But smote his steed with his staff,  
And smiled to himself and said  
"This is the time to laugh

In the middle of the night,  
In a halt of the hurrying flight,  
There came a Scribe of the King  
Wearing his signet ring,  
And said in a voice severe  
"This is the first dark blot,  
On thy name George Castriot!  
Alas! why art thou here  
And the army of Amurath slain,  
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said  
"They lie on the bloody sod  
By the hoofs of horses trod,  
But this was the decree  
Of the watchers overhead,  
For the war belongeth to God,  
And in battle who are we,  
Who are we that shall withstand  
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains  
This man of books and brains,  
And the Scribe said "What misdeed  
Have I done that, without need,  
Thou doest to me this thing?"  
And Iskander answering  
Said unto him "Not one  
Misdeed to me hast thou done,  
But for fear that thou shouldst run  
And hide thyself from me,  
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,  
And a blessing be on thy tribe!  
A writing sealed with thy ring,  
To King Amurath's Pasha  
In the city of Croia,  
The city moated and walled,  
That he surrender the same  
In the name of my master, the King,  
For what is writ in his name  
Can never be recalled

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,  
And unto Iskander said  
"Allah is great and just,  
But we are as ashes and dust,  
How shall I do this thing,  
When I know that my guilty head  
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting-star  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander's scimeter  
From its sheath, with jewels bright,  
Shot, as he thundered "Write!"  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried  
"Now follow whither I ride,  
For here thou must not stay  
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,  
And honours without end  
Shall surround thee on every side,  
And attend thee night and day"

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

But the sullen Scribe replied  
 "Our pathways here divide,  
 Mine leadeth not thy way"

And even as he spoke  
 Fell a sudden seimetar-stroke,  
 When no one else was near,  
 And the Scribe sank to the ground,  
 As a stone, pushed from the brink  
 Of a black pool, might sink  
 With a sob, and disappear,  
 And no one saw the deed,  
 And in the stillness round  
 No sound was heard but the sound  
 Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,  
 As forward he sprang with a bound

Then onward he rode and afar,  
 With scarce three hundred men,  
 Through river and forest and fen,  
 O'er the mountains of Argentar,  
 And his heart was merry within,  
 When he crossed the river Drin,  
 And saw in the gleam of the morn  
 The White Castle Ak-Hissar,  
 The city Croia called,  
 The city moated and walled,  
 The city where he was born,—  
 And above it the morning star

Then his trumpeters in the van  
 On their silver bugles blew,  
 And in crowds about him ran  
 Albanian and Turkoman,  
 That the sound together drew  
 And he feasted with his friends,  
 And when they were warm with wine,  
 He said "O friends of mine,  
 Behold what fortune sends,  
 And what the fates design!  
 King Amurath commands  
 That my father's wide domain,  
 This city and all its lands,  
 Shall be given to me again"

Then to the Castle White  
 He rode in regal state,  
 And entered in at the gate  
 In all his arms bedight,  
 And gave to the Pasha  
 Who ruled in Croia  
 The writing of the King,  
 Sealed with his signet-ring  
 And the Pasha bowed his head,  
 And after a silence said  
 'Allah is just and great!  
 I yield to the will divine.  
 The city and lands are thine  
 Who shall contend with fate?'"

Anon from the castle walls  
 The Crescent banner falls,  
 And the crowd beholds instead,  
 Like a portent in the sky,  
 Iskander's banner fly,  
 The Black Eagle with double head,  
 And a shout ascends on high,  
 For men's souls are tired of the Turks,  
 And their wicked ways and works,  
 That have made of Ak-Hissar  
 A city of the plague,  
 And a loud, exultant cry  
 That echoes wide and far  
 Is "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came  
 Once more unto his own,  
 And the tidings like the flame  
 Of a conflagration blown  
 By the winds of summer, ran,  
 Till the land was in a blaze  
 And the cities far and near,  
 Sisyeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,  
 In his Book of the Words of the Days,  
 "Were taken as a man  
 Would take the tip of his ear"

### INTERLUDE

"Now that is after my own heart,"  
 The Poet cried, "one understands  
 Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,  
 Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,  
 And skilled in every warlike art,  
 Riding through his Albanian lands,  
 And following the auspicious star  
 That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar

The Theologian added here  
 His word of praise not less sincere,  
 Although he ended with a jibe,  
 "The hero of romance and song  
 Was born," he said, "to right the  
 wrong,

And I approve, but all the same  
 That bit of treason with the Scribe  
 Adds nothing to your hero's fame."

The Student praised the good old times,  
 And liked the canter of the rhymes  
 That had a hoof beat in their sound,  
 But longed some further word to hear  
 Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,  
 And where his volume might be found

The tall Musician walked the room  
 With folded arms and gleaming eyes,  
 As if he saw the Vikings rise,  
 Gigantic shadows in the gloom,

And much he talked of their emprise,  
And meteors seen in Northern skies,  
And Heimdall's horn, and day of doom  
But the Sicilian laughed again,  
"This is the time to laugh," he said,  
For the whole story he well knew  
Was an invention of the Jew,  
Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,  
And of the same bright scarlet thread  
As was the Tale of Kambalu

Only the Landlord spake no word,  
Twas doubtful whether he had heard  
The tale at all so full of care  
Was he of his impending fate,  
That, like the sword of Damocles,  
Above his head hung blank and bare  
Suspended by a single hair  
So that he could not sit at ease  
But sighed and looked disconsolate,  
And shifted restless in his chair,  
Revolving how he might evade  
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief  
By saying in his easy way  
To the Musician "Calm your grief,  
My fair Apollo of the North,  
Balder the Beautiful and so forth,  
Although your magic lyre or lute  
With broken strings is living mute,  
Still you can tell some doleful tale  
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,  
Or something of the kind to suit  
The mood that we are in to-night  
For what is marvellous and strange,  
So give your nimble fancy range,  
And we will follow in its flight

But the Musician shook his head,  
"No tale I tell to-night," he said,  
"While my poor instrument lies there,  
Even as a child with vacant stare  
Lies in its little coffin dead."

Yet being urged he said at last  
"There comes to me out of the Past  
A voice whose tones are sweet and wild,  
Singing a song almost divine  
And with a tear in every line,  
An ancient ballad, that my nurse  
Sang to me when I was a child,  
In accents tender - he verse  
And sometimes woe, and sometimes  
While singing it to see arise [smiled  
The look of wonder in my eyes  
And feel my heart with terror beat.  
This simple ballad I retain  
Clearly imprinted on my brain,  
And as a tale will now repeat

## THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

### THE MOTHER'S GHOST

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown the  
glade,

*I myself was young!*

There he hath wooed him so winsome  
a maid,

*Fair words gladden so many a  
heart*

Together were they for seven years  
And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the  
land

And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the  
glade, [maid.

And again hath he wooed him another

He hath wooed him a maid and  
brought home a bride,

But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the yard,  
There stood the six children weeping  
so hard

There stood the small children with  
sorrowful heart, [apart

From before her feet she thrust them

She gave them neither ale nor bread  
'Ye shall suffer hunger and hate,' she  
said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,  
And said, "Ye shall lie on the straw  
we strew"

She took from them the great waxlight;  
"Now ye shall lie in the dark at  
night."

In the evening late they cried with cold!  
The mother heard it under the mould

The woman heard it the earth below  
'To my little children I must go'

She standeth before the Lord of all  
And may I go to my children small?

She pryed him so long, and would  
not cease

Until he bade her depart in peace.

"At cock-crow thou shalt return  
again,

Longer thou shalt not there remain!"

She girded up her sorrowful bones,  
And rifted the walls and the marble  
stones.

## TITLS OF A WAYSIDE INN

As through the villare she flitted by  
The watch-dogs howled aloud to the  
sky

When she came to the castle gate,  
There stood her eldest daughter in  
wait

"Why standest thou here, dear daugh-  
ter mine?  
How fares it with brothers and sisters  
thine?"

"Never art thou mother of mine  
For my mother was both fair and fine.

My mother was white with cheeks  
of red  
Put thou art pale, and like to the  
dead."

How should I be fair and fine?  
I have been dead, pale cheeks are  
mine.

"How should I be white and red  
So long, so long have I been dead?

When he came in at the chamber door,  
There stood the small children weep-  
ing sore.

One he brushed, another she brushed,  
The third she lifted, the fourth she  
hushed

The fifth she took on her lap and  
pressed

As if she would suckle it at her breast

Then to her eldest daughter said she,  
'Do thou bid S end Dyring come  
hither to me

Into the chamber when he came  
She spake to him in anger and shame

'I left behind me both ale and bread,  
My children hunger and are not fed

I left behind me quilts of blue,  
My children lie on the straw ye strew

'I left behind me the great waxlight,  
My children lie in the dark at night

"If I come again unto your hall,  
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

Now crows the cock with feathers  
red,

Back to the earth must all the dead

"Now crows the cock with feathers  
swart

The gates of heaven fly wide apart

"Now crows the cock with feathers  
white,  
I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs  
wail,

They gave the children bread and ale

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs  
bay,

They feared lest the dead were on their  
way

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs  
bark,

*I myself was young!*

They feared the dead out there in the  
dark

*Fair words gladden so many a  
heart*

~~~~~

### INTERLUDE.

TOUCHED by the pathos of these  
rhymes,

The Theologian said "All praise  
Be to the ballads of old times

And to the bards of simple ways,

Who walked with Nature hand in  
hand

Whose country was their Holy Land,  
Whose singing robes were homespun  
brown,

From looms of their own native town,  
Which they were not ashamed to wear,  
And not of silk or sendal gay,  
Nor decked with fanciful array  
Of cockle shells from Outre-Mer "

To whom the Student answered

"Yes,

All praise and honour! I confess

That bread and ale, home baked,  
home-brewed,

Are wholesome and nutritious food,  
But not enough for all our needs

Poets—the best of them—are birds  
Of passage, where their instinct leads

They range abroad for thoughts and  
words

And from all climes bring home the  
seeds

That germinate in flowers or weeds.

They are not fowls in barnyards born

To cackle o'er a grain of corn,

And, if you shut the horizon down

To the small limits of their town



What do you but degrade your bard  
Till he at last becomes as one  
Who thinks the all-encircling sun  
Rises and sets in his back-yard?

The Theologian said again  
"It may be so, yet I maintain  
That what is native still is best,  
And little care I for the rest  
'Tis a long story, time would fail  
To tell it, and the hour is late,  
We will not waste it in debate  
But listen to our Landlord's tale."

And thus the sword of Damocles,  
Descending not by slow degrees  
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,  
Who blushing, and with much demur  
And many vain apologies  
Plucking up heart began to tell  
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher

### THE LANDLORD'S TALE

#### THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
From Merry England over the sea,  
Who stepped upon this continent  
As if his august presence lent  
A glory to the colony

You should have seen him in the street  
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,  
His rapier dangling at his feet,  
Doublet and hose and boots complete,  
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,  
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,  
Luxuriant curls and air sublime  
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things  
That made one think of courts and  
kings

And lords and ladies of high degree,  
So that not having been at court  
Seemed something very little short  
Of treason or lese majesty  
Such an accomplished knight was he

His dwelling was just beyond the town,  
At what he called his country seat,  
For, careless of Fortune's smile or  
frown,  
And weary grown of the world and its  
ways,

He wished to pass the rest of his days  
In a private life and a calm retreat

But a double life was the life he led  
And while professing to be in search  
Of a godly course, and willing, he said,  
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan  
church,

He made of all this but small account,  
And passed his idle hours instead  
With roistering Morton of Merry  
Mount,

That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,  
Lord of misrule and riot and sin  
Who looked on the wine when it was  
red

This country seat was little more  
Than a cabin of logs, but in front of  
the door

A modest flower bed thickly sown  
With sweet Alyssum and columbine,  
Made those who saw it at once divine  
The touch of some other hand than  
his own

And first it was whispered, and then  
it was known,

That he in secret was harbouring there  
A little lady with golden hair,  
Whom he called his cousin, but whom  
he had wed

In the Italian manner, as men said,  
And great was the scandal everywhere

But worse than this was the vague sur-  
mise, [later,

Though none could vouch for it or  
That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre  
Was only a Papist in disguise,  
And the more to embitter their bitter  
lives,

And the more to trouble the public  
mind

Came letters from England, from two  
other wives,

Whom he had carelessly left behind,  
Both of them letters of such a kind

As made the governor hold his breath,  
The one imploring him straight to send  
The husband home, that he might  
amend,

The other asking his instant death,  
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,  
When all this wickedness was revealed,  
To send his warrant signed and sealed,  
And take the body of the knight  
Armed with this mighty instrument,  
The marshal, mounting his gallant  
steed, [speed,

Rode forth from town at the top of his  
speed

And followed by all his bailiffs bold,  
As if on high achievement bent,  
To storm some castle or stronghold,  
Challenge the warders on the wall,  
And seize in his ancestral hall  
A robber-baron grim and old  
But when through all the dust and heat  
He came to Sir Christopher's country-  
seat

No knight he found, no warder there,  
But the little lady with golden hair  
Who was gathering in the bright sun-  
shine,  
The sweet alyssum and columbine,  
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so  
gay,  
Being forewarned, through the postern  
gate  
Of his castle wall had tripped away,  
And was keeping a little holiday  
In the forests that bounded his estate

Then as a trusty squire and true  
The marshal searched the castle  
through,  
Not crediting what the lady said,  
Searched from cellar to garret in vain,  
And finding no knight, came out again  
And arrested the golden damsel in-  
stead,  
And bore her in triumph into the town,  
While from her eyes the tears rolled  
down  
On the sweet alyssum and columbine,  
That she held in her fingers white and  
fine

The governor's heart was moved to see  
So fair a creature caught within  
The snares of Satan and of sin,  
And read her a little homily  
On the folly and wickedness of the  
lives  
Of women, half cousins and half  
wives,  
But, seeing that nought his words  
availed,  
He sent her away in a ship that sailed  
For Merry England over the sea  
To the other two wives in the old  
countrie,  
To search her further, since he had  
failed  
To come at the heart of the mystery  
Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered  
away  
Through pathless woods for a month  
and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night  
With the noble savage, who took  
delight

In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,  
His gun and his rapier and the rest  
But as soon as the noble savage heard  
That a bounty was offered for this gay  
bird,

He wanted to slay him out of hand,  
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a  
show,

Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,  
Until he was made to understand  
They wanted the bird alive, not dead,  
Then he followed him whithersoever  
he fled,

Through forest and field, and hunted  
him down,  
And brought him prisoner into the  
town

Alas! it was a rueful sight,  
To see this melancholy knight  
In such a dismal and hapless case,  
His hat deformed by stain and dent,  
His plumage broken, his doublet rent,  
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,  
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,  
His boots with dust and mire besprent,  
But dignified in his disgrace,  
And wearing an unblushing face

And thus before the magistrate  
He stood to hear the doom of fate.  
In vain he strove with wonted ease  
To modify and extenuate  
His evil deeds in church and state,  
For gone was now his power to please,  
And his pompous words had no more  
weight  
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own  
The governor lent a patient ear  
To the speech evasive and highflown  
In which he endeavoured to make clear  
That colonial laws were too severe  
When applied to a gallant cavalier,  
A gentleman born and so well known,  
And accustomed to move in a higher  
sphere

All this the Puritan governor heard,  
And deigned in answer never a word,  
But in summary manner slipped away,  
In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay  
This splendid and famous cavalier,  
With his Rupert hat and his popery,  
To Merry England over the sea  
As being unfit to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir  
Christopher,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre  
The first who furnished this barren land  
With apples of Sodom and ropes of  
sand

FINALE

THESE are the tales those merry guests  
Told to each other well or ill  
Like summer birds that lift their crests  
Above the borders of their nests  
And twitter, and again are still

These are the tales or new or old  
In idle moments idly told,  
Flowers of the field with petals thin  
Lilies that neither toil nor spin  
And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse  
Hung in the parlour of the inn  
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse

And still reluctant to retire  
The friends sat talking by the fire  
And watched the smouldering embers  
burn

To ashes, and flash up again  
Into a momentary glow  
Lingering like them when forced to go  
And going when they would remain  
For on the morrow they must turn  
Their faces homeward and the pain  
Of parting touched with its unrest  
A tender nerve in every breast

But sleep at last the victory won  
They must be stirring with the sun  
And drowsily good night they said  
And went still gossiping to bed  
And left the parlour wrapt in gloom  
The only live thing in the room  
Was the old clock, that in its pace  
Kept time with the revolving spheres

And constellations in their flight,  
And struck with its uplifted mace  
The dark unconscious hours of night,  
To senseless and unlistening ears

Uprose the sun, and every guest  
Uprisen was soon equipped and  
dressed

For journeying home and city-ward  
The old stage coach was at the door,  
With horses harnessed long before  
The sunshine reached the withered  
sward

Beneath the oaks whose branches hour  
Murmured "I farewell for evermore."

"Farewell!" the portly landlord cried,  
"Farewell!" the parting guests  
replied,

But little thought that nevermore  
Their feet would pass that threshold  
over.

That nevermore together there  
Would they assemble, free from care,  
To hear the oak's mysterious roar,  
And breathe the wholesome country  
air

Where are they now? What lands  
and skies

Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?  
What hope deludes what promise  
cheers

What pleasant voices fill their ears?  
Two are beyond the salt sea waves  
And three already in their graves

Perchance the living still may look  
Into the pages of this book,  
And see the days of long ago  
Floating and fleeting to and fro,  
As in the well remembered brook  
They saw the inverted landscape  
gleam

And their own faces like a dream  
Look up upon them from below

# The Golden Legend.

1851

## PROLOGUE

### THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

*Night and Storm* LUCIFER, *with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross*

*Lucifer* HASTEN ! hasten !  
O ye spirits !  
From its station drag the ponderous  
Cross of iron, that to mock us  
Is uplifted high in air !

*Voices* O we cannot !  
For around it  
All the Saints and Guardian Angels  
Throng in legions to protect it ,  
They defeat us everywhere !

*The Bells*  
Laudo Deum verum !  
Plebem voco !  
Congrego clerum !

*Lucifer* Lower ! lower !  
Hover downward !  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower !

*Voices* All thy thunders  
Here are harmless !  
For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water !  
They defy our utmost power

*The Bells*  
Defunctos ploro !  
Pestem fugo !  
Festa decoro !

*Lucifer* Shale the casements !  
Break the panted  
Pines, that frame with gold and  
crimson ,

Scatter them like leaves of Autumn  
Swept away before the blast !

*Voices* O we cannot !  
The Archangel  
Michael flames from every window  
With the sword of fire that drove us  
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

*The Bells*  
Funera plango !  
Futura frango !  
Sabbata pango !

*Lucifer* Aim your lightnings  
At the oaken,  
Massive iron studded portals !  
Smite the house of God, and scatter  
Wide the ashes of the dead !  
*Voices* O we cannot !  
The Apostles  
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles  
Stand as warders at the entrance,  
Stand as sentinels on either side !

*The Bells*  
Excito lentos !  
Dissipo ventos !  
Paco crucentos !

*Lucifer* Baffled ! baffled !  
Inefficient,  
Craven spirits ! leave this hour  
Unto Time, the great Destroyer !  
Come away, ere night is gone !

*Voices* Onward ! onward !  
With the night-wind,  
Over field and farm and forest  
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,  
Blighting all we breathe upon !

(*They sweep away Organ and  
Gregorian Chant*)

*Choir*  
Nocte surgentes  
Vigilemus omnes

## I

*The castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine  
A chamber in a tower* PRINCE  
HENRY, *sitting alone, ill and  
restless* Midnight

*Prince Henry* I CANNOT sleep !  
my fevered brain  
Calls up the vanished Past again  
And throws its misty splendours deep  
Into the pallid realms of sleep !

C C 2

A breath from that far distant shore  
Comes freshening ever more and more,  
And wafts o'er intervening seas  
Sweet odours from the Hesperides !  
A wind, that through the corridor  
Just stirs the curtain and no more,  
And, touching the æolian strings,  
Faints with the burden that it brings !  
Come back ! ye friendships long departed !  
That like overflowing streamlets  
And now are dwindled one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun !  
Come back ! ye friends, whose lives  
Are ended,  
Come back with all that light attended  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away !

They come the shapes of joy and woe,  
The hazy crowds of long ago  
The dreams and fancies known of yore,  
That have been, and shall be no more  
They change the cloisters of the night  
Into a garden of delight  
They make the dark and dreary hours  
Open and blossom into flowers !  
I would not sleep ! I love to be  
Again in their fair company ,  
But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
They pass and vanish quite away !  
Alas ! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place,  
Season and scene come back again  
And outward things unchanged remain ,

The rest we cannot reinstate ,  
Ourselves we cannot re-create  
Nor set ourselves to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony !

Rest ! rest ! O, give me rest and  
peace ! [cease  
The thought of life that never shall  
Has something in it like despair  
A weight I am too weak to bear !  
Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
The thought of never-ending rest !  
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
Tranquillity of endless sleep !

(A flash of lightning out of which  
LUCIFER appears in the garb of a  
travelling physician.)

Lucifer All hail Prince Henry !

Prince Henry (starting) Who is it  
speaks ?

Who and what are you ?

Lucifer One who seeks  
A moment's audience with the Prince  
Prince Henry When came you in ?

Lucifer A moment since.  
I found your study door unlocked,  
And thought you answered when I  
knocked

Prince Henry I did not hear you.

Lucifer You heard the  
thunder ,

It was loud enough to waken the dead.  
And it is not a matter of special wonder

That when God is walking overhead,  
You should not hear my feeble tread.

Prince Henry What may your wish  
or purpose be ?

Lucifer Nothing or everything, as  
it pleases

Your Highness You behold in me  
Only a travelling Physician ,  
One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so

Prince Henry Can you bring  
the dead to life ?

Lucifer Yes , very nearly  
And, what is a wiser and better thing,  
Can keep the living from ever needing  
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,  
By showing conclusively and clearly  
That death is a stupid blunder merely,  
And not a necessity of our lives  
My being here is accidental ,  
The storm, that against your casement  
drives,

In the little village below waylaid me.  
And there I heard, with a secret delight,

Of your maladies physical and mental,  
Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late  
the night,

To proffer my aid !

Prince Henry (ironically) For thus  
you came !

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite  
This honour from one so erudite ?

Lucifer The honour is mine, or  
will be, when

I have cured your disease.

Prince Henry But not till then.

Lucifer What is your illness ?

Prince Henry It has no name.  
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,  
As in a kiln, burns in my veins  
Sending up vapours to the head ,

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and  
drains,

I am accounted as one who is dead,  
And, indeed, I think that I shall be  
soon

*Lucifer* And has Gordonius the  
Divine,

In his famous Lily of Medicine,—  
I see the book lies open before you,—  
No remedy potent enough to restore  
you?

*Prince Henry* None whatever!

*Lucifer* The dead are dead  
And their oracles dumb, when ques-  
tioned

Of the new diseases that human life  
Evolves in its progress, rank and rife  
Consult the dead upon things that  
were,

But the living only on things that are  
Have you done this by the appliance  
And aid of doctors?

*Prince Henry* Ay whole schools  
Of doctors, with their learned rules  
But the case is quite beyond their  
science.

Even the doctors of Salerno  
Send me back word they can discern  
No cure for a malady like this,  
Save one which in its nature is  
Impossible, and cannot be!

*Lucifer* That sounds oracular!

*Prince Henry* Unendurable!

*Lucifer* What is their remedy?

*Prince Henry* You shall see,  
Writ in this scroll is the mystery

*Lucifer* (reading) "Not to be cured,  
yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains  
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's  
veins,

Who of her own free will shall die,  
And give her life as the price of  
yours!

That is the strangest of all cures,  
And one I think, you will never try,  
The prescription you may well put by,  
As something impossible to find  
Before the world itself shall end!  
And yet who knows? One cannot say  
That into some maiden's brain that  
kind

Of madness will not find its way  
Meanwhile permit me to recommend,  
As the matter admits of no delay,  
My wonderful Catholicon,  
Of very subtle and magical powers!

*Prince Henry* Purge with your  
nostrums and drugs infernal  
The spouts and gargoyles of these  
towers

Not me. My faith is utterly gone  
In every power but the Power Su-  
pernal!

Pray tell me of what school are you?

*Lucifer* Both of the Old and of the  
New!

The school of Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who uttered his oracles sublime  
Before the Olympiads in the dew  
Of the early dusk and dawn of Time  
The reign of dateless old Hephæstus!  
As, northward, from its Nubian springs  
The Nile, for ever new and old,  
Among the living and the dead,  
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled,  
So, starting from its fountain-head  
Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
From the dead demigods of old  
Through long, unbroken lines of kings  
Its course the sacred art has held,  
Unchecked, unchanged by man's de-  
vices

This art the Arabian Geber taught,  
And in alembics, finely wrought,  
Distilling herbs and flowers, dis-  
covered

The secret that so long had hovered  
Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth  
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech!  
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach!

*Prince Henry* What! an adept?

*Lucifer* Nor less nor more!

*Prince Henry* I am a reader of  
your books,

A lover of that mystic lore!  
With such a piercing glance it looks  
Into great Nature's open eye  
And sees within it trembling lie  
The portrait of the Deity!  
And yet alas! with all my pains,  
The secret and the mystery  
Have baffled and eluded me,  
Unseen the grand result remains!

*Lucifer* (showing a flask) Behold it  
here! this little flask

Contains the wonderful quintessence  
The perfect flower and efflorescence  
Of all the knowledge man can ask!  
Hold it up thus against the light!

*Prince Henry* How limpid, pure  
and crystalline  
How quick, and tremulous, and  
bright



The little wavelets dance and shine  
As were it the Water of Life in sooth!

*Lucifer* It is! it assuages every  
pain

Cures all disease and gives again  
To age the swift delights of youth  
Inhale its fragrance

*Prince Henry* It is sweet.  
A thousand different odours meet  
And mingle in its rare perfume  
Such as the winds of summer waft  
At open windows through a room!

*Lucifer* Will you not taste it?

*Prince Henry* Will one draught  
suffice?

*Lucifer* If not, you can drink more

*Prince Henry* Into this crystal  
goblet pour

So much as safely I may drink

*Lucifer* (frowning) Let not the  
the quantity alarm you,  
You may drink all, it will not harm  
you

*Prince Henry* I am as one who on  
the brink

Of a dark river stands and sees  
The waters flow the landscape dim  
Around him waver wheel, and swim,  
And, ere he plunges stops to think  
Into what whirlpools he may sink.  
One moment pauses, and no more,  
Then madly plunges from the shore!

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Headlong into the mysteries  
Of life and death I boldly leap,  
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,  
Nor what in ambush lurks below !  
For death is better than disease !

(An Angel with an æolian harp ho-  
vers in the air)

Angel Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !  
Not only the whispered prayer  
Of love,  
But the imprecations of hate,  
Reverberate  
For ever and ever through the air  
Above !  
This fearful curse  
Shakes the great universe !

Lucifer (disappearing) Drink !  
drink !

And thy soul shall sink  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Into the infinite abyss  
From which no plummet nor rope  
E'er drew up the silver sand of hope !  
Prince Henry (drinking) It is like  
a draught of fire !

Through every vein  
I feel again  
The fever of youth the soft desire,  
A rapture that is almost pain  
Throbs in my heart and fills my  
brain !

O joy ! O joy ! I feel  
The hand of steel  
That so long and heavily has pressed  
Upon my breast  
Uplifted, and the malediction  
Of my affliction  
Is taken from me, and my weary  
breast

At length finds rest.

The Angel It is but the rest of the  
fire, from which the air has  
been taken !

It is but the rest of the sand, when  
the hour-glass is not shaken !  
It is but the rest of the tide between  
the ebb and the flow !

It is but the rest of the wind between  
the flows that blow !

With fiendish laughter,  
Hereafter

This false physician  
Will mock thee in thy perdition

Prince Henry Speak ! speak !

Who says that I am ill ?  
I am not ill ! I am not weak ! O'er  
The trance, the swoon, the dream, is

I feel the chill of death no more !  
At length,  
I stand renewed in all my strength !  
Beneath me I can feel

The great earth stagger and reel,  
As if the feet of a descending God  
Upon its surface trod,  
And like a pebble it rolled beneath  
his heel !

This O brave physician ! this  
Is thy great Palingenesis !

(Drinks again)

The Angel Touch the goblet no  
more !

It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core !

Its perfume is the breath  
Of the Angel of Death,  
And the light that within it lies  
Is the flash of his evil eyes  
Beware ! O, beware !

For sickness, sorrow, and care  
All are there !

Prince Henry (sinking back)  
thou velle within my breast !

Why entreat me why upbraid me,  
When the steadfast tongues of truth  
And the fluttering hopes of youth  
Have all deceived me and betrayed  
me ?

Give me give me rest, O rest !  
Golden visions wave and hover,  
Golden vapours, waters streaming  
Landscapes moving changing, gleam-  
I am like a happy lover (sing !)  
Who illumines life with dreaming !  
Brave physician ! Rare physician !  
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

(His head falls on his book)

The Angel (receding) Alas ! alas !  
Like a vapour the golden vision  
Shall fade and pass  
And thou wilt find in thy heart again  
Only the blight of pain,  
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

Courtyard of the Castle HUBERT  
standing by the gateway

Hubert How sad the grand old  
castle looks !

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop,  
Here in the courtyard springs the  
grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass,



The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of  
stone

As if the castle were their own,  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall  
Alas! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable door,  
No eyes with youth and passion shine,  
No cheeks grow redder than the wine,  
No song no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin,  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
And horses stamping in their stalls!

(A horn sounds)

What ho! that merry, sudden blast  
Reminds me of the days long past!  
And as of old resounding grate  
The heavy hinges of the gate,  
And, clattering loud, with iron clank  
Down goes the sounding bridge of  
plank

As if it were in haste to greet  
The pressure of a traveller's feet

(Enter WALTER the Murnesingen)

Walter How now, my friend!  
This looks quite lonely!  
No banner flying from the walls  
No pages and no seneschals,  
No warders and one porter only!  
Is it you Hubert?

Hubert Ah! Master Walter!

Walter Alas! how forms and faces  
alter!

I did not know you You look older!  
Your hair has grown much grayer and  
thinner,

And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

Hubert Alack! I am a poor old  
sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to  
moulder,

And you have been absent many a  
year!

Walter How is the Prince?

Hubert He is not here,  
He has been ill, and now has fled

Walter Speak it out frankly say  
he's dead!

Is it not so?

Hubert No, if you please,  
A strange, mysterious disease  
Tell on him with a sudden blight

Whole hours together he would stand  
Upon the terrace, in a dream,  
Resting his head upon his hand,  
Best pleased when he was most alone,  
Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,  
Looking down into a stream

In the Round Tower, night after  
night,

He sat, and bleared his eyes with  
books,

Until one morning we found him there  
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon  
He had fallen from his chair

We hardly recognised his sweet looks!  
Walter Poor Prince!

Hubert I think he might have  
mended,

And he did mend, but very soon  
The priests came flocking in like rooks,  
With all their crosiers and their crooks,  
And so at last the matter ended

Walter How did it end?

Hubert Why, in Saint Rochus  
They made him stand, and wait his  
doom,

And, as if he were condemned to the  
tomb,

Began to mutter their *hocus-pocus*  
First, the Mass for the Dead they  
chanting,

Then three times laid upon his head  
A shovelful of churchyard clay,  
Saying to him as he stood undaunted,  
"This is a sign that thou art dead,  
So in thy heart be penitent!  
And forth from the chapel door he went  
Into disgrace and banishment,  
Clothed in a cloak of hoddin gray,  
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,  
Whose sound should be a perpetual  
knell

To keep all travellers away

Walter O, horrible fate! Outcast,  
rejected,

As one with pestilence infected!

Hubert Then was the family tomb  
unsealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and shield,  
Buried together in common wreck,

As is the custom, when the last  
Of any princely house has passed,

And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,  
A herald shouted down the stair

The words of warning and despair,—  
"O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

Walter Still in my soul that cry  
goes on,—

For ever gone! for ever gone!

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Ah what a cruel sense of loss  
 Taken black shadow would fall across  
 The hearts of all if he should die  
 His gracious presence upon earth  
 Was as a fire upon a hearth,  
 As pleasant songs at morning sung  
 The words that dropped from his  
 sweet tongue

Strengthened our hearts, or, heard  
 at such

Made all our slumbers soft and light  
 Where is he?

*He is* In the Odenwald  
 Some of his tenants unapprised  
 By fear of death or partly word, —  
 A holy family that make  
 Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —  
 Have him to end their watch and  
 wait

For love of him and Jesus sake!  
 Pray you come in — for why should I  
 With out door hospitality

My prince shall and thus entertain?

*He is* I would a moment here  
 remain

But very good! Hubert go before  
 I'll give a goblet of May drink  
 As aromatic as the May  
 From which it took the breath away  
 And which he loved so well of yore,  
 It is of him that I would think  
 You shall attend me, when I call,  
 In the ancestral banquet hall  
 On our companion guests of air,  
 You cannot wait on — will be there,  
 They taste not food, they drink not  
 wine

Put their soft eyes look into mine  
 And their lip speak to me and all  
 The vast and shadowy banquet hall  
 Is full of looks and words divine!

*(Leaving over the page)*

The day is done, and slowly from the  
 scene

The stooping sun upgathers his spent  
 shifts,

And puts them back into his golden  
 quiver!

Below me in the valley deep and green  
 A goblet is, from which in thirsty  
 draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and man-  
 ting river

Flows on triumphant through these  
 lovely regions,

Lined with the shadows of its sombre  
 margin

And soft reflected clouds of gold and  
 argent!

Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad and  
 [still]  
 As when the vanguard of the Roman  
 legions

First saw it from the top of yonder  
 hill!  
 How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of  
 wheat

Vineyard and town, and tower with  
 fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
 And the white hamlet gathered round  
 its base

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet  
 And looking up at his beloved face!

O friend! O best of friends! Thy  
 absence more

Than the impending night darkens the  
 landscape o'er!

—

11

*I find in the Odenwald A garden  
 morning PRINCE HENRY seated  
 with a book LLSIF, at a distance  
 gathering flowers*

*Prince Henry (reading)* One morn-  
 ing, all alone

Out of his convent of gray stone  
 Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
 His lips moving as if in prayer,  
 His head sunken upon his breast  
 As in a dream of rest

Walked the Monk Felix All about  
 The broad, sweet sunshine lay without

Filling the summer air  
 And within the woodlands as he trod,  
 The dusk was like the Truce of God

With worldly woe and care, —  
 Under him lay the golden moss,

And above him the boughs of hoary  
 trees

Waved and made the sign of the cross,  
 And whispered their Benedicites,

And from the ground  
 Rose an odour sweet and fragrant  
 Of the wild-flowers and the vibrant

Vines that wandered  
 Seeking the sunshine, round and round

There he heeded not, but pondered  
 On the volume in his hand,

A volume of Saint Augustine,  
 Wherein he read of the unseen

Splendours of God's great town  
 In the unknown land

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

And with his eyes cast down  
In humility, he said  
"I believe, O God,  
What herein I have read,  
But, this! I do not understand!

And lo! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird  
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing  
So sweet, and clear and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harp-strings  
                    ringing

And the Monk Felix closed his book  
And long long,  
With rapturous look,  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred  
Until he saw as in a vision,  
The land of Israel  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet  
Fall on the golden flagging of the  
                    street.

And he would fain  
Have caught the wondrous bird  
But strove in vain,  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell  
And instead of its sweet singing  
He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing  
For the service of noonday  
And he retraced  
His pathway homeward sadly and in  
                    haste

In the convent there was a change!  
He looked for each well known face,  
But the faces were new and strange,  
New figures sat in the orken stalls,  
New voices chimed in the choir,  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls  
Of cold gray stone  
The same cloisters and belfry and spire

A stranger and alone  
Among that brotherhood  
The Monk Felix stood  
'Forty years' said a Friar,  
'Have I been Prior  
Of this convent in the wood,  
But for that space  
Never have I beheld this face!  
The heart of the Monk Felix fell  
And he answered with submissive tone

"This morning, after the hour of  
I left my cell, [Prime,  
And wandered forth alone.  
Listening all the time  
To the melodious singing  
Of a beautiful white bird  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing  
Noon from their noisy towers.  
It was as if I dreamed,  
For what to me had seemed  
Moments only, had been hours!"

'Years' said a voice close by  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak  
Fastened against the wall,—  
He was the oldest monk of all  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of his  
                    creatures  
He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said  
Speaking distinct and slow  
"One hundred years ago  
When I was a novice in this place,  
There was here a monk, full of God's  
                    grace  
Who bore the name  
Of Felix, and thus man must be the  
                    same"

And straightway  
They brought forth to the light of day,  
A volume old and brown,  
A huge tome, bound  
In brass and wild-bour's hide,  
Wherein were written down  
The names of all who had died  
In the convent, since it was edified.  
And there they found  
Just as the old monk said  
That on a certain day and date  
One hundred years before,  
Had gone forth from the convent gate  
The Monk Felix and never more  
Had entered that sacred door  
He had been counted among the dead!  
And they knew, at last  
That, such had been the power  
Of that celestial and immortal song  
A hundred years had passed,  
And had not seemed so long  
As a single hour!

(ELSIE comes in with flowers)

Elsie Here are flowers for you,

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

But they are not all for you  
Some of them are for the Virgin  
And for Saint Cecilia {there  
*Prince Henry* As thou standest  
Thou seemest to me like the angel  
That brought the immortal roses  
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber

*Elsie* But these will fade.

*Prince Henry* Themselves will fade,  
But not their memory,  
And memory has the power  
To recreate them from the dust  
They remind me too,  
Of martyr red Dorothea,  
Who from celestial gardens sent  
Flowers as her witnesses  
To him who scoffed and doubted

*Elsie* Do you know the story  
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?  
That is the prettiest legend of them all

*Prince Henry* I then tell it to me.  
But first come hither  
Lay the flowers down beside me,  
And put both thy hands in mine  
Now tell me the story

*Elsie* Early in the morning  
The Sultan's daughter  
Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew

*Prince Henry* Just as thou hast  
been doing

This morning, dearest *Elsie*  
*Elsie* And as she gathered them  
She wondered more and more  
Who was the Master of the Flowers,  
And made them grow  
Out of the cold dark earth  
"In my heart," she said,  
"I love him, and for him  
Would leave my father's palace,  
To labour in his garden"

*Prince Henry* Dear, innocent child!  
How sweetly thou recallest  
The long-forgotten legend  
That in my early childhood  
My mother told me!

Upon my brow  
It reappears once more,  
As a birth-mark on the forehead  
When a hand suddenly  
Is laid upon it and removed!

*Elsie* And at midnight,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And, looking forth from her window,  
She saw a beautiful youth

Standing among the flowers  
It was the Lord Jesus,  
And she went down to him  
And opened the door for him,  
And he said to her "O maiden!  
I thou first thought of me with love,  
And for thy sake  
Out of my Father's kingdom  
Have I come hither  
I am the Master of the Flowers  
My garden is in Paradise,  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Thy bridal garland  
Shall be of bright red flowers  
And then he took from his finger  
A golden ring,  
And asked the Sultan's daughter  
If she would be his bride  
And when she answered him with love,  
His wounds began to bleed,  
And she said to him,  
"O Love! how red thy heart is,  
And thy hands are full of roses  
For thy sake" answered he  
"For thy sake is my heart so red  
For thee I bring these roses,  
I gathered them at the cross  
Whereon I died for thee!  
Come, for my Father calls  
Thou art my elected bride!"  
And the Sultan's daughter  
Followed him to his Father's garden

*Prince Henry* Wouldst thou have  
done so, *Elsie*?

*Elsie* Yes very gladly

*Prince Henry* Then the Celestial  
Bridegroom

Will come for thee also  
Upon thy forehead he will place,  
Not his crown of thorns,  
But a crown of roses  
In thy bridal chamber,  
Like Saint Cecilia,  
Thou shalt hear sweet music,  
And breathe the fragrance  
Of flowers immortal!  
Go now and place these flowers  
Before her picture.

*A room in the farm-house Twilight*  
*URSULA spinning GOTTIEB asleep*  
*in his chair*

*Ursula* Darker and darker! Hardly  
a glimmer  
Of light comes in at the window-pane,  
Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer?  
I cannot disentangle this skein,

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.  
Elsie !

*Gottlieb (starting)* The stopping of  
thy wheel  
Has wakened me out of a pleasant  
dream,

I thought I was sitting beside a stream,  
And heard the grinding of a mill,  
When suddenly the wheels stood still,  
And a voice cried "Elsie in my ear !  
It startled me it seemed so near

*Ursula* I was calling her I want a  
light.

I cannot see to spin my flax  
Bring the lamp Elsie. Dost thou hear ?  
*Elsie (within)* In a moment !

*Gottlieb* Where are  
Bertha and Max ?

*Ursula* They are sitting with Elsie  
at the door

She is telling them stories of the wood,  
And the Wolf, and little Red Riding-  
hood

*Gottlieb* And where is the Prince ?

*Ursula* In his room overhead  
I heard him walking across the floor,  
As he always does, with a heavy  
tread

(ELSIE comes in with a lamp MAX  
and BERTHA follow her and then  
all sing the Evening Song on the  
lighting of the lamps)

EVENING SONG  
O glad some light  
Of the Father Immortal  
And of the celestial  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour !  
Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us  
And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee !  
Father omnipotent !  
Son the Life-giver  
Spirit the Comforter !  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder !

*Prince Henry (at the door)* Amen !

*Ursula* Who was it said Amen ?

*Elsie* It was the Prince he stood  
at the door,

And listened a moment, as we chanted  
The evening song He is gone again  
I have often seen him there before.

*Ursula* Poor Prince !

*Gottlieb* I thought the house  
was haunted !

Poor Prince, alas ! and yet as mild  
And patient as the gentlest child !

*Max* I love him because he is so  
good,  
And makes me such fine bows and  
arrows,

To shoot at the robins and the spar-  
rows

And the red squirrels in the wood !

*Bertha* I love him, too !

*Gottlieb* Ah, yes ! we all  
Love him, from the bottom of our  
hearts,

He gave us the farm, the house, and  
the grange

He gave us the horses and the carts,  
And the great oven in the stall,  
The vineyard and the forest range !  
We have nothing to give him but our  
love !

*Bertha* Did he give us the beautiful  
stork above

On the chimney-top, with its large,  
round nest ?

*Gottlieb* No, not the stork, by God  
in heaven,  
As a blessing, the dear white stork was  
given

But the Prince has given us all the rest  
God bless him, and make him well  
again

*Elsie* Would I could do something  
for his sake,  
Something to cure his sorrow and  
pain !

*Gottlieb* That no one can, neither  
thou nor I  
Nor any one else.

*Elsie* And must he die ?

*Ursula* Yes, if the dear God does  
not take

Pity upon him, in his distress,  
And work a miracle !

*Gottlieb* Or unless  
Some maiden, of her own accord,  
Offers her life for that of her lord,  
And is willing to die in his stead.

*Elsie* I will !

*Ursula* Prithce, thou foolish child,  
be still !

Thou shouldst not say what thou dost  
not mean !

*Elsie* I mean it truly !

*Max* O father ! this morning,  
Down by the mill in the ravine,  
Hans killed a wolf the very same  
That in the night to the sheepfold  
came,  
And ate up my lamb, that was left  
outside

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

*Gottlieb* I am glad he is dead It  
will be a warning  
To the wolves in the forest, far and  
wide

*Max* And I am going to have his  
hude!

*Bertha* I wonder if this is the wolf  
that ate

Little Red Riding hood!

*Ursula* O no!

That wolf was killed a long while ago  
Come, children! It is growin' late

*Max* Ah how I wish I were a man,  
As stout as Hans is and as strong!

I would do nothing else, the whole  
day long

But just I'll wolves

*Gottlieb* Then go to bed,  
And grow as fast as a little boy can  
Bertha is half a sleep already

See how she needs her heavy head

And her sleepy feet are so unsteady  
She will hardly be able to creep up  
stairs

*Ursula* Good night, my children  
Here's the light

And do not forget to say your prayers  
Before you sleep

*Gottlieb* Good night!

*Max and Bertha* Good night!

(*They go out with ELISIE*)

*Ursula* (*sighing*) She is a strange  
and wayward child

That Elsie of ours! She looks so old,  
And thoughts and fancies weird and  
wild

Seem of late to have taken hold  
Of her heart, that was once so docile  
and mild!

*Gottlieb* She is like all girls

*Ursula* Ah no, forsooth!

I like all I have ever seen  
For she has visions and strange dreams,  
And in all her words and ways, she  
seems

Much older than she is in truth  
Who would think her but fifteen?  
And there has been of late such a  
change!

My heart is heavy with fear and doubt  
That she may not live till the year is  
out

She is so strange—so strange,—so  
strange!

*Gottlieb* I am not troubled with  
any such fear,

She will live and thrive for many a

*ELISIE'S chamber Night ELISIE  
praying*

*Elsie* My Redeemer and my Lord,  
I beseech thee I entreat thee,  
Guide me in each net and word,  
That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching waiting, hoping yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and  
burning!

Interceding

With these bleeding

Wounds upon thy hands and side,

I or all who have lived and erred

Thou hast suffered, thou hast died

Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,

And in the grave hast thou been  
buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee

O my Saviour, I beseech thee,

Lay as thou hast died for me,

More sincerely

Let me follow where thou leadest,

Let me bleed as thou bleedest,

Die if dying I may give

Life to one who asks to live,

And more nearly,

Dying thus, resemble thee!

*The chamber of GOTTLIEB and UR-  
SULA Midnight ELISIE stand-  
ing by their bedside, weeping*

*Gottlieb* The wind is roaring, the  
rushing rain

Is loud upon roof and window-pane,

As if the wild Huntsman of Roden-  
stein,

Boding evil to me and mine [tram]

Were abroad to-night with his ghostly

In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,

The dogs howl in the yard, and hark!

Some one is sobbing in the dark,

Here in the chamber!

*Elsie* It is I

*Ursula* Elsie! what ails thee my  
poor child?

*Elsie* I am disturbed and much  
distressed,

In thinking our dear Prince must die,

I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest

*Gottlieb* What wouldst thou? In  
the Power Divine

His healing lies not in our own,

It is in the hand of God alone

*Elsie* Nay he has put it into mine,  
And into my heart!



*Gottlieb* Thy words are wild !

*Ursula* What dost thou mean ? my child ! my child !

*Elsie* That for our dear Prince Henry's sake

I will myself the offering make  
And give my life to purchase his

*Ursula* Am I still dreaming or awake ?

Thou speakest carelessly of death  
And yet thou knowest not what it is

*Elsie* 'Tis the cessation of our  
Silent and motionless we lie [breath.  
And no one knoweth more than this  
I saw our little Gertrude die  
She left off breathing and no more  
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head

She was more beautiful than before  
Like violets faded were her eyes  
By this we knew that she was dead.  
Through the open window looked the  
skies

Into the chamber where she lay  
And the wind was like the sound of  
wings,

As if angels came to bear her away  
Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,  
I found it difficult to stay,  
I longed to die as she had died  
And go forth with her side by side.  
The Saints are dead the Martyrs dead  
And Mary and our Lord, and I  
Would follow in humility  
The way by them illumined !

*Ursula* My child ! my child ! thou  
must not die ! [not know

*Elsie* Why should I live ? Do I  
The life of woman is full of woe ?  
Toiling on and on and on,  
With breaking heart and tearful eyes,  
And silent lips and in the soul  
The secret longings that arise,  
Which this world never satisfies !  
Some more some less but of the whole  
Not one quite happy, no not one !

*Ursula* It is the malediction of Eve !

*Elsie* In place of it let me receive  
The benediction of Mary, then

*Gottlieb* Ah woe is me ! Ah, woe  
is me !

Most wretched am I among men !

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

*Ursula* Alas ! that I should live to see

Thy death, beloved, and to stand  
Above thy grave ! Ah, woe the day !

*Elsie* Thou wilt not see it I shall  
lie

Beneath the flowers of another land,  
For at Salerno, far away

Over the mountains over the sea,  
It is appointed me to die !

And it will seem no more to thee  
Thou art the village on market day

I should a little longer stay  
Thou art I am wont

*Ursula* Even as thou sayest !  
And how my heart beats when thou  
sayest !

I cannot rest until my sight  
Is satisfied with seeing thee  
What then, if thou wert dead ?

*Gottlieb* Ah me !  
Of our old eyes thou art the light !  
The joy of our old hearts art thou !  
And wilt thou die ?

*Ursula* Not now ! not now !  
*Elsie* Christ died for me, and shall  
not I

Be willing for my Prince to die ?  
You both are silent, you cannot speak.

This said I at our Saviour's feast  
After confession to the priest

And even he made no reply  
Does he not warn us all to seek

The happier, better land on high,  
Where flowers immortal never wither,

And could he forbid me to go thither ?  
*Gottlieb* In God's own time, my

heart's delight !  
When he shall call thee, not before !

*Elsie* I heard him call When  
Christ ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star,  
He left the gates of heaven ajar

I had a vision in the night  
And saw him standing at the door

Of his Father's mansion, vast and  
splendid

And beckoning to me, from afar  
I cannot stay !

*Gottlieb* She speaks almost  
As if it were the Holy Ghost

Spoke through her lips, and in her  
stead !

What if this were of God ?  
*Ursula* Ah then

Gainsay it dare we not.  
*Gottlieb* Amen !

*Elsie* ! the words that thou hast said

Are strange and new for us to hear,  
And fill our hearts with doubt and  
fear

Whether it be a dark temptation  
Of the Evil One or God's inspiration,

We in our blindness cannot say  
We must think upon it, and pray,

For evil and good it both resembles.  
If it be of God, his will be done !

May he guard us from the Evil One !  
How hot thy hand is ! how it trembles !

Go to thy bed, and try to sleep  
*Ursula* Kiss me Good night, and

do not weep

(*ELSIE goes out*)

Ah, what an awful thing is this !  
I almost shuddered at her kiss

As if a ghost had touched my cheek,  
I am so childish and so weak !

As soon as I see the earliest gray  
Of morning glimmer in the east,

I will go over to the priest,  
And hear what the good man has to  
say !

*A village church A woman kneeling  
at the confessional*

*The Parish Priest (from within)*

Go sin no more ! Thy penance  
A new and better life begin !

God maketh thee for ever free  
From the dominion of thy sin !

Go sin no more ! He will restore  
The peace that filled thy heart before,

And pardon thine iniquity !  
(*The woman goes out The Priest*

*comes forth and walks slowly u  
and down the church*)

O blessed Lord ! how much I need  
Thy light to guide me on my way !

So many hands, that without heed,  
Still touch thy wounds, and make them

bleed !  
So many feet that, day by day,

Still wander from thy fold astray !  
Unless thou fill me with thy light,

I cannot lead thy flock right,  
Nor, without thy support, can bear

The burden of so great a care,  
But am myself a castaway !

(*A pause*)

The day is drawing to its close,  
And what good deeds since first it rose,

Have I presented, Lord, to thee,



As offerings of my ministry?  
 What wrong repressed, what right  
 maintained,  
 What struggle passed, what victory  
 gained,  
 What good attempted and attained?  
 Feeble at best, is my endeavour!  
 I see but cannot reach, the height  
 That lies for ever in the light,  
 And yet for ever and for ever,  
 When seeming just within my grasp,  
 I feel my feeble hands unclasp  
 And sink discouraged into night!  
 For thine own purpose thou hast sent  
 The strife and the discouragement!

(A pause)

Why starest thou Prince of Hoheneck?  
 Why keep me pacing to and fro  
 Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,  
 Counting my footsteps as I go  
 And marking with each step a tomb?  
 Why should the world for thee make  
 room

And wait thy leisure and thy beck?  
 Thou comest in the hope to hear  
 Some word of comfort and of cheer  
 What can I say? I cannot give  
 The counsel to do thus and live  
 But rather firmly to deny  
 The tempter though his power be  
 strong

And inaccessible to wrong  
 Still like a martyr live and die!

(A pause)

The evening air grows dusk and brown  
 I must go forth into the town  
 To visit beds of pain and death,  
 Of restless limbs and quivering breath  
 And sorrowing hearts and patient eyes  
 That see, through tears, the sun go  
 down,

But nevermore shall see it rise  
 The poor in body and estate  
 The sick and the disconsolate  
 Must not on man's convenience wait

(Goes out)

(Enter LUCIFER as a Priest)

Lucifer (with a genuflection, mocking)

This is the Black Paternoster  
 God was my foster,  
 He fostered me  
 Under the book of the Palm tree  
 St Michael was my dame  
 He was born at Bethlehem,

He was made of flesh and blood  
 God send me my right food  
 My right food and shelter too,  
 That I may to yon kirk go,  
 To read upon yon sweet booh  
 Which the mighty God of heaven  
 shook.

Open open hell's gates!  
 Shut, shut, heaven's gates!  
 All the devil in the air  
 The stronger be that bear the Black  
 Prayer!

(Looking round the church)

What a darksome and dismal place!  
 I wonder that any man has the face  
 To call such a hole the House of the  
 Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven -- yet such is  
 the world!

Ceiling and walls and windows old  
 Covered with cobwebs, blackened  
 with mould

Dust on the pulpit dust on the stairs  
 Dust on the benches and stalls and  
 chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponder-  
 ous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of the  
 Germans

With about as much real edification  
 As if a great bible bound in lead  
 Had fallen and struck them on the  
 head

And I ought to remember that sensa-  
 tion!

Here stands the holy water stoup!  
 Holy water it may be to many,  
 But to me the veriest Liquor  
 Gehenna!

It smells like a filthy fast day soup,  
 Near it stands the box for the poor,  
 With its iron padlock safe and sure  
 I and the priest of the parish know  
 Whither all these charities go  
 Therefore, to keep up the institution  
 I will add my little contribution!

(He puts in money)

Underneath this mouldering tomb  
 With statue of stone, and scutcheon  
 of brass

Slumbers a great lord of the village,  
 All his life was riot and pillage  
 But at length to escape the threatened  
 doom

Of the everlasting, penal fire,  
 He died in the dress of a mendicant  
 friar,

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

And turned his wealth for a daily  
 mite.

I tell that the ward's came to pass  
And whether he finds it dull or  
pleasant.

I keep a card for the present.  
It is very particular in the

And for my corner of the wall  
 Set away for a quiet room wall  
 With a window to the open air,  
 A little table for one or two  
 And a lamp will wait by the bedside  
 For me.

Of more than two percentages  
 Say that the average conference  
 With us as an honor to guest,  
 I will be down with me and rest  
 The first of the first of the first

Here is the price of a dollar and ten  
I will sell you an evening bee  
Came from the top of the hill  
The honey of all of human work  
Here is the price of a dollar and ten

W. J. C. and a son, a daughter,  
 That have paid a half century  
 The old school-church of penitence  
 And confession, a record of time  
 Here they replace the loaves and wine  
 Here they pray and are ever with a sign  
 From a town and country rolls the  
 time

Flaming that thus he can alone  
 For a rage of sword and flame  
 I love of I marvel of it marvelously  
 How a power can sit here so sedately,  
 Reeling the whole year out and in,  
 No doubt but the catalogue of sin,  
 And still I see any fault which never  
 In human virtue. Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth part  
Of the hero's and crimi- and sins  
and woe

Tha n r " when with palpitating  
l p r d,

The sword in the ham in heart  
Cries up its deed, at the voice of the  
priest

As if he were an archangel at least  
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,  
This odour of earthly passions and  
crimes

Such as I like to breathe, it times,  
And such as often brings me here  
In the hottest and most pestilential  
season

To dry, I come for another reason,  
To so ter and ripen an evil thought  
In a heart that is almost to madness  
A thought,

and to make a murderer out of a  
pious

A 5<sup>th</sup> lit of I and I learned long since!  
He comes In the twily lit he will not  
see

The difference between his priest and me!

In the same net was the mother caught!  
*I ran a Heron (entering and kneeling  
 at the altar) - remorseful  
 penitent - and lowly*

I come to crave, O father holy  
Thy benediction on my head

*Trayer* The exordiation shall be said  
After confession not before I

'Tis a God speed to the parting guest,  
 Who stands already at the door,  
 Sandall'd with holiness and dressed  
 In garments pure from earthly stain  
 Meanwhile hast thou searched well  
 thy breast?

Does the same madness fill thy brain?  
Or have thy passion and unrest  
Vanished for ever from thy mind?

*Pratt Heron* By the same madness  
still made blind

By the same passion still possessed,  
I come again to the house of prayer,  
A man afflicted and distressed I

As in a cloudy atmosphere,  
Through unseen sluices of the air,  
A sudden and impetuous wind  
Strikes the great forest white with fear  
And every branch, and bough, and  
spire

Pomps all its quivering leaves one way  
And meadows of grass, and fields of  
grain,

And the clouds above, and the slanting  
rain

And smoke from chimneys of the  
town,

Yield themselves to it, and bow down,  
So does this dreadful purpose press,

Onward with irresistible stress,  
And all my thoughts and faculties,

Struck level by the strength of this,  
I rom their true inclination turn,

And all stream forward to Salerno !  
*Lucifer* Alas ! we are but eddies of  
 dust

Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
Along the highway of the world  
A moment only, then to fall

Back to a common level all  
At the subsiding of the gust !  
*Prince Henry* O holy father !  
pardon me

The oscillation of a mind  
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
Its centre of rest and harmony !  
For evermore before mine eyes  
This ghastly phantom flits and flies  
And as a madman through a crowd,  
With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
It hurries onward and aloud  
Repeats its awful prophecies !  
Weakness is wretchedness ! To be  
strong

to be happy ! I am weak  
And cannot find the good I seek,  
Because I feel and fear the wrong !

*Lucifer* Be not alarmed ! The  
Church is kind  
And in her mercy and her meekness  
She meets half-way her children's  
weakness

Writes their transgressions in the dust !  
Though in the Decalogue we find  
The mandate written, ' Thou shalt  
not kill !

Yet there are cases when we must  
In war for instance or from stealth  
To guard and keep the one true Faith !  
We must look at the Decalogue in  
the light

Of an ancient statute that was meant  
For a mild and general application  
To be understood with the reservation  
That in certain instances the Right  
Must yield to the Expedient ! *[die]*  
Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst  
What hearts and hopes would pros-  
trate lie !

What noble deeds what fur renown,  
Into the grave with thee go down !  
What acts of valour and courtesy  
Remain undone and die with thee !  
Thou art the last of all thy race !  
With thee a noble name expires  
And vanishes from the earth's face  
The glorious memory of thy sires !  
She is a peasant In her veins  
Flows common and plebeian blood,  
It is such as daily and hourly stains  
The dust and the turf of battle plains,  
By warriors shed in a crimson flood  
Without reserve and without reward  
At the slightest summons of their lord !  
But thine is precious, the fore-ap-  
pointed

Blood of kings, of God's anointed !

Moreover, what has the world in store  
For one like her, but tears and toil ?  
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,  
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,  
And her soul within her sick and sore  
With the roughness and barrenness of  
life !

I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
From a fate like this in one so tender,  
Nor at its eagerness to surrender  
All the wretchedness want and woe  
That await it in this world below,  
For the unutterable splendour  
Of the world of rest beyond the skies  
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice  
Therefore inhale this healing balm,  
And breathe this fresh life into thine,  
Accept the comfort and the calm  
She offers, as a gift divine,  
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet  
With the ointment costly and most  
sweet

Of her young blood, and thou shalt  
live

*Prince Henry* And will the righteous  
Heaven forgive ?

No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leave somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly  
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater  
strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at  
length

The wrongs of ages are redressed  
And the justice of God made manifest !

*Lucifer* In ancient records it is  
stated

That, whenever an evil deed is done  
Another devil is created

To scourge and torment the offending  
one !

But evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer the Bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted  
Thrust from his Father's house with a  
curse

Into the black and endless night

*Prince Henry* If justice rules the  
universe

From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten

And thus the balance restored again.

*Lucifer* Yes, if the world were not  
so rotten,

And so given over to the Devil !  
*Prince Henry* But this deed, is it  
good or evil ?

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Have I thine absolution free  
To do it, and without restriction?

*Lucifer* Ay, and from whatsoever  
Lath around it and within, [sin  
From all crimes in which it may in-  
volve thee,

I now release thee and absolve thee!

*Prince Henry* Give me thy holy  
benediction

*Lucifer* (stretching forth his hand and  
muttering)

Maledictione perpetua

Maledicat vos

Pater eternus

*The Angel* (with the *Aolian harp*)

Take heed! Take heed!

Noble art thou in thy birth,

By the good and great of earth

Hast thou been taught!

Be noble in every thought

And in every deed!

Let not the illusion of thy senses

Betray thee to deadly offences

Be strong! be good! be pure!

The right only shall endure,

All things else are but false pretences

I entreat thee, I implore,

Listen no more

To the suggestions of an evil spirit,

That even now is there,

Making the foul seem fair,

And selfishness itself a virtue and a  
merit!

### A room in the farm-house

*Gottlieb* It is decided! For many  
days,

And nights as many, we have had

A nameless terror in our breast,

Making us timid, and afraid

Of God, and his mysterious ways!

We have been sorrowful and sad

Much have we suffered, much have  
prayed

That he would lead us as is best,

And show us what his will required.

It is decided and we give

Our child, O Prince, that you may live!

*Ursula* It is of God He has in-  
spired [pain,

This purpose in her, and through

Out of a world of sin and woe,

He takes her to himself again

The mother's heart resists no longer,

With the Angel of the Lord in vain

It wrestled for he was the stronger

*Gottlieb* As Abraham offered long  
ago

His son unto the Lord, and even  
The Everlasting Father in heaven  
Gave him, as a lamb unto the slaughter,  
So do I offer up my daughter!

(*URSULA hides her face*)

*Elsie* My life is little,

Only a cup of water,

But pure and limpid

Take it, O my Prince!

Let it refresh you,

Let it restore you

It is given willingly,

It is given freely

May God bless the gift!

*Prince Henry* And the giver

*Gottlieb* Amen!

*Prince Henry* I accept it!

*Gottlieb* Where are the children?

*Ursula* They are already asleep

*Gottlieb* What if they were dead?

### In the garden

*Elsie* I have one thing to ask of you.

*Prince Henry* What is it?

It is already granted

*Elsie* Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on  
our way [not

Are journeying to Salerno, you will  
By word or deed, endeavour to dis-

suade me

And turn me from my purpose, but  
remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City  
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts  
of pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I approach  
The gates of Heaven, in this great  
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me  
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from  
off my feet.

Promise me this

*Prince Henry* Thy words fall from  
thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo  
and angels

Might stoop to pick them up!

*Elsie* Will you not promise?

*Prince Henry* If ever we depart  
upon this journey [mise

So long to one or both of us I pro-

*Elsie* Shall we not go, then? Have  
you lifted me

Into the air, only to hurl me back  
Wounded upon the ground? and  
offered me

The waters of eternal life to bid me  
Drink the polluted puddles of this  
world?

*Prince Henry* O Else! what a  
lesson thou dost teach me!  
The life which is, and that which is to  
come,

Suspended hanging in such nice equipoise  
A breath disturbs the balance, and  
that scale

In which we throw our hearts prepon-  
derates [flies up,

And the other, like an empty one  
And is accounted vanity and air!  
To me the thought of death is terrible  
Having such hold on life. To thee it  
is not

So much even as the lifting of a latch,  
Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its  
transparent walls!

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust  
shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be  
written

' Ave Maria in characters of gold '

### III

*A street in Strasburg Night* PRINCE  
HENRY wandering alone, wrapped  
in a cloak

*Prince Henry* Still is the night  
The sound of feet  
Has died away from the empty street  
And like an artisan, bending down  
His head on his anvil the dark town  
Sleeps with a slumber deep and sweet  
Sleepless and restless I alone  
In the dusk and damp of these walls  
of stone

Wander and weep in my remorse!

*Crier of the Dead (ringing a bell)*

Wake! wake!  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

*Prince Henry* Hark! with what  
accents loud and hoarse  
This warder on the walls of death  
Sends forth the challenge of his breath!  
I see the dead that sleep in the grave!

They rise up and their garments wave,  
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,  
With the light of another world in  
their eyes!

*Crier of the Dead*

Wake! wake!  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

*Prince Henry* Why for the dead,  
who are at rest?

Pray for the living in whose breast  
The struggle between right and wrong  
Is raging terrible and strong,  
As when good angels war with devils!

This is the Master of the Revels  
Who at Life's flowing feast, proposes  
The health of absent friends and  
pledges [roses,

Not in bright goblets crowned with  
And tinsling as we touch their edges,  
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,  
That mocks and mimics their funeral  
knell!

*Crier of the Dead*

Wake! wake!  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

*Prince Henry* Wake not, beloved!  
be thy sleep

Silent as night is and as deep!  
There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,  
And the heavings of whose bosom  
number

The respirations of thy slumber,  
As if some strange mysterious fate  
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine  
Went madly wheeling about thine,  
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

*Crier of the Dead (at a distance)*

Wake! wake!  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

*Prince Henry* Lo! with what depth  
of blackness thrown  
Against the clouds, far up the skies  
The walls of the cathedral rise  
Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
With fitful lights and shadows blend-  
ing,

As from behind, the moon, ascending,  
Lights its dim aisles and paths un-  
known!

The wind is rising, but the boughs  
Rise not and fall not with the wind

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

That through their foliage sobs and  
soughs,  
Only the cloudy rack behind  
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
Gives to each spire and buttress  
jagged

A seeming motion undefined  
Below on the square, an armed knight  
Still as a statue and as white,  
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams  
quiver

Upon the points of his armour bright  
As on the ripples of a river  
He lifts the visor from his cheek  
And beckons and makes as he would  
speak.

*Walter the Minnesinger* Friend!  
can you tell me where alight  
Thuringia's horsemen for the night?  
For I have lingered in the rear  
And wander vainly up and down

*Prince Henry* I am a stranger in  
the town  
As thou art but the voice I hear  
Is not a stranger to mine ear  
Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

*Walter* Thou hast guessed rightly,  
and thy name  
Is Henry of Hohenek!

*Prince Henry* Ay, the same  
*Walter (embracing him)* Come  
closer closer to my side,  
What brings thee hither? What  
potent charm

Has drawn thee from thy German farm  
Into the old Alsatian city?

*Prince Henry* A tale of wonder and  
of pity!

A wretched man, almost by stealth  
Dragging my body to Salerno,  
In the vain hope and search for health,  
And destined never to return  
Already thou hast heard the rest  
But what brings thee, thus armed and  
dight

In the equipments of a knight?  
*Walter* Dost thou not see upon my  
breast

The cross of the Crusaders shine?  
My pathway leads to Palestine  
*Prince Henry* Ah, would that way  
were also mine!

O noble poet! thou whose heart  
Is like a nest of singing birds  
Rocked on the topmost bough of life,  
Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,  
And in the clangour of the strife  
Mingle the music of thy words?

*Walter* My hopes are high, my  
heart is proud,  
And like a trumpet long and loud,  
I hither my thoughts all clang and  
ring!

My life is in my hands, and lo!  
I grasp and bend it as a bow,  
And shoot forth from its trembling  
string

An arrow that shall be, perchance,  
Like the arrow of the Israelite king  
Shot from the window toward the east,  
Thrust of the Lord's deliverance!

*Prince Henry* My life, alas! is what  
thou seest!

O enviable fate! to be  
Strong, beautiful and armed like thee  
With lyre and sword, with song and  
steel,

A hand to smite, a heart to feel!  
Thy heart thy hand, thy lyre, thy  
sword,

Thou givest all unto thy Lord  
While I so mean and abject grown,  
Am thinking of myself alone

*Walter* Be patient Time will  
restitute  
Thy health and fortunes

*Prince Henry* 'Tis too late!  
I cannot strive against my fate!

*Walter* Come with me, for my  
steed is weary

Our journey has been long and dreary  
And, dreaming of his still he dints  
With his impatient hoofs the fountains

*Prince Henry (aside)* I am ashamed,  
in my disgrace,

To look into that noble face!  
To-morrow, Walter, let it be

*Walter* To-morrow, at the dawn of  
day

I shall again be on my way  
Come with me to the hostelry,  
For I have many things to say  
Our journey into Italy  
Perchance together we may make,  
Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

*Prince Henry* A sick man's pace  
would but impede

Thine eager and impatient speed  
Besides, my pathway leads me round  
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound  
Where I assemble man and steed  
And all things for my journey's need

(They go out)

*Lucifer (flying over the city)* Sleep,  
sleep, O city! till the light

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Wake you to sin and crime again,  
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal  
rain,

I scatter downward through the night  
My maledictions dark and deep  
I have more martyrs in your walls  
Than God has, and they cannot sleep,  
They are my bondsmen and my thralls,  
Their wretched lives are full of pain,  
Wild agonies of nerve and brain  
And every heart-beat every breath,  
Is a convulsion worse than death!  
Sleep sleep, O city! though within  
The circuit of your walls there be  
No habitation free from sin  
And all its nameless misery,  
The aching heart the aching head  
Grief for the living and the dead  
And foul corruption of the time,  
Disease, distress and want and woe  
And crimes and passions that may  
Until they ripen into crime! [grow

*Square in front of the Cathedral  
Easter Sunday FRIAR CUTHBERT  
preaching to the crowd from a pulpit  
in the open air PRINCE HENRY and  
ELSIE crossing the square*

*Prince Henry* This is the day  
When from the dead  
Our Lord arose and everywhere,  
Out of their darkness and despair,  
Triumphant over fears and foes  
The hearts of his disciples rose  
When to the women standing near  
The Angel in shining vesture said  
The Lord is risen, he is not here!  
And mindful that the day is come  
On all the hearths in Christendom  
The fires are quenched to be again  
Rekindled from the sun that high  
Is dancing in the cloudless sky  
The churches are all decked with  
The salutations among men [flowers  
Are but the Angel's words divine  
'Christ is arisen!' and the bells  
Catch the glad murmur as it swells  
And chant together in their towers  
All hearts are glad, and free from care  
The faces of the people shine,  
See what a crowd is in the square,  
Gaily and gallantly arrayed!

*Elsie* Let us go back I am afraid!

*Prince Henry* Nay, let us mount  
The church steps here,  
Under the doorway's sacred shadow

We can see all things and be freer  
From the crowd that madly heaves  
and presses!

*Elsie* What a gay pageant! what  
bright dresses!  
It looks like a flower-besprinkled  
meadow

What is that wonder on the square?

*Prince Henry* A pulpit in the open  
air,

And a Friar who is preaching to the  
crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and loud,  
That, if we listen and give heed

His lowest words will reach the ear

*Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating and  
cracking a pastoral's whip)*  
What ho! good people! do  
you not hear?

Dashing along at the top of his speed,  
Booted and spurred on his jaded steed,  
A courier comes with words of cheer  
Courier! what is the news, I pray?

Christ is arisen! Whence come  
you? "I from court,"

Then I do not believe it, you say it  
in sport.

*(Cracks his whip again)*

Ah, here comes another, riding this  
way, [say

We soon shall know what he has to  
say Courier! what are the tidings to-day?

Christ is arisen! Whence come  
you? "From town"

Then I do not believe it, away with  
you, clown

*(Cracks his whip more violently)*

And here comes a third, who is  
spurring amain

What news do you bring, with your  
loose hanging rein

Your spurs wet with blood and your  
bridle with foam?

'Christ is arisen! Whence come  
you? "From Rome"

Ah now I believe He is risen indeed  
Ride on with the news, at the top of  
your speed

*(Great applause among the crowd)*

To come back to my text! When  
the news was first spread,

That Christ was arisen indeed from  
the dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels  
in heaven,

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND



And as great the dispute as to who  
should carry  
The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary  
Pierced to the heart with sorrows  
seven

Old Father Adam was first to propose  
As being the author of all our woes,  
But he was refused for fear said they,  
He would stop to eat apples on the  
way!

Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,  
Because he might meet with his brother  
Cain!

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weak-  
ness for wine

Should delay him at every tavern  
sign,

And John the Baptist could not get a  
vote,

On account of his old-fashioned  
camel-hair coat

And the Penitent Thief, who died on  
the cross

Was reminded that all his bones were  
broken! [spoken

Till at last, when each in turn had  
The company being still at a loss,

The Angel who rolled away the stone  
Was sent to the sepulchre all alone,  
And filled with glory that gloomy  
prison,  
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord  
is arisen!"

*(The Cathedral bells ring)*

But hark! the bells are beginning to  
chime!

And I feel that I am growing hoarse  
I will put an end to my discourse,  
And leave the rest for some other  
time

For the bells themselves are the best  
of preachers,

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone, in the  
upper air,

Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,  
Now a sermon and now a prayer

The clangorous hammer is the tongue  
This way, that way beaten and swung,  
That from mouth of brass, as from

Mouth of Gold [and Old  
May be taught the Testaments, New



And above it the great cross beam of  
wood  
Representeth the Holy Rood,  
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes  
are hung  
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed  
and rung  
Is the mind of man, that round and  
round  
Sways, and maketh the tongue to  
sound !  
And the rope, with its twisted cordage  
three

Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History  
And the upward and downward  
motions show flow  
That we touch upon matters high and  
And the constant change and trans-  
mutation  
Of action and of contemplation,  
Downward the Scripture brought  
from on high,  
Upward, exalted again to the sky  
Downward the literal interpretation  
Upward, the Vision and Mystery !

And now, my hearers, to make an end,  
I have only one word more to say,  
In the church in honour of Easter day  
Will be represented a Miracle Play  
And I hope you will all have the grace  
to attend

Christ bring us at last to his felicity !  
Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

*In the Cathedral*

*Chant*

Kyrie Eleison !  
Christe Eleison !

*Elsie* I am at home here in my  
Father's house !  
These paintings of the Saints upon  
the walls

Have all familiar and benignant faces

*Prince Henry* The portraits of the  
family of God !

Thine own hereafter shall be placed  
among them

*Elsie* How very grand it is and  
wonderful !

Never have I beheld a church so  
splendid !

Such columns, and such arches and  
such windows,

So many tombs and statues in the  
chapels,

And under them so many confessionals.

They must be for the rich I should  
not like

To tell my sins in such a church as this  
Who built it ?

*Prince Henry* A great master of  
his craft,

Erwin von Steinbach, but not he  
alone

For many generations laboured with  
him

Children that came to see these Saints  
in stone

As day by day out of the blocks they  
rose,

Grew old and died, and still the work  
went on,

And on and on, and is not yet com-  
pleted

The generation that succeeds our own  
Perhaps may finish it The architect

Built his great heart into these sculp-  
tured stones,

And with him toiled his children, and  
their lives

Were builded, with his own, into the  
walls,

As offerings unto God You see that  
statue

Fixing its jovous, but deep wrinkled  
eyes

Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder  
That is the image of the master,

carved  
By the fair hand of his own child,  
Sabina.

*Elsie* How beautiful is the column  
that he looks at !

*Prince Henry* That too she sculp-  
tured At the base of it

Stand the Evangelists, above their  
heads

Four Angels blowing upon marble  
trumpets

And over them the blessed Christ sur-  
rounded

By his attendant ministers, upholding  
The instruments of his passion

*Elsie* O my Lord !  
Would I could leave behind me upon  
earth

Some monument to thy glory, such as  
this !

*Prince Henry* A greater monu-  
ment than this thou leavest

In thine own life, all purity and love !  
See, too, the Rose, above the western

portal [colours,

Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

The perfect cover of Gothic loveliness!  
*Lord!* And in the gallery, (the long  
 line of statue

Christ with his twelve Apostles watch-  
 ing us!

*(Let but a ray of light, from that end  
 of the gallery, fall on the strain)*

*For Heaven!* To me now, we  
 have not time to look

The crowd all day fill the church,  
 and wonder

Upon a cross a herald with a trumpet  
 (I'd like the Angel Gabriel proclaims)  
 The very word will now be repe-  
 rated!

### THE NATIVITY

#### A MIRACULOUS

#### INTERLUDE

*For* Come poor people all and  
 each

Come and listen to our preach!

In your presence here I stand

With a trumpet in my hand,

To announce the Latter Day

Which ye hope out to day!

For of all we shall rehearse

In our choir and our verse

The Nativity of our Lord,

As written in the old record

Of the Preterious day

So that he who reads may run!

*(The choir sing)*

#### I HAVE

*Mary* (attending to the Lord) Have pity,  
 Lord! be not afraid

To save mankind whom thou hast  
 made

Nor let the souls that were betrayed  
 I wish eternally!

*Justice* It cannot be it must not  
 be!

When in the garden placed by thee  
 The fruit of the forbidden tree

He ate and he must die!

*Mary* Have pity Lord! let pen-  
 tence

Atonement for disobedience

Nor let the fruit of man's offence

Be endless misery!

*Justice* What penitence propor-  
 tionate

Can ever be felt for sin so great?

Of the forbidden fruit he ate,

And damned must he be!

*God* He shall be saved, if that within

The bounds of earth one free from sin

Be found who for his kith and kin

Will suffer martyrdom

*The Four Virtues* Lord! we have

searched the world around,

From centre to the utmost bound,

But no such mortal can be found,

Despising I feel we come

*Justice* No mortal but a God  
 made man

Can ever carry out this plan,

Achieving what none other can,

Salvation unto all!

*God* Go then O my beloved Son!

It can by thee alone be done,

By thee the victory shall be won

O'er Satan and the Fall!

*(Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave  
 Paradise and fly towards the earth  
 the jaws of Hell open below, and the  
 Devils will about making a great  
 noise)*

#### MARY AT THE WELL

*Mary* Along the garden wall, and  
 thence

Through the wicket in the garden  
 since I steal with quiet pace,

My picher at the well to fill

That lies so deep and cool and still

In this sequestered place

These sweetnotes keep guard around

I see no face I hear no sound,

Save bubblings of the spring,

And my companions who within

The threads of gold and scarlet spin,

And at their labour sing

*The Angel Gabriel* Hail, Virgin

Mary, full of grace!

*(Here MARY looketh around her,  
 trembling, and then saith)*

*Mary* Who is it speaketh in this  
 place,

With such a gentle voice?

*Gabriel* The Lord of heaven is  
 with thee now!

Blessed among all women thou,

Who art his holy choice!

*Marv (setting down the pitcher)*  
What can this mean? No one  
is near

And yet such sacred words I hear,  
I almost fear to stay

*(Here the Angel appearing to her, shall say)*

*Gabriel* Fear not, O Marv! but  
believe!

For thou a Virgin, shalt conceive  
A child this very day

Fear not O Mary! from the sky  
The majesty of the Most High  
Shall overshadow thee!

*Mary* Behold the handmaid of the  
Lord!

According to thy holy word,  
So be it unto me!

*(Here the Devils shall again make a  
great noise, under the stage.)*

### III THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

*The Angels* The Angels of the  
Planets Seven

Across the shining fields of heaven  
The natal star we bring!  
Dropping our sevenfold virtues down  
As priceless jewels in the crown

Of Christ our new-born King

*Raphael* I am the Angel of the Sun,  
Whose flaming wheels began to run

When God's almighty breath  
Said to the darkness and the Night  
Let there be light! and there was  
light!

I bring the gift of Faith

*Gabriel* I am the Angel of the  
Moon

Darkened to be rekindled soon

Beneath the azure cope!

Nearest to earth, it is my ray  
That best illumines the midnight way

I bring the gift of Hope!

*Anael* The Angel of the Star of  
Love

The Evening Star that shines above  
The place where lovers be

Above all happy hearths and homes  
On roofs of thatch or golden domes

I give him Charity!

*Zobriachel* The planet Jupiter is  
mine!

The mightiest star of all that shine,  
Except the sun alone!

He is the High Priest of the Dove  
And sends, from his great throne  
above,

Justice, that shall atone!

*Michael* The Planet Mercury,  
whose place

Is nearest to the sun in space,

Is my allotted sphere!

And with celestial ardour swift

I bear upon my hands the gift

Of heavenly Prudence here!

*Uriel* I am the Minister of Mars,

The strongest star among the stars!

My songs of power prelude

The march and battle of man's life,

And for the suffering and the strife,

I give him Fortitude!

*Orifel* The Angel of the uttermost

Of all the shining, heavenly host,

From the far-off expanse

Of the Saturnian, endless space

I bring the last, the crowning grace,

The gift of Temperance!

*(A sudden light shines from the win-  
dows of the stable in the village below)*

### IV THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

*The stable of the Inn* The VIRGIN  
and CHILD Three Gypsy Kings,  
GASPAR MELCHIOR and BEL-  
SHAZZAR, shall come in

*Gasper* Hail to thee, Jesus of Na-  
zareth!

Though in a manger thou draw  
breath,

Thou art greater than Life and Death,  
Greater than Joy or Woe!

This cross upon the line of life  
Portendeth struggle, toil and strife  
And through a region with peril rife

In darkness shalt thou go!

*Melchior* Hail to thee, King of  
Jerusalem!

Though humbly born in Bethlehem,  
A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand!

The sceptre is a simple reed,  
The crown will make thy temples  
bleed

And in thy hour of greatest need,  
Abashed thy subjects stand!

*Belshazzar* Hail to thee, Christ of  
Christendom!

O'er all the earth thy Kingdom come!  
From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore!

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Peace and good-will among all men,  
The Virgin has returned again,  
Returned the old Saturnian reign  
And Golden Age once more.

*The Child Christ* Jesus, the Son of  
God am I,

Born here to suffer and to die  
According to the prophecy,

That other men may live !

*The Virgin* And now these clothes,  
that wrapped him, take,  
And keep them precious, for his sake,

Our benediction thus we make  
Nought else have we to give

*(She gives them swaddling clothes, and  
they depart )*

### V THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

*(Here shall JOSEPH come in leading  
an ass, on which are seated MARY  
and the CHILD )*

*Mary* Here will we rest us, under  
these

O'er hanging branches of the rees,  
Where robins chant their Litanies  
And canticles of joy

*Joseph* My saddle-girths have given  
way [day,

With trudging through the heat to-  
To you I think it is but play

To ride and hold the boy

*Mary* Hark ! how the robins shout  
and sing

As if to hail their infant King !  
I will alight at yonder spring

To wash his little coat

*Joseph* And I will hobble well the  
Lest, being loose upon the grass, [ass,  
He should escape, for, by the mass,  
He is nimble as a goat

*(Here MARY shall alight and go to  
the spring )*

*Mary* O Joseph, I am much afraid,  
For men are sleeping in the shade,  
I fear that we shall be waylaid,  
And robbed and beaten sore !

*(Here a band of robbers shall be seen  
sleeping, two of whom shall rise and  
come forward )*

*Dumachus* Cock's soul ! deliver up  
your gold ?

*Joseph* I pray you, Sirs, let go your  
hold !

You see that I am weak and old,  
Of wealth I have no store

*Dumachus* Give up your money  
*Titus* Prithce cease

Let these good people go in peace

*Dumachus* First let them pay for  
their release

And then go on their way [see,  
*Titus* These forty groats I give in  
If thou wilt only silent be

*Mary* May God be merciful to thee  
Upon the Judgment Day !

*Jesus* When thirty years shall have  
gone by,

I at Jerusalem shall die,  
By Jewish hands exalted high

On the accursed tree

Then on my right and my left side,  
These thieves shall both be crucified,

And Titus thenceforth shall abide

In paradise with me

*(Here a great rumour of trumpets and  
horses, like the noise of a king with  
his army, and the robbers shall take  
flight )*

### VI THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

*King Herod* Potz-tausend ! Him-  
mel sacrament !

Filled am I with great wonderment  
At this unwelcome news !

Am I not Herod ? Who shall dare  
My crown to take my sceptre bear,  
As king among the Jews ?

*(Here he shall stride up and down and  
flourish his sword )*

What ho ! I fain would drink a can  
Of the strong wine of Canaan !

The wine of Helbon bring  
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
And fit for any king !

*(He quaffs great goblets of wine )*

Now at the window will I stand  
While in the street the armed band

The little children slay  
The babe just born in Bethlehem  
Will surely slaughtered be with them  
Nor live another day !

*(Here a voice of lamentation shall be  
heard in the street )*

*Rachael* O wicked king ! O cruel  
speed !

To do this most unrighteous deed !  
My children all are slain

*Herod* Ho, seneschal ! another  
cup !  
With wine of Sorek fill it up !  
I would a bumper drain !  
*Rahab* May maledictions fall and  
blast  
Thyself and lineage to the last  
Of all thy kith and kin !  
*Herod* Another goblet ! quick ! and  
stir  
Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh  
And calamus therein !  
*Soldiers (in the street)* Give up thy  
child into our hands !  
It is King Herod who commands  
That he should thus be slain !  
*The Nurse Medusa* O monstrous  
men ! What have ye done !  
It is King Herod's only son  
That ye have cleft in twain !  
*Herod* Ah luckless day ! What  
words of fear  
Are these that smite upon my ear  
With such a doleful sound !  
What torments rack my heart and  
head  
Would I were dead ! would I were  
dead  
And buried in the ground !  
*(He falls down and writhes as though  
eaten by worms Hell opens, and  
SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth  
and drag him down )*

II JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS  
SCHOOLMATES

*Jesus* The shower is over Let us  
play,  
And make some sparrows out of clay,  
Down by the river's side  
*Judas* See, how the stream has  
overflowed  
Its banks and o'er the meadow road  
Is spreading far and wide !

*(They draw water out of the river by  
channels and form little pools  
JESUS makes twelve sparrows of  
clay, and the other boys do the  
same )*

*Jesus* Look ! look ! how prettily I  
make  
These little sparrows by the lake  
Bend down their necks and  
drink !

Now will I make them sing and soar  
So far, they shall return no more  
Unto this river's brink.

*Judas* That canst thou not ! They  
are but clay,  
They cannot sing, nor fly away  
Above the meadow lands !  
*Jesus* Fly, fly ! ye sparrows ! you  
are free !  
And while you live, remember me  
Who made you with my hands

*(Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and  
the sparrows shall fly away, chir-  
ruping )*

*Judas* Thou art a sorcerer, I know,  
Oft has my mother told me so  
I will not play with thee !

*(He strikes JESUS on the right side )*

*Jesus* Ah, Judas ! thou hast smote  
my side  
And when I shall be crucified,  
There shall I pierced be !

*(Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say )*

*Joseph* Ye wicked boys ! why do  
ye play,  
And break the holy Sabbath day ?  
What think ye will your mothers say  
To see you in such plight !  
In such a sweat and such a heat,  
With all that mud upon your feet !  
There's not a beggar in the street  
Makes such a sorry sight !

VIII THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

*(The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long  
beard, sitting on a high stool, with  
a rod in his hand )*

*Rabbi* I am the Rabbi Ben Israel  
Throughout this village known full  
well,

And as my scholars all will tell,  
Learned in things divine,  
The Cabala and Talmud hoar  
Than all the prophets prize I more,  
For water is all Bible lore,

But Mishna is strong wine  
My fame extends from West to East,  
And always, at the Purim feast,  
I am as drunk as any beast,  
That wallows in his sty,  
The wine it so elateth me,

That I no difference can see  
Between "Accursed Haman be!"  
And "Blessed be Mordecai!"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot,  
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got  
From the Rabbinical Book or not  
Why howl the dogs at night?  
*Judas* In the Rabbinical Book, it  
saith

The dogs howl, when with icy breath  
Great Sammael, the Angel of Death  
Takes through the town his flight!

*Rabbi* Well, boy! now say, if thou  
art wise  
When the Angel of Death, who is full  
of eyes,

Comes where a sick man dying lies,  
What doth he to the wight?  
*Judas* He stands beside him, dark  
and tall,

Holding a sword from which doth fall  
Into his mouth a drop of gall,  
And so he turneth white

*Rabbi* And now, my Judas, say to  
me

What the great Voices Four may be,  
That quite across the world do flee,  
And are not heard by men?

*Judas* The Voice of the Sun in  
heaven's dome,

The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome  
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,  
And the Angel of the Run!

*Rabbi* Right are thine answers,  
every one!

Now hille Jesus, the carpenter's son,  
Let us see how thy task is done,  
Canst thou thy letters try?

*Jesus* Aleph  
*Rabbi* What next? Do not stop  
yet!

Go on with all the alphabet,  
Come Aleph Beth, dost thou forget?  
Cock's soul! thou dost rather play!

*Jesus* What Aleph means I fain  
would know,  
Before I any further go!

*Rabbi* O, by Saint Peter, wouldst  
thou so?

Come hither, boy, to me.  
As surely as the letter Jod  
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,  
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,  
And punished shalt thou be!

(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift  
up his rod to strike JESUS and his  
right arm shall be paralysed)

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS

(JESUS sitting among his playmates  
crowned with flowers as their King)

*Boys* We spread our garments on  
the ground!  
With fragrant flowers thy head is  
crowned,

While like a guard we stand around,  
And hail thee as our King!  
Thou art the new King of the Jews!  
Nor let the passers-by refuse  
To bring that homage which men  
use  
To majesty to bring,

(Here a traveller shall go by, and the  
boys shall lay hold of his garments  
and say)

*Boys* Come hither! and all rever-  
ence pay  
Unto our monarch, crowned to-day!  
Then go rejoicing on your way,  
In all prosperity!

*Traveller* Hail to the King of  
Bethlehem,  
Who wearst in his diadem  
The yellow crocus for the gem  
Of his authority!

(He passes by, and others come in,  
bearing on a litter a sick child)

*Boys* Set down the litter and draw  
near!  
The King of Bethlehem is here!  
What ails the child, who seems to  
fear

That we shall do him harm?  
*The Bearers* He climbed up to  
robin's nest,  
And out there darted, from his nest  
A serpent with a crimson crest  
And stung him in the arm

*Jesus* Bring him to me, and let me  
feel  
The wounded place, my touch can  
heal  
The sting of serpents, and can ster-  
The poison from the bite!

(He touches the wound, and the boy  
begins to cry)

Cease to lament! I can foresee  
That thou hereafter known shalt be  
Among the men who follow me,  
As Simon the Canaanite!

PROLOGUE

In the after part of the day  
Will be represented another play,  
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord  
Beginning directly after Nones !

At the close of which we shall  
accord  
By way of benison and reward,  
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

IV

*The road to Hirschau* PRINCE HENRY  
and ELSIE, with their attendants  
on horseback

*Elsie* Onward and onward the high  
way runs to the distant city, im-  
patiently bearing  
Tidings of human joy and disaster of  
love and of hate, of doing and  
daring !

*Prince Henry* This life of ours is a  
wild æolian harp of many a  
joyous strain  
But under them all there runs a loud  
perpetual wail, as of souls in  
pain

*Elsie* Faith alone can interpret life  
and the heart that aches and  
bleeds with the stigma  
Of pain alone bears the likeness of  
Christ and can comprehend its  
dark enigma.

*Prince Henry* Man is selfish and  
seeketh pleasure with little care  
of what may befall  
Else why am I travelling here beside  
thee a demon that rides by an  
angel's side ?

*Elsie* All the hedges are white with  
dust and the great dog under  
the creaking wain  
Hangs his head in the lazy heat while  
onward the horses toil and  
strain

*Prince Henry* Now they stop at the  
wayside inn and the waggoner  
laughs with the landlord's  
daughter  
While out of the dripping trough the  
horses distend their leathern  
sides with water

*Elsie* All through life there are way-  
side inns where man may re-  
fresh his soul with love,  
Even the lowest may quench his thirst  
at rivulets fed by springs from  
above.

*Prince Henry* Yonder, where rises  
the cross of stone, our journey  
along the highway ends  
And over the fields, by a bridle path,  
down into the broad green  
valley descends

*Elsie* I am not sorry to leave behind  
the beaten road with its dust  
and heat,  
The air will be sweeter far, and the  
turf will be softer under our  
horses' feet

(They turn down a green lane)

*Elsie* Sweet is the air with the bud-  
ding haws and the valley stretch-  
ing for miles below  
Is white with blossoming cherry trees  
as if just covered with lightest  
snow

*Prince Henry* Over our heads a  
white cascade is gleaming against  
the distant hill,  
We cannot hear it, nor see it move,  
but it hangs like a banner when  
winds are still

*Elsie* Damp and cool is this deep  
ravine and cool the sound of  
the brook by our side !  
What is this castle that rises above us,  
and lords it over a land so wide ?

*Prince Henry* It is the home of the  
Counts of Calva well have I  
known these scenes of old  
Well I remember each tower and  
turret, remember the brooklet,  
the wood and the wold

*Elsie* Hark ! from the little village  
below us the bells of the church  
are ringing for ruin !  
Priests and peasants in long procession  
come forth and kneel on the  
road plain.

*Prince Henry* They have not long  
to wait for I see in the south  
uprising a little cloud,  
That before the sun shall be set will  
cover the sky above us as with  
a shroud

(They pass on)

*The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest*  
*The Convent cellar* FRIAR  
 CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons

*Friar Claus* I always enter this sacred place

With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,

Pausing long enough on each stair  
 To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,  
 And a benediction on the vines [wines]

That produce these various sorts of  
 For my part, I am well content  
 That we have got through with the tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those [foes,  
 Who have to contend with invisible  
 But I am quite sure it does not agree  
 With a quiet, peaceable man like me  
 Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind [and mind]

That are always distressed in body  
 And at times it really does me good  
 To come down among this brotherhood,

Dwelling for ever under ground,  
 Silent, contemplative, round and sound,

Each one old, and brown with mould,  
 But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth, [truth,  
 With the latent power and love of  
 And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,  
 When buds are swelling on every side,  
 And the sap begins to move in the vine,  
 Then in all cellars, far and wide,  
 The oldest, as well as the newest wine  
 Begins to stir itself, and ferment  
 With a kind of revolt and discontent  
 At being so long in darkness pent,  
 And fain would burst from its sombre tun

To bask on the hillside in the sun,  
 As in the bosom of us poor friars,  
 The tumult of half-subdued desires  
 For the world that we have left behind  
 Disturbs at times all peace of mind  
 And now that we have lived through  
 My duty it is, as often before, [Lent,  
 To open awhile the prison door,  
 And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,  
 And has stood a hundred years or more,

Its beard of cobwebs long and hoar,  
 Trailing and sweeping along the floor,  
 Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,  
 Terebintine sombre, sedate, and grave  
 Till his beard has grown through the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the dead!  
 In its veins the blood is hot and red,  
 And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak

That time may have tamed, but has not broke

It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,  
 Is one of the three best kinds of wine  
 And cost some hundred florins the ohm,

But that I do not consider dear,  
 When I remember that every year  
 Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome  
 And whenever a goblet thereof I drain  
 The old rhyme keeps running in my brain!

At Bacharach on the Rhine,  
 At Hochheim on the Main  
 And at Würzburg on the Stein,  
 Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines and better far  
 Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr

In particular Würzburg well may boast  
 Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,  
 Which of all wines I like the most  
 This I shall draw for the Abbots drinking

Who seems to be much of my way of thinking

*(Fills a flagon)*

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs  
 From the deep flagon while it fills,  
 As of hyacinths and daffodils!  
 Between this cask and the Abbot's lips  
 Many have been the sips and slips,  
 Many have been the draughts of wine  
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine,

And many a time my soul has hankered  
 For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,

When it should have been busy with other affairs,  
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers

But now there is no such awkward condition,  
 No danger of death and eternal perdition,



So here s to the Abbot and Brothers all,  
Who dwell in this convent of Peter  
and Paul !

*(He drinks )*

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !  
It flashes like sunshine into my brain !  
A benison rest on the Bishop who  
sends

Such a fudder of wine as this to his  
friends !

And now a flagon for such as may ask  
A draught from the noble Bacharach  
cask,

And I will be gone, though I know  
full well

The cellar s a cheerfuller place than  
the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound and  
good,

Brown and old in his oaken hood ,  
Silent he seems externally

As any Carthusian monk may be ,  
But within, what a spirit of deep  
unrest !

What a seething and simmering in  
his breast !

As if the heaving of his great heart  
Would burst his belt of oak apart !

Let me unloose this button of wood,  
And quiet a little his turbulent mood

*(Sets it running )*

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,  
As if they had caught the purple hues

Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine  
Descending and mingling with the  
dews ,

Or as if the grapes were stained with  
the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some years  
back,

Was taken and crucified by the Jews,  
In that ancient town of Bacharach ,

Perdition upon those infidel Jews  
In that ancient town of Bacharach

The beautiful town that gives us wine  
With the fragrant odour of Muscadine !

I should deem it wrong to let this pass  
Without first touching my lips to the  
glass,

For here in the midst of the current I  
stand,

Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of  
the river

Taking toll upon either hand  
And much more grateful to the giver

*(He drinks )*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
Such as in any town you may find,  
Such as one might imagine would suit  
The rascal who drank wine out of a  
boot.

And, after all, it was not a crime,  
For he won thereby Dorf Huffsheim.  
A jolly old toper ! who at a pull  
Could drink a postilion s jack-boot full,  
And ask with a laugh, when that was  
done,

If the fellow had left the other one !  
This wine is as good as we can afford  
To the friars, who sit at the lower  
board,

And cannot distinguish bad from  
good,

And are far better off than if they  
could,

Being rather the rude disciples of beer  
Than of anything more refined and  
dear !

*(Fills the other flagon and departs )*

*The Scriptorium* FRIAR PACIFICUS  
*transcribing and illuminating*

*Friar Pacificus* It is growing dark !  
Yet one line more,

And then my work for to-day is o'er  
I come again to the name of the Lord !

Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among men,

Let me pause awhile and wash my  
pen ,

Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I laboured on and on,  
Nearly through the Gospel of John.

Can it be that from the lips  
Of this same gentle Evangelist

That Christ himself perhaps has  
kissed,

Came the dread Apocalypse !  
It has a very awful look, [book,

As it stands there at the end of the  
Like the sun in an eclipse.

Ah me ! when I think of that vision  
divine,

Think of writing it, line by line,  
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,

Like the trump of doom in the closing  
verse !

God forgive me ! if ever I  
Take aught from the book of that Pro-

phhecy,



Lest my part too should be taken away  
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day

This is well written, though I say it !  
I should not be afraid to display it,  
In open day on the selfsame shelf  
With the writings of St Thecla herself,  
Or of Theodosius who of old  
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !  
That goodly folio standing yonder,  
Without a single blot or blunder,  
Would not bear away the palm from mine,

If we should compare them line for line  
There, now, is an initial letter !  
Saint Ulric himself never made a better !

Finished down to the leaf and the snail,  
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !

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And now, as I turn the volume over  
And see what lies between cover and cover,

What treasures of art these pages hold,  
All a-blaze with crimson and gold,  
God forgive me ! I seem to feel  
A certain satisfaction steal  
Into my heart, and into my brain,  
As if my talent had not lain  
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain  
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
Here is a copy of thy Word,  
Written out with much toil and pain,  
Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
As something I have done for thee !

*(He looks from the window)*

How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !

I wish I had as lovely a green

F F

To paint my landscapes and my  
leaves ! [leaves !

How the swallows twitter under the  
There, now, there is one in her nest,  
I can just catch a glimpse of her head  
and breast

And will sketch her thus, in her quiet  
nook

For the margin of my Gospel book.

(He makes a sketch)

I can see no more. Through the valley  
yonder [thunder

A shower is passing, I hear the  
Mutter its curses in the air

The Devil's own and only prayer !

The dusty road is brown with rain

And, speeding on with might and  
main

Hitherward rides a gallant train

They do not parley they cannot wait

But hurry in at the convent gate

What a fair lady ! and beside her

What a handsome, graceful, noble  
rider !

Now she gives him her hand to alight

They will beg a shelter for the night.

I will go down to the corridor,

And try to see that face once more,

It will do for the face of some beautiful  
Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall paint

(Goes out)

*The Cloisters* THE ABBOT ERNESTUS  
pacing to and fro

Abbot Slowly, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,

Evening damps begin to fall,

Evening shadows are displayed

Round me o'er me everywhere,

All the sky is grand with clouds,

And athwart the evening air

Wheel the swallows home in crowds

Shafts of sunshine from the west

Paint the dusky windows red,

Darker shadows deeper rest,

Underneath and overhead

Darker darker and more wan

In my breast the shadows fall,

Upward steals the life of man

As the sunshine from the wall

From the wall into the sky

From the roof along the spire,

Ah, the souls of those that die

Are but sunbeams lifted higher

(Enter PRINCE HENRY)

Prince Henry Christ is risen !

Abbot Amen ! he is arisen !

His peace be with you !

Prince Henry Here it reigns  
for ever !

The peace of God that passeth under  
standing

Reigns in these cloisters and these  
corridors

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the con-  
vent ?

Abbot I am

Prince Henry And I Prince Henry  
of Hohenek,

Who crave your hospitality to night.

Abbot You are thrice welcome to  
our humble walls

You do us honour, and we shall re-  
quite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining you

With Paschal eggs, and our poor  
convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holidays.

Prince Henry How fares it with the  
holy monks of Hirschau ?

Are all things well with them ?

Abbot All things are well,

Prince Henry A noble convent ! I  
have known it long

By the report of travellers. I now see  
Their commendations lag behind the  
truth

You lie here in the valley of the Na-  
gold

As in a nest and the still river, gliding  
Along its bed, is like an admonition

How all things pass Your lands are

rich and ample,

And your revenues large. God's  
benediction

Rests on your convent

Abbot By our charities  
We strive to merit it Our Lord and  
Master,

When he departed, left us in his will

As our best legacy on earth the poor !

These we have always with us, had  
we not

Our hearts would grow as hard as are  
these stones

Prince Henry If I remember right,  
the Counts of Calva

Founded your convent.

Abbot Even as you say

Prince Henry And, if I err not, it is  
very old

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

*Abbot* Within these cloisters lie  
already buried  
Twelve holy Abbots Underneath the  
flags  
On which we stand, the Abbot  
William lies,  
Of blessed memory

*Prince Henry* And whose tomb  
is that,

Which bears the brass escutcheon?

*Abbot* A benefactor's,  
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who  
stood

Godfather to our bells

*Prince Henry* Your monks are  
learned

And holy men, I trust

*Abbot* There are among them  
Learned and holy men Yet in this  
age

We need another Hildebrand, to shake  
And purify us like a mighty wind  
The world is wicked, and sometimes I  
wonder

God does not lose his patience with it  
wholly,

And shatter it like glass! Even here,  
at times,

Within these walls, where all should  
be at peace,

I have my trials Time has laid his  
hand

Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm

Upon his harp, to deaden its vibra-  
tions

Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness

And weariness of life, that makes me  
ready

To say to the dead Abbots under us,  
"Make room for me! Only I see  
the dusk

Of evening twilight coming, and have  
not

Completed half my task, and so at  
times

The thought of my shortcomings in  
this life

Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

*Prince Henry* We must all die, and  
not the old alone,

The young have no exemption from  
that doom

*Abbot* Ah, yes! the young may die,  
but the old must!

That is the difference

*Prince Henry* I have heard much  
loud

Of your transcribers Your Scripto-  
rium

Is famous among all, your manu-  
scripts

Praised for their beauty and their ex-  
cellence

*Abbot* That is indeed our boast  
If you desire it,

You shall behold these treasures And  
meanwhile

Shall the Refectorianus bestow

Your horses and attendants for the  
night.

(*They go in The Vesper-bell rings*)

*The Chapel Vespers after which the  
monks retire, a chorister leading an  
old monk who is blind*

*Prince Henry* They are all gone,  
save one who lingers,

Absorbed in deep and silent prayer

As if his heart could find no rest,

At times he beats his heaving breast

With clenched and convulsive fingers,

Then lifts them trembling in the air

A chorister, with golden hair,

Guides hitherward his heavy pace

Can it be so? Or does my sight

Deceive me in the uncertain light?

Ah no! I recognize that face,

Though Time has touched it in his  
flight,

And changed the auburn hair to white

It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,

The deadliest foe of all our race,

And hateful unto me and mine!

*The Blind Monk* Who is it that  
doth stand so near

His whispered words I almost hear?

*Prince Henry* I am Prince Henry  
of Hohenek,

And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!

I know you, and I see the scar,

The brand upon your forehead, shine

And redden like a baleful star!

*The Blind Monk* Count Hugo  
once, but now the wreck

Of what I was O Hohenek!

The passionate will, the pride, the  
wrath

That bore me headlong on my path,

Stumbled and staggered into fear,

And failed me in my mad career,

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

As a tired steed some evil doer,  
Alone upon a desolate moor,  
Bewildered lost, deserted, blind,  
And hearing loud and close behind  
The overtaking steps of his pursuer  
Then suddenly from the dark there  
came

A voice that called me by my name,  
And said to me, "Kneel down and  
prayer"

And so my terror passed away,  
Passed utterly away for ever  
Contrition penitence remorse,  
Came on me, with overwhelming force,  
A hope, a longing, an endeavour  
By days of penance and nights of  
prayer

To frustrate and defeat despair!  
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,  
With tranquil waters overflowed,  
A lake whose unseen fountains start  
Where once the hot volcano glowed  
And you O prince of Hohenack!  
Have known me in that earlier time  
A man of violence and crime  
Whose passions brooked no curb nor  
check

Behold me now in gentler mood,  
One of this holy brotherhood.  
Give me your hand here let me kneel,  
Make your reproaches sharp as steel,  
Spurn me and smite me on each cheek,  
No violence can harm the meek.  
There is no wound Christ cannot heal!  
Yes, lift your princely hand and take  
Revenge if tis revenge you seek,  
Then pardon me, for Jesus sake!

*Prince Henry* Arise, Count Hugo!  
let there be

No further strife nor enmity  
Between us twain, we both have erred!  
Too rash in act too woith in word.  
From the beginning have we stood  
In fierce defiant attitude,  
Each thoughtless of the other's right,  
And each reliant on his might  
But now our souls are more subdued,  
The hand of God and not in vain  
Has touched us with the fire of pain  
Let us kneel down, and side by side  
Pray, till our souls are purified  
And pardon will not be denied!

(*They kneel*)

*The Refectory Gaudium of Monks*  
*at midnight LUCIFER disguised*  
*as a Friar*

*Friar Paul (sings).*

Ave! color vini clari  
Dulcis potus, non amari,  
Tum nos inebriari  
Dignetur potentia!

*Friar Cuthbert* Not so much noise,  
my worthy freres,  
You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

*Friar Paul (sings)*

O! quam licens in colore!  
O! quam fragrans in odore!  
O! quam aspidum in ore!  
Dulce lingua vinulum!

*Friar Cuthbert* I should think your  
tongue had broken its chain

*Friar Paul (sings)*

Felix venter quem mirablis!  
Felix guttur quod iugubis!  
Felix es quod tu libabis!  
Et beata labia!

*Friar Cuthbert* Peace! I say,  
peace!

Will you never cease!

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell  
you again!

*Friar John* No danger! to-night  
he will let us alone,

As I happen to know he has guests  
of his own

*Friar Cuthbert* Who are they?

*Friar John* A German Prince and  
his train

Who arrived here just before the rain.  
There is with him a damsel fair to see  
As slender and graceful as a reed!  
When she alighted from her steed,  
It seemed like a blossom blown from a  
tree.

*Friar Cuthbert* None of your pale-  
faced girls for me!

None of your damsels of high degree!

*Friar John* Come old fellow, drink  
down to your peg!

But do not drink any farther, I beg

*Friar Paul (sings)*

In the days of gold,  
The days of old,  
Crosier of wood  
And bishop of gold!

*Friar Cuthbert* What an infernal  
racket and riot!  
Can you not drink your wine in quiet!

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Why fill the convent with such scandals,  
As if we were so many drunken Vandals?

*Friar Paul (continues)*

Now we have changed  
That law of gold,  
To crosser of gold  
And bishop of wood!

*Friar Cuthbert* Well, then, since  
you are in the mood  
To give your noisy humours vent,  
Sing and howl to your heart's content!

*Chorus of Monks*

Funde vinum funde!  
Tinquarum sint fluminis unda,  
Nec querat unde  
Sed fundas semper abunde!

*Friar John* What is the name of  
yonder friar  
With an eye that glows like a coal of  
fire,  
And such a black mass of tangled hair?

*Friar Paul* He who is sitting there,  
With a rollicking,  
Devil may care,  
Free and easy look and air,  
As if he were used to such feasting  
and frolicking?

*Friar John* The same

*Friar Paul* He's a stranger You  
had better ask his name,  
And where he is going, and whence he  
came.

*Friar John* Hallo! Sir Friar!

*Friar Paul* You must raise your  
voice a little higher,  
He does not seem to hear what you say  
Now, try again! He is looking this  
way

*Friar John* Hallo! Sir Friar  
We wish to inquire  
Whence you came, and where you are  
going,  
And anything else that is worth the  
knowing,

So be so good as to open your head

*Lucifer* I am a Frenchman born  
and bred,  
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
My home  
Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy's,  
Of which, very like, you never have  
heard

*Monks* Never a word!

*Lucifer* You must know, then, it  
is in the diocese  
Called the Diocese of Vannes,

In the province of Brittany  
From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
It overlooks the angry sea,  
The very sea-shore where,  
In his great despair,  
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
Filling the night with woe,  
And wailing aloud to the merciless  
seas

The name of his sweet Heloise!  
Whilst overhead  
The convent windows gleamed as red  
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,  
Who with joyful din  
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!  
Ha! that is a convent! that is an  
abbey!

Over the doors,  
None of your death heads carved in  
wood,  
None of your Saints looking pious and  
good,  
None of your patriarchs old and  
shabby,

But the heads and tusks of boars,  
And the cells  
Hung all round with the fell:  
Of the fallow deer  
And then what cheer,  
What jolly fat friars,  
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,  
Roaring louder than they,  
With their strong wines,  
And their concubines,  
And never a bell,  
With its swagger and swell  
Calling you up with a start of affright  
In the dead of night,  
To send you grumbling down dark  
stairs,

To mumble your prayers  
But the cheery crow  
Of cocks in the yard below,  
After daybreak, an hour or so,  
And the barking of deep-mouthed  
hounds,

These are the sounds  
That, instead of bells, salute the ear  
And then all day  
Up and away  
Through the forest hunting the deer!  
Ah my friends! I'm afraid that here  
You are a little too pious, a little too  
tame,

And the more is the shame  
'Tis the greatest folly  
Not to be jolly,  
That's what I think!

Come drink, drink,  
Drink, and die game !  
*Monks* And your Abbot What s-his-  
name ?

*Lucifer* Abelard !

*Monks* Did he drink hard ?

*Lucifer* O no ! Not he !

He was a dry old fellow,  
Without juice enough to get thoroughly  
mellow

There he stood,  
Lowering at us in sullen mood  
As if he had come into Brittany  
Just to reform our brotherhood !

(*A roar of laughter*)

But you see

It never would do !

For some of us knew a thing or two,

In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuy's !

For instance, the great ado

With old Fulbert's niece

The young and lovely Heloise

*Friar John* Stop there, if you please,

Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

*All (drinking and shouting)*

Heloise ! Heloise !

(*The Chapel bell tolls*)

*Lucifer (starting)* What is that  
bell for ? Are you such asses  
As to keep up the fashion of midnight  
masses ?

*Friar Cuthbert* It is only a poor  
unfortunate brother,  
Who is gifted with most miraculous  
powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours  
And, by way of penance and Christian  
meekness,

Of creeping silently out of his cell  
To take a pull at that hideous bell,  
So that all the monks who are lying  
awake

May murmur some kind of prayer for  
his sake,  
And adapted to his peculiar weakness !

*Friar John* From frailty and fall—

*All* Good Lord, deliver us all !

*Friar Cuthbert* And before the bell  
for matins sounds,

He takes his lantern, and goes the  
rounds

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,

Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you  
please,

With your story about St Gildas de  
[Rhuy's.]

*Lucifer* Well, it finally came to pass  
That, half in fun and half in malice,  
One Sunday at Mass

We put some poison into the chalice.

But either by accident or design,

Peter Abelard kept away

From the chapel that day

And a poor young friar who in his stead

Drank the sacramental wine,

Fell on the steps of the altar dead !

But look ! do you see at the window  
there

That face, with a look of grief and  
despair,

That ghastly face as of one in pain ?

*Monks* Who ? where ?

*Lucifer* As I spoke, it vanished away  
again

*Friar Cuthbert* It is that nefarious  
Siebald the Refectorarius

That fellow is always plying the scout,  
Creeping and peeping and prowling  
about,

And then he regales

The Abbot with scandalous tales.

*Lucifer* A spy in the convent ? One  
of the brothers

Telling scandalous tales of the others ?

Out upon him, the lazy loon !

I would put a stop to that pretty soon,  
In a way he should rue it.

*Monks* How shall we do it ?

*Lucifer* Do you, brother Paul,  
Creep under the window, close to the  
wall,

And open it suddenly when I call

Then seize the villain by the hair,

And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for all

*Friar Cuthbert* As St. Dunstan of  
old,

We are told,

Once caught the Devil by the nose !

*Lucifer* Ha ! ha ! that story is very  
clever,

But has no foundation whatsoever

Quick ! for I see his face again

Glaring in at the window-pane,

Now ! now ! and do not spare your  
blows

(*FRIAR PAUL opens the window sud-  
denly and seizes SIEBALD They  
beat him*)

*Friar Siebald* Help ! help ! are you  
going to slay me ?

*Friar Paul* That will teach you  
again to betray me !

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

*Friar Siebald* Mercy ! mercy !

*Friar Paul (shouting and beating)*

Rumpas bellorum lorum,  
Am confer amorum  
Morum verorum forum  
Tu plena polorum !

*Lucifer* Who stands in the doorway  
yonder,  
Stretching out his trembling hand,  
Just as Abelard used to stand,  
The flash of his keen black eyes  
I overrunning the thunder ?

*The Monks (in confusion)* The  
Abbot ! the Abbot !

*Friar Cuthbert* And what is the  
wonder !

He seems to have taken you by sur-  
prise

*Friar Francis* Hide the great flagon  
From the eyes of the dragon !

*Friar Cuthbert* Pull the brown hood  
over your face !

This will bring us into disgrace !

*Abbot* What means this revel and  
carouse ?

Is this a tavern and drinking-house ?  
Are you Christian monks, or heathen  
devils,

To pollute this convent with your  
revels ?

Were Peter Damian still upon earth  
To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,  
He would write your names, with pen  
of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all !  
Away, you drunkards ! to your cells,  
And pray till you hear the matin bells,  
You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother  
Paul !

And as a penance mark each prayer  
With the scourge upon your shoulders  
bare,

Nothing atones for such a sin  
But the blood that follows the discipline.  
And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with  
me

Alone into the sacristy,  
You, who should be a guide to your  
brothers

And are ten times worse than all the  
others,

For you have a draught that has long  
been brewing

You shall do a penance worth the doing !  
Away to your prayers, then, one and  
all !

I wonder the very convent wall [fall !  
Does not crumble and crush you in its

*The neighbouring Nunnery* The AB-  
BESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE  
in the moonlight

*Irmingard* The night is silent, the  
wind is still,  
The moon is looking from yonder hill  
Down upon convent, and grove, and  
garden,  
The clouds have passed away from her  
face,  
Leaving behind them no sorrowful  
trace,  
Only the tender and quiet grace  
Of one, whose heart has been healed  
with pardon !

And such am I My soul within  
Was dark with passion and soiled with  
sin

But now its wounds are healed again,  
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and  
pain,

For across that desolate land of woe,  
O'er whose burning sands I was forced  
to go,

A wind from heaven began to blow,  
And all my being trembled and shook,  
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass  
of the field,

And I was healed, as the sick are  
healed,

When fanned by the leaves of the  
Holy Book

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,  
And the only darkness that which lies  
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,  
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more and  
more,

As to one I have known and loved  
before,

For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mystery !  
I am the Lady Irmingard,  
Born of a noble race and name !  
Many a wandering Suabian bard,  
Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and  
hard,

Has found through me the way to  
fame

Brief and bright were those days, and  
the night

Which followed was full of a lurid  
light





Love, that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole and not a part  
That is to her, in Nature's plan  
More than ambition is to win  
Her right her life her very breath  
With no alternative but death  
Found me a maiden soft and young,  
Just from the convent's cloistered  
school

And seated on my lovely stool  
Attentive while the minstrels sung  
Gallant graceful gentle tall,  
Iarest noblest best of all  
Was Walter of the Voelchweid  
And, whatsoever may betide  
Still I think of him with pride  
His song was of the summer-time  
The very birds sang in his rhyme,  
The sunshine the delicious air  
The fragrance of the flowers were  
And I grew restless as I heard there  
Restless and buoyant as a bird  
Down soft neutral currents sailing  
O'er blossomed orchards and fields  
in bloom  
And through the momentary gloom

Of shadows over the landscape trailing  
Yielding and borne I knew not where,  
But following resolutely unavailing

And thus unmoored and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice  
Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and day  
One night—it was a night in May,—  
Within the garden, unawares  
Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
I heard it utter my own name  
With protestation and wild prayers  
And it rang through me and became  
Like the archangel's trump of doom,  
Which the soul hears and must obey,  
And mine arose from a tomb  
My former life now seemed to me  
Such as hereafter death may be,  
When in the great Eternity  
We shall awake and find it day  
It was a dream and would not stay,  
A dream that in a single night  
Faded and vanished out of sight  
My father's anger followed fast  
This passion as a freshening blast

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage  
It may increase, but not assuage.  
And he exclaimed "No wandering  
bird

Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !  
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck  
By messenger and letter sues "

Gently, but firmly, I replied  
" Henry of Hoheneck I discard !  
Never the hand of Irmingard  
Shall be in his as the hand of a bride !"  
This said I, Walter, for thy sake ,  
This said I, for I could not choose  
After a pause my father spake  
In that cold and deliberate tone  
Which turns the hearer into stone,  
And seems itself the net to be  
That follows with such dread cer-  
tainty,

" This, or the cloister and the veil !  
No other words than these he said,  
But they were like a funeral wail ,  
My life was ended, my heart was dead  
That night from the castle gate went  
down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,  
Two shadows, mounted on shadowy  
steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads  
Into the forest dense and brown  
In the leafy darkness of the place,  
One could not distinguish form nor  
face,

Only a bulk without a shape,  
A darker shadow in the shade ,  
One scarce could say it moved or  
stayed

Thus it was we made our escape !  
A foaming brook, with many a bound,  
Followed us like a playful hound ,  
Then leaped before us, and in the  
hollow

Paused, and waited for us to follow,  
And seemed impatient, and afraid  
That our tardy flight should be be-  
trayed [made

By the sound our horses hoof-beats  
And when we reached the plain below,  
We paused a moment and drew rein  
To look back at the castle again ,  
And we saw the windows all aglow  
With lights, that were passing to and  
fro

Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ,  
The brook crept silent to our feet ,  
We knew what most we feared to know  
Then suddenly horns began to blow ,

And we heard a shout, and a heavy  
tramp,

And our horses snorted in the damp  
Night-air of the meadows green and  
wide,

And in a moment, side by side,  
So close, they must have seemed but  
one,

The shadows across the moonlight  
run,

And another came and swept behind,  
Like the shadow of clouds before the  
wind !

How I remember that breathless flight  
Across the moors, in the summer  
night !

How under our feet the long, white  
road

Backward like a river flowed,  
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,  
Whilst farther away, and overhead,  
Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
The moon fled with us as we fled  
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ,  
But of what afterwards befell  
I nothing further can recall  
Than a blind, desperate, headlong  
fall ,

The rest is a blank and darkness all.  
When I awoke out of this swoon,  
The sun was shining, not the moon,  
Making a cross upon the wall  
With the bars of my windows narrow  
and tall ,

And I pryed to it, as I had been wont  
to pry,

From early childhood, dry by dry,  
Each morning as in bed I lay !  
I was lying again in my own room !  
And I thanked God, in my fever and  
pain,

That those shadows on the midnight  
plain

Were gone, and could not come again !  
I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago  
I left my father's home to come  
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
For blindly I esteemed it so  
And when I heard the convent door  
Behind me close, to open no more,  
I felt it smite me like a blow  
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,  
And on my bruised spirit fell

The dampness of my narrow cell  
As night air on a wounded man,  
Giving intolerable pain

But now a better life began.  
I felt the agony decrease  
By slow degrees then wholly cease,  
Ending in perfect rest and peace!  
It was not apathy, nor dulness,  
That weighed and pressed upon my  
brain,

But the same passion I had given  
To earth before, now turned to heaven  
With all its overflowing fulness

Alas! the world is full of peril!  
The path that runs through the fairest  
meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley leads  
Into a region bleak and sterile!  
Alike in the high born and the lowly,  
The will is feeble and passion strong  
We cannot sever right from wrong  
Some falsehood mingles with all truth,  
Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
Should waver and comprehend but  
slowly

The things that are holy and unholy!  
But in this sacred calm retreat  
We are all well and safely shielded  
From winds that blow, and waves that  
beat,

From the cold, and rain, and blighting  
heat,

To which the strongest hearts have  
yielded

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven  
For our celestial bridegroom yearning,  
Our hearts are lamps for ever burning,  
With a steady and unwavering flame,  
Pointing upward for ever the same,  
Steadily upward toward the heaven!

The moon is hidden behind a cloud,  
A sudden darkness fills the room,  
And thy deep eyes amid the gloom,  
Shine like jewels in a shroud.

On the leaves is a sound of falling rain,  
A bird awakened in its nest,  
Gives a faint twitter of unrest  
Then smooths its plumes and sleeps  
again

No other sounds than these I hear,  
The hour of midnight must be near  
Thou art o'erspent with the day's  
fatigue

Of riding many a dusty league,  
Sink, then gently to thy slumber,  
Me so many cares encumber,

So many ghosts, and forms of fright,  
Have started from their graves to-  
night,

They have driven sleep from mine  
eyes away

I will go down to the chapel and pray

V

*A covered bridge at Lucerne*

*Prince Henry* God's blessing on the  
architects who build

The bridges over swift rivers and abysses  
Before impassable to human feet,  
No less than on the builders of  
cathedrals,

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown  
across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death  
Well has the name of Pontifex been  
given

Unto the Church's head, as the chief  
builder

And architect of the invisible bridge  
That leads from earth to heaven.

*Elsie* How dark it grows!  
What are these paintings on the walls  
around us?

*Prince Henry* The Dance Macabre  
*Elsie* What?

*Prince Henry* The Dance of Death!  
All that go to and from must look upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be, while  
beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent  
river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life  
With dimpling eddies, ever green and  
bright,

Save where the shadow of this bridge  
falls on it.

*Elsie* O yes! I see it now!

*Prince Henry* The grim musician  
Leads all men through the mazes of  
that dance,

To different sounds in different mea-  
sures moving,

Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes  
a drum,

To tempt or terrify

*Elsie* What is this picture?

*Prince Henry* It is a young man  
singing to a nun,  
Who kneels at her devotions, but in  
kneeling

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Turns round to look at him, and  
Death meanwhile,

Is putting out the candles on the altar!  
*Elsie* Ah, what a pity 'tis that she  
should listen

Unto such songs, when in her orisons  
She might have heard in heaven the  
angels singing!

*Prince Henry* Here he has stolen a  
jester's cap and bells,  
And dances with the Queen

*Elsie* A foolish jest!

*Prince Henry* And here the heart  
of the new wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her beloved  
lord

He startles with the rattle of his drum

*Elsie* Ah, that is sad! And yet  
perhaps 'tis best

That she should die, with all the sun-  
shine on her, [ing,  
And all the benedictions of the morn-  
ing. Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded  
gray,

Then into darkness!

*Prince Henry* Under it is written  
"Nothing but death shall separate  
thee and me!"

*Elsie* And what is this, that follows  
close upon it?

*Prince Henry* Death, playing on a  
dulcimer. Behind him,

A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to wish  
her feet

Were swifter to overtake him Under-  
neath,

The inscription reads, "Better is  
Death than Life"

*Elsie* Better is Death than Life!

Ah yes! to thousands  
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings  
That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it and they cannot choose  
but follow

Whither he leads And not the old  
alone,

But the young also hear it, and are still  
*Prince Henry* Yes in their sadder  
moments 'Tis the sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half  
full of tears,  
Which are like crystal cups, half filled  
with water,

Responding to the pressure of a finger  
With music sweet and low and melan-  
choly

Let us go forward, and no longer stay  
In this great picture-gallery of Death!  
I hate it! I say, the very thought of it!

*Elsie* Why is it hateful to you?

*Prince Henry* For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of life,  
is lovely,

And death, and all that speaks of  
death, is hateful

*Elsie* The grave itself is but a  
covered bridge

Leading from light to light, through a  
brief darkness!

*Prince Henry* (emerging from the  
bridge) I breathe again more  
freely! Ah, how pleasant

To come once more into the light of  
day,

Out of that shadow of death! To hear  
again

The hoof beats of our horses on firm  
ground,

And not upon those hollow planks,  
resounding

With a sepulchral echo like the clods  
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder

lies  
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns,  
apparelled

In light, and lingering, like a village  
maiden,

Hid in the bosom of her native moun-  
tains,

Then pouring all her life into another's,  
Changing her name and being! Over-

heard,  
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,  
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines

(*They pass on*)

*The Devil's Bridge* PRINCE HENRY  
and ELSIE crossing, with attendants

*Guide* This bridge is called the  
Devil's Bridge

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,  
It leaps across the terrible chasm

Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
As if, in some convulsive spasm,

The summits of the hills had cracked,  
And made a road for the catract,

That raves and rages down the steep!  
*Lucifer* (under the bridge) Ha! ha!

*Guide* Never any bridge but this  
Could stand across the wild abyss,

All the rest, of wood or stone,  
By the Devil's hand were overthrown

He toppled crags from the precipice,  
And whatsoever was built by day  
In the night was swept away,  
None could stand but this alone.

*Lucifer (under the bridge)* Ha! ha!  
*Guide* I showed you in the valley a  
boulder

Marked with the imprint of his shoulder,

As he was bearing it up this way,  
A peasant passing, cried 'Herr Jell!  
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,  
And vanished suddenly out of sight!

*Lucifer (under the bridge)* Ha! ha!  
*Guide* Abbot Giraldu of Einsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last, with a single arch,  
Under which, on its endless march,  
Runs the river, white with foam  
Like a thread through the eye of a  
needle

And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which  
crossed

Should be surrendered into his hand,  
And be beyond redemption lost  
*Lucifer (under the bridge)* Ha! ha!  
perdition!

*Guide* At length the bridge being  
all completed,  
The Abbot standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after  
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of  
laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated!

(*They pass on*)

*Lucifer (under the bridge)* Ha! ha!  
defeated!

For journeys and for crimes like this  
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss!

### *The St. Gothard Pass*

*Prince Henry* This is the highest  
point. Two ways the rivers  
Leap down to different seas and as  
they roll  
Grow deep and still, and their majestic  
presence

Becomes a benefaction to the towns  
They visit wandering silently among  
them

Like patriarchs old among their  
shining tents

*Elsie* How bleak and bare it is!  
Nothing but mosses  
Grow on these rocks

*Prince Henry* Yet are they  
not forgotten,  
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to  
feed them

*Elsie* See yonder little cloud, that,  
borne aloft  
So tenderly by 'the wind, floats fast  
away

Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me  
The body of St. Catherine, borne by  
angels!

*Prince Henry* Thou art St.  
Catherine and invisible angels  
Bear thee across these chasms and pre-  
cipices,

Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet  
against a stone!

*Elsie* Would I were borne unto my  
grave as she was,  
Upon angelic shoulders! Even now  
I seem uplifted by them, light as air!  
What sound is that?

*Prince Henry* The tumbling ava-  
lanches!

*Elsie* How awful, yet how beauti-  
ful!

*Prince Henry* These are  
The voices of the mountains! Thus  
they open  
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each  
other,

In the primeval language, lost to man  
*Elsie* What land is this that spreads  
itself beneath us?

*Prince Henry* Italy! Italy!  
*Elsie* Land of the Madonna!  
How beautiful it is! It seems a garden  
Of Paradise!

*Prince Henry* Nay, of Gethsemane  
To thee and me, of passion and of  
prayer!

Yet once of Paradise Long years ago  
I wandered as a youth among its  
bowers,

And never from my heart has faded  
quite [sunset,  
Its memory, that, like a summer  
Eneides with a ring of purple light  
All the horizon of my youth

*Ginae* O friends!  
The days are short, the way before us  
long, [reach  
We must not linger, if we think to  
The inn at Belinzona before vesper!

(*They pass on*)

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

*At the foot of the Alps A halt under  
the trees at noon*

*Prince Henry* Here let us pause a  
moment in the trembling  
Shadow and sunshine of the roadside  
trees,  
And, our tired horses in a group  
assembling,  
Inhale long draughts of this delicious  
breeze  
Our fleet steeds have distanced our  
attendants,  
They lag behind us with a slower  
pace,  
We will await them under the green  
pendants  
Of the great willows in this shady  
place  
Ho,, Barbarossa! how thy mottled  
haunches  
Sweat with this canter over hill and  
glade!  
Stand still, and let these overhanging  
branches  
Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee  
with shade!

*Elsie* What a delightful landscape  
spreads before us,  
Marked with a whitewashed cottage  
here and there!  
And, in luxuriant garlands drooping  
o'er us,  
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the  
sunny air

*Prince Henry* Hark! What sweet  
sounds are those, whose accents  
holy  
Fill the warm noon with music sad  
and sweet!

*Isie* It is a band of pilgrims  
moving slowly [feet  
On their long journey, with uncovered

*Pilgrims (chanting the Hymn of St  
Hildebert)*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
Sion David urbs tranquilla,  
Cujus faber auctor lucis  
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,  
Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
Cujus cives semper læti,  
Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

*Lucifer (as a Friar in the procession)*  
Here am I, too, in the pious  
band,  
In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite  
dressed!

429

The soles of my feet are as hard and  
tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hilde-  
brand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives  
Of the bishops lead such shameful lives  
All day long I beat my breast  
And chant with a most particular zest  
The Latin hymns, which I understand  
Quite as well, I think, as the rest.

And at night such lodging in barns  
and sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
Such a clatter of tongues in empty  
heads

Such a helter skelter of prayers and  
sins!

Of all the contrivances of the time  
For sowing broadcast the seeds of  
crime,

There is none so pleasing to me and  
mine

As a pilgrimage to some far off shrine!

*Prince Henry* If from the outward  
man we judge the inner  
And cleanliness is godliness, I fear  
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened  
sinner,

Must be that Carmelite now passing  
near

*Lucifer* There is my German Prince  
again,

Thus far on his journey to Salerno,  
And the lovesick girl, whose heated  
brain,

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain  
But it's a long road that has no turn!  
Let them quietly hold their way,

I have also a part in the play  
But first I must act to my heart's con-  
tent

This mummery and this merriment  
And drive this motley flock of sheep  
Into the fold where drink and sleep  
The jolly old friars of Benevent  
Of a truth it often provokes me to  
laugh

To see these beggars hobble along,  
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon  
chaff,

Chanting their wonderful puff and puff,  
And, to make up for not understand-  
ing the song,

Singing it fiercely, and wild, and  
strong!

Were it not for my magic garters and  
staff, [quaff,

And the goblets of goodly wine I

And the mischief I make in the idle  
throng,  
I should not continue the business  
long

*Pilgrims (chanting)*  
In hinc urbe lux solennis,  
Ver eternum pax perennis,  
In hac odor implens celos  
In hac semper festum nicos!

*Prince Henry* Do you observe that  
monk among the train,  
Who pours from his great throat the  
roaring brass,  
As a cathedral spout pours out the  
rain,  
And this way turns his rubicund  
round face?

*Else* It is the same who, on the  
Strasburg square,

Preached to the people in the open air  
*Prince Henry* And he has crossed  
o'er mountain field and fell,  
On that good steed that seems to  
bear him well

The hackney of the Friars of Orders  
Grey

His own stout legs! He, too, was in  
the play,

Both as King Herod and Ben Israel  
Good morrow Friar!

*Friar Cuthbert* Good morrow,  
noble sir!

*Prince Henry* I speak in German,  
for unless I err,

You are a German

*Friar Cuthbert* I cannot gainsay  
you

But by what instinct, or what secret  
sign,

Meeting me here, do you straightway  
divine

That northward of the Alps my  
country lies?

*Prince Henry* Your recent, like St.  
Peter's, would betray you,

Did not your yellow beard and your  
blue eyes

Moreover, we have seen your face be-  
fore,

And heard you preach at the cathedral  
door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg  
square,

We were among the crowd that  
gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with  
great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many years

To walk with little children, your own  
will

Had caught a childish attitude from  
theirs,

A kind of stooping in its form and gait  
And could no longer stand erect and  
straight

Whence come you now?

*Friar Cuthbert* I join the old  
monastery

Of Hirsclau, in the forest, being sent  
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,

To see the image of the Virgin Mary,  
That moves its holy eyes and some  
times speaks,

And lets the piteous tears run down  
its cheeks,

To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

*Prince Henry* O had I faith, as in  
the days gone by,

That knew no doubt, and feared no  
mystery!

*Lucifer (at a distance)* Ho, Cuth-  
bert! *Friar Cuthbert*

*Friar Cuthbert* Farewell Prince!

I cannot try to argue and convince  
*Prince Henry* This is indeed the

blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Re-  
deemer!

All hearts are touched and softened at  
her name,

Alike the bandit, with the bloody  
hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar, and  
the peasant

The man of deeds, the visionary  
dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever pre-  
sent!

And even as children, who have much  
offended

A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
Penitent and yet not daring un-  
attended

To go into his presence at the gate  
Speak with their sister, and confiding

wait

Till she goes in before and intercedes,  
So men repenting of their evil deeds

And yet not venturing rashly to draw  
near

With their requests an angry Father's  
ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their  
confession

And she for them in heaven makes in-  
tercession.





*At Sea*

*Il Padrone* 'The wind upon our  
quarter lies,

And on before the freshening gale  
That fills the snow-white lateen sail  
Swiftly our light felucca flies  
Around the billows burst and foam,  
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,  
They beat her sides with many a shock  
And then upon their flowing dome  
They poise her like a weathercock  
Between us and the western skies  
The hills of Corsica arise,  
Eastward in yonder long, blue line  
The summits of the Apennine  
And southward, and still far away,  
Salerno on its sunny bay  
You cannot see it, where it lies

*Prince Henry* Ah would that never  
more mine eyes

Might see its towers by night or day!

*Elise* Behind us dark and awfully,  
There comes a cloud o' the sea,  
That bears the form of a hunted deer  
With hide of brown and hoofs of black  
And antlers hid upon its back  
And fleeing fast and wild with fear  
As if the hounds were on its trail!

*Prince Henry* Lo! while we gaze  
it breaks and falls

In shapeless masses like the walls  
Of a burnt city Broad and red  
The fires of the descending sun  
Glare through the windows and o'er  
head,

Athwart the vapours dense and dun,  
Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
Like rafters that support the skies!

*Elise* See! from its summit the  
lurid levin

Flashes downward without warning,  
As Lucifer son of the morning,  
Fell from the battlements of heaven!

*Il Padrone* I must entreat you,  
friends, below!

The angry storm begins to blow  
For the weather changes with the  
moon

All this morning until noon  
We had baffling winds and sudden  
flaws

Struck the sea with their cat's paws  
Only a little hour ago  
I was whistling to Saint Antonio  
For a capful of wind to fill our sail  
And instead of a breeze he has sent a  
gale

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,  
With their glimmering lanterns all at  
play

On the tops of the masts and the tips  
of the spars

And I knew we should have foul  
weather to-day

Cheerly my heartier I yet leave ho!  
Prail up the main-mast and let her go  
As the winds will and Saint Antonio!

Do you see that I wore a felucca,  
That veiled to the windward yonder,  
Kunming with her gun-vale under?  
I was looking at her the wind o'ertook  
her

She had all sail set, and the only  
wonder

Is that at over the strength of the blast  
Did not carry away her mast

She is a galley of the Gran Duca  
That through the fear of the Alger  
rares

Conveys those heavy brigantines  
Laden with wine and oil from Iccia.

Now all is ready, high and low,  
Boys how good Saint Antonio!

That! that is the first dash of the ram  
With a sprinkle of spray above the  
ralls

Just enough to moisten our sails  
And make them ready for the strain.

See how the heap is the blast o'er  
take her

And speeds away with a bone in her  
mouth!

Now keep her head to wind the south  
And there is no danger of bank or  
breaker

With the breeze behind us on we go,  
Not too much good Saint Antonio!

VI

*The School of Salerno* A travelling  
Scholarship affixing his thesis to the  
gate of the College

*Scholarship* There, that is my grant  
let my banner my shield  
Hung up as a challenge to all the field!  
One hundred and twenty-five propo-  
sitions,  
Which I will maintain with the sword  
of the tongue  
Against all disputants, old and young

Let us see if doctors or dialecticians  
Will dare to dispute my definitions,  
Or attack any one of my learned theses  
Here stand I, the end shall be as God  
pleases

I think I have proved, by profound  
researches,

The error of all those doctrines so  
vicious

Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,  
That are making such terrible work in  
the churches,

By Michael the Stammerer sent from  
the East,

And done into Latin by that Scottish  
beast,

Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to  
maintain

In the face of the truth, and error  
infernal,

That the universe is and must be  
eternal,

At first laying down, as a fact funda-  
mental,

That nothing with God can be acci-  
dental,

Then asserting that God before the  
creation

Could not have existed, because it is  
plun

That, had he existed, he would have  
erected,

Which is begging the question that  
should be debated,

And moveth me less to anger than  
laughter

All nature he holds, is a respiration  
Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing,

hereafter,

Will inhale it into his bosom again,  
So that nothing but God alone will  
remain

And therein he contradicteth himself,  
For he opens the whole discussion by  
stating,

That God can only exist in creating  
That question I think I have laid on  
the shelf!

(He goes out Two Doctors come in  
disputing, and followed by pupils)

*Doctor Serafino* I, with the Doctor  
Seraphic, maintain,

That a word which is only conceived  
in the brain

Is a type of eternal Generation,  
The spoken word is the Incarnation

*Doctor Cherubino* What do I care  
for the Doctor Seraphic,  
With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

*Doctor Serafino* You make but a  
paltry show of resistance,

Universals have no real existence!

*Doctor Cherubino* Your words are  
but idle and empty chatter,

Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

*Doctor Serafino* May the Lord have  
mercy on your position,

You wretched, wrangling culler of  
herbs!

*Doctor Cherubino* May he send your  
soul to eternal perdition,

For your treatise on the Irregular  
Verbs!

(They rush out fighting Two Scholars  
come in)

*First Scholar* Monte Cassino, then?  
is your College, [Salern,

What think you of ours here at  
*Second Scholar* To tell the truth, I

arrived so lately  
I hardly yet have had time to discern

So much at least, I am bound to ac-  
knowledge [stately,

The air seems healthy, the buildings  
And on the whole I like it greatly

*First Scholar* Yes, the air is sweet  
the Calabrian hills

Send us down puffs of mountain air,  
And in summer time the sea-breeze  
fills

With its coolness cloister and court  
and square.

Then at every season of the year  
There are crowds of guests and  
travellers here,

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and  
traders

From the Levant with figs and wine,  
And bands of wounded and sick Cru-  
saders,

Coming back from Palestine  
*Second Scholar* And what are the

studies you pursue?  
What is the course you here go  
through?

*First Scholar* The first three years  
of the college course

Are given to Logic alone, as the source  
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

*Second Scholar* That seems rather  
strange, I must confess, [less

In a Medical School, yet neverthe-  
You doubtless have reasons for that.

*First Scholar* Oh yes !  
For none but a clever dilettician  
Can hope to become a great physician,  
That has been settled long ago  
Logic makes an important part  
Of the mystery of the healing art,  
For without it how could you hope to  
show

That nobody knows so much as you  
know ?

After this there are five years more  
Devoted wholly to medicine,  
With lectures on surgical lore,  
And dissections of the bodies of swine,  
As likest the human form divine

*Second Scholar* What are the books  
now most in vogue ?

*First Scholar* Quite an extensive  
catalogue,

Mostly however books of our own,  
As Gariopontus Passionarius,  
And the writings of Matthew Platerius,

And a volume universally known  
As the Regimen of the School of  
Salern,

For Robert of Normandy written in  
terse

And very elegant Latin verse  
Each of these writings has its turn  
And when at length we have finished  
these

Then comes the struggle for degrees  
With all the oldest and ablest critics,  
The public thesis and disputation  
Question and answer and exploration  
Of a passage out of Hippocrates,  
Or Aristotle's Analytics

There the triumphant Magister  
stands !

A book is solemnly placed in his  
On which he swears to follow the rule  
And ancient forms of the good old  
School,

To report if any confectionarius  
Mingles his drugs with matters various  
And to visit his patients twice a day,  
And once in the night, if they live in  
town,

And if they are poor, to take no pay  
Having faithfully promised these,  
His head is crowned with a laurel  
crown,

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his  
hand,

The Magister Artium et Physicis  
Goes forth from the school like a lord  
of the land

And now, as we have the whole morn-  
ing before us,

Let us go in, if you make no objec-  
tion,

And listen awhile to a learned prelec-  
tion

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus

(*They go in Enter LUCIFER as a  
doctor*)

*Lucifer* This is the great School of  
Salern !

A land of wrangling and of quarrels,  
Of brains that seethe and hearts that  
burn,

Where every emulous scholar hears,  
In every breath that comes to his ears,  
The rustling of another's laurels !

The air of the place is called salu-  
brious,

Theneighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it  
An odour volcanic, that rather mends  
it

And the buildings have an aspect lugu-  
brious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and ter-  
ror  
Into the heart of the beholder,

And befits such an ancient homestead  
of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder and  
smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands  
Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,  
And sown like tires in the field of  
truth,

To blossom and ripen in other lands

What have we here affixed to the  
gate ?

The challenge of some scholastic  
wight,

Who wishes to hold a public debate  
On sundry questions wrong or right !

Ah now this is my great delight !  
For I have often observed of late

That such discussions end in a fight.  
Let us see what the learned wag  
maintains

With such a prodigal waste of brains

(*Rebids*)

"Whether angels in moving from  
place to place

Pass through the intermediate space,  
Whether God himself is the author of  
evil,

Or whether that is the work of the  
Devil,

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

When, where, and wherefore Lucifer  
fell, [hell  
And whether he now is chained in  
I think I can answer that question  
well I

So long as the boastful human mind  
Consents in such mills as this to grind,  
I sit very firmly upon my throne I  
Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,  
To see men leaving the golden grain  
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
That old Peter Lombard thrashed  
with his brain,  
To have it caught up and tossed again  
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne I

But my guests approach I there is in  
the air [Garden  
A fragrance like that of the Beautiful  
Of Paradise, in the days that were I  
An odour of innocence, and of prayer,  
And of love, and faith that never fails,  
Such as the fresh young heart exhales  
Before it begins to wither and harden I  
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere I  
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,  
That, after all my trouble and pain,  
After all my restless endeavour,  
The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,  
The most ethereal, most divine,  
Will escape from my hands for ever  
and ever

But the other is already mine I  
Let him live to corrupt his race,  
Breathing among them with every  
breath,  
Weakness, selfishness, and the base  
And pusillanimous fear of death  
I know his nature, and I know  
That of all who in my ministry  
Wander the great earth to and fro,  
And on my errands come and go,  
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,  
with attendants)

*Prince Henry* Can you direct us to  
Friar Angelo?

*Lucifer* He stands before you.

*Prince Henry* Then you know our  
purpose [this  
I am Prince Henry of Hohenbeck, and  
The maiden that I spoke of in my  
letters

*Lucifer* It is a very grave and  
solemn business I

We must not be precipitate Does she  
Without compulsion, of her own free  
will,

Consent to this?

*Prince Henry* Against all opposi-  
tion,  
Against all prayers, entreaties, protes-  
tations

She will not be persuaded

*Lucifer* That is strange I  
Have you thought well of it?

*Elsie* I come not here  
To argue, but to die Your business  
is not

To question, but to kill me I am  
ready

I am impatient to be gone from here  
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb  
again

The spirit of tranquillity within me

*Prince Henry* Would I had not  
come here! Would I were  
dead,

And thou wert in thy cottage in the  
forest,

And hadst not known me! Why have  
I done this?

Let me go back and die.

*Elsie* It cannot be,  
Not if these cold, flat stones on which  
we tread

Were coulters heated white, and  
yonder gateway

Flamed like a furnace with a seven-  
fold heat.

I must fulfil my purpose

*Prince Henry* I forbid it,  
Not one step farther For I only  
meant

To put thus far thy courage to the  
proof

It is enough I, too, have strength  
to die,

For thou hast taught me I

*Elsie* O my Prince I remember  
Your promises Let me fulfil my  
errand

You do not look on life and death as  
I do

There are two angels that attend  
unseen

Each one of us, and in great books  
record

Our good and evil deeds He who  
writes down

The good ones, after every action  
closes [God

His volume, and ascends with it to

The other keeps his dreadful day-  
book open  
Till sunset, that we may repent, which  
doing,

The record of the action sides away,  
And leaves a line of white across the  
page.

Now if my net be good as I believe,  
It cannot be recalled. It is already  
Scaled up in heaven as a good deed  
accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I  
am ready.

(To her attendants)

Weep not my friends! rather rejoice  
with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be  
gone, [Heaven]

And you will have another friend in  
Then start not at the creaking of the  
door.

Through which I pass. I see what  
lies beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY)

And you O Prince! bear back my  
benison

Unto my father's house, and all within  
it.

This morning in the church I prayed  
for them.

After confession, after absolution,  
When my whole soul was white, I  
prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they need  
me not.

And in your life let my remembrance  
linger,

As something not to trouble and  
disturb it,

But to complete it, adding life to life.

And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other  
faces,

Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a  
guest that loves you.

Nay, even as one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there were  
something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

Prince Henry. I fear Angelo! I  
charge you on your life,

Believe not what she says, for she is  
mad,

And comes here not to die, but to be  
healed.

Else. Alas! Prince Henry!

Lucifer. Come with me, this  
very

(*ELISE goes in with LUCIFER, who  
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and  
closes the door.*)

Prince Henry. Gone! and the light  
of all my life gone with her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the  
world!

O what a vile and abject thing am I  
That purchase length of days at such  
a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the  
death

Of all that's good and true and noble  
in me!

All manhood, excellence, and self  
respect,

All love, and faith and hope, and  
heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature  
By this one act is forfeited for ever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

(To the attendants)

Why did you let this horrible deed be  
done?

Why did you not lay hold on her and  
keep her [detest]

From self-destruction? Angelo! mur-  
(*Struggles at the door, but cannot  
open it.*)

Else. (*within*) Farewell dear  
Prince! farewell!

Prince Henry. Unbar the door!

Lucifer. It is too late!

Prince Henry. It shall not be too  
late!

(*They burst the door open and rush in.*)

*The Collare in the Odenwald* **URSULA**  
spinning Summer afternoon. A  
table spread.

Ursula. I have marked it well,—it  
must be true,—

Death never takes one alone, but two!

Whenever he enters in at a door,  
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,

He always leaves it upon the latch  
And comes again ere the year is over.

Never one of a household only!  
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,

Lest the dead there under the sod,  
In the land of strangers, should be  
lonely!

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!  
It is hard to go,—but harder to stay!  
Were it not for the children, I should  
pry

That Death would take me within the  
year!

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all day  
In the sunny field, or the forest mure,  
But I know that his thoughts are far  
away,

I know that his heart is not in his  
work!

And when he comes home to me at  
night

He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,  
And I see the great tears in his eyes,  
And try to be cheerful for his sake  
Only the children's hearts are light  
Mine is weary, and ready to break  
God help us! I hope we have done  
right,

We thought we were acting for the  
best!

(*Looking through the open door*)

Who is it coming under the trees?  
A man in the Prince's livery dressed!  
He looks about him with doubtful  
face

As if uncertain of the place  
He stops at the beehives,—now he  
sees

The garden gate, he is going past!  
Can he be afraid of the bees?  
No, he is coming in at last!  
He fills my heart with strange alarm!

(*Enter a Forester*)

*Forester* Is this the tenant Gottlieb's  
farm?

*Ursula* This is his farm, and I his  
wife

Pry sit. What may your business be?

*Forester* News from the Prince!

*Ursula* Of death or life?

*Forester* You put your questions  
eagerly!

*Ursula* Answer me, then! How  
is the Prince?

*Forester* I left him only two hours  
since

Homeward returning down the river,  
As strong and well as if God, the  
Giver,

Had given him back his youth again  
*Ursula* (*despairing*) Then Lisie,  
my poor child, is dead!

*Forester* That, my good woman, I  
have not said  
Don't cross the bridge till you come  
to it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent  
wit

*Ursula* Keep me no longer in this  
pain!

*Forester* It is true your daughter is  
no more,—

That is, the peasant she was before

*Ursula* Alas! I am simple and  
lowly bred,

I am poor, distracted, and forlorn,  
And it is not well that you of the court  
Should mock me thus, and make a  
sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is  
dead,

For you, too, were of mother born!

*Forester* Your daughter lives, and  
the Prince is well!

You will learn ere long how it all befell  
Her heart for a moment never failed,  
But when they reached Salerno's gate,  
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,  
And saved her for a nobler fate.

And he was healed, in his despair,  
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred  
bones,

Though I think the long ride in the  
open air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and  
stones,

In the miracle must come in for a  
share!

*Ursula* Virgin! who lovest the  
poor and lowly,

If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
Can ever ascend to where thou art,  
Into thy blessed hands and holy  
Receive my prayer of praise and  
thanksgiving!

Let the hands that bore our Saviour  
bear it

Into the awful presence of God,  
For thy feet with holiness are shod,  
And if thou bearest it he will hear it  
Our child who was dead again is  
living!

*Forester* I did not tell you she was  
dead,

If thou thought so 'twas no fault of  
mine

At this very moment, while I speak,  
They are sailing homeward down the  
Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow,



And decked with banners white and red

As the colours on your daughter's cheek.

They call her the lady Alien now  
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow  
That Elsie only could he wed

*Ursula* Jesu Maria! what a change  
All seems to me so weird and strange!

*Forsier* I saw her standing on the deck

Beneath an awning cool and shady,  
Her cap of velvet could not hold  
The tresses of her hair of gold  
That flowed and floated like the stream,  
And fell in masses down her neck.

As fair and lovely did she

As in a story or a dream

Some beautiful and foreign lady

And the Prince looked so grand and proud

And waved his hand thus to the crowd

That gazed and shouted from the shore

All down the river, long and loud.

*Ursula* We shall behold our child  
once more,

She is not dead! She is not dead!

God listening must have overheard

The prayers, that, without sound or word

Our hearts in secrecy have said!

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

O, bring me to her, for mine eyes  
Are hungry to behold her face,  
My very soul within me cries,  
My very hands seem to caress her,  
To see her, gaze at her and bless her,  
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

(*Goes out toward the garden*)

*Forster* There goes the good  
woman out of her head,  
And Gottheb's supper is waiting here,  
A very capacious flagon of beer,  
And a very portentous loaf of bread  
One would say his grief did not much  
oppress him  
Here's to the health of the Prince God  
bless him!

(*He drinks*)

Hail it buzzes and stings like a hornet  
And what a scene there, through the  
door!  
The forest behind and the garden be-  
fore,  
And midway an old man of threescore,  
With a wife and children that caress  
him  
Let me try still further to cheer and  
adorn it  
With a merry echoing blast of my  
cornet!

(*Goes out blowing his horn*)

*The Castle of Voutsberg on the Rhine*  
PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE stand-  
ing on the terrace at evening The  
sound of bells heard from a distance

*Prince Henry* We are alone. The  
wedding guests  
Ride down the hill, with plumes and  
cloaks,  
And the descending dark invests  
The Niederwald, and all the nests  
Among its hoar and haunted oaks  
*Elsie* What bells are those, that  
ring so slow,  
So mellow musical and low?

*Prince Henry* They are the bells of  
Gusenheim,

That with their melancholy chime  
Ring out the curfew of the sun

*Elsie* Listen beloved

*Prince Henry* They are done  
Dear Elsie! many years ago  
Those same soft bells at eventide  
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,

As, seated by Fastrada's side  
At Ingelheim, in all his pride  
He heard their sound with secret pain  
*Elsie* Their voices only speak to  
me

Of peace and deep tranquillity  
And endless confidence in thee

*Prince Henry* Thou knowest the  
story of her ring

How, when the court went back to  
Aix

Fastrada died, and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day,  
Till into one of the blue lakes  
Which water that delicious land  
They cast the ring drawn from her  
hand,

And the great monarch sat serene  
And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land for evermore

*Elsie* That was true love

*Prince Henry* For him the queen  
Never did what thou hast done for me

*Elsie* Wilt thou as fond and faithful  
be?

Wilt thou so love me after death?

*Prince Henry* In life's delight, in  
death's dismay,

In storm and sunshine night and day,  
In health in sickness in decay,  
Here and hereafter I am thine!

Thou hast Fastrada's ring Beneath  
The calm blue waters of thine eyes  
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
And, undisturbed by this world's  
breath

With magic light its jewels shine!  
This golden ring, which thou hast  
worn

Upon thy finger since the morn,  
Is but a symbol and a semblance  
An outward fashion, a remembrance,  
Of what thou wearest within unseen,  
O my Fastrada O my queen!  
Behold! the hill tops all aglow  
With purple and with amethyst,  
While the whole valley deep below  
Is filled and seems to overflow,  
With a fast-rising tide of mist  
The evening air grows damp and chill,  
Let us go in

*Elsie* Ah not so soon  
See yonder fire! it is the moon  
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill

It glimmers on the forest tips,  
And through the dewy foliage drips  
In little rivulets of light, [night  
And makes the heart in love with



*Prince Henry* Oft on this terrace,  
 when the day  
 Was closing, have I stood and gazed  
 And seen the landscape fade away,  
 And the white vapours rise and drown  
 Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,  
 While far above the hill-tops blazed  
 But then another hand than thine  
 Was gently held and clasped in mine,  
 Another head upon my breast  
 Was laid, as thine is now at rest.  
 Why dost thou lift those tender eyes  
 With so much sorrow and surprise?  
 A minstrel's not a maiden's hand,  
 Was that which in my own was pressed  
 A manly form usurped thy place,  
 A beautiful but bearded face,  
 That now is in the Holy Land,  
 Yet in my memory from afar  
 Is shining on us like a star  
 But linger not. For while I speak,  
 A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
 The cold mist climbs the castle wall,  
 And lays his hand upon thy cheek!

(*They go in*)

~~~~~  
 EPILOGUE

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS  
 ASCENDING

*The Angel of Good Deeds* (with  
*closed book*) God sent his  
 messenger the rain

And said unto the mountain brook,  
 "Rise up and from thy caverns look  
 And leap, with naked snow-white feet,  
 From the cool hills into the heat  
 Of the broad, arid plain

God sent his messenger of faith,  
 And whispered in the maiden's heart  
 "Rise up and look from where thou  
 And scatter with unselfish hands [art,  
 Thy freshness on the barren sands  
 And solitudes of death  
 O beauty of holiness,  
 Of self forgetfulness of lowliness!  
 O power of meekness,  
 Whose very gentleness and weakness  
 Are like the yielding, but irresistible  
 Upon the pages [art!

Of the sealed volume that I bear  
 The deed divine  
 Is written in characters of gold,  
 That never shall grow old,  
 But through all ages  
 Burn and shine,

With soft effulgence!  
 O God! it is thy indulgence  
 That fills the world with the bliss  
 Of a good deed like this!

*The Angel of Evil Deeds* (with open  
*book*) Not yet, not yet

Is the red sun wholly set,  
 But evermore recedes,  
 While open still I bear  
 The Book of Evil Deeds,  
 To let the breathings of the upper air  
 Visit its pages and erase  
 The records from its face!  
 Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
 In the broad blaze  
 The glimmering landscape shines,  
 And below me the black river  
 Is hidden by wreaths of vapour!  
 Fainter and fainter the black lines  
 Begin to quiver  
 Along the whitening surface of the  
 paper,  
 Shade after shade  
 The terrible words grow faint and fade,  
 And in their place  
 Runs a white space!

Down goes the sun!  
 But the soul of one,  
 Who by repentance  
 Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
 Shines bright below me as I look.  
 It is the end!  
 With closed book  
 To God do I ascend.

Lo! I over the mountain steeps  
 A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
 Beneath my feet,  
 A blackness inwardly brightening  
 With sullen heat,  
 As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning  
 And a cry of lamentation,  
 Repeated and again repeated,  
 Deep and loud  
 As the reverberation  
 Of cloud answering unto cloud  
 Swells and rolls away in the distance,  
 As if the sheeted  
 Lightning retreated,  
 Baffled and thwarted by the wind's  
 resistance.

It is Lucifer,  
 The son of mystery,  
 And since God suffers him to be,  
 He, too, is God's minister,  
 And labours for some good  
 By us not understood!



## SECOND INTERLUDE

MARTIN LUTHER

*A Chamber in the Wartburg Morning*  
MARTIN LUTHER, writing

*Martin Luther* OUR God, a Tower  
of Strength is he,  
A goodly wall and weapon,  
From all our need he helps us free,  
That now to us doth happen  
The old evil foe  
Doth in earnest grow,  
In grim armour dight,  
Much guile and great might,  
On earth there is none like him  
O yes, a tower of strength indeed,  
A present help in all our need,  
A sword and buckler is our God.  
Innocent men have walked unshod  
O'er burning ploughshares, and have  
trod  
Unharm'd on serpents in their path,  
And laugh'd to scorn the Devil's  
wrath!

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand  
Where God hath led me by the hand,  
And look down with a heart at ease,  
Over the pleasant neighbourhoods,  
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,  
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,

With castles crowning the dizzy heights,  
And farms and pastoral delights,  
And the morning pouring everywhere  
Its golden glory on the air  
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,  
Safe from the overwhelming blast  
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed  
me fast,  
And the howling demons of despair  
That hunted me like a beast to his lair

Of our own might we nothing can,  
We soon are unprotected,  
There fighteth for us the right Man,  
Whom God himself elected,  
Who is he? ye exclaim,  
Christus is his name,  
Lord of Sabaoth,  
Very God in truth,

The field he holds for ever

Nothing can vex the Devil more  
Than the name of Him whom we adore  
Therefore doth it delight me best  
To stand in the choir among the rest,  
With the great organ trumpeting  
Through its metallic tubes and sing  
*Et Verbum caro factum est!*  
These words the Devil cannot endure,  
For he knoweth their meaning well!  
Him they trouble and repel,  
Us they comfort and allure,

And happy it were if our delight  
Were as great as his affright !  
Yea, music is the Prophets art ,  
Among the gifts that God hath sent,  
One of the most magnificent !  
It calms the agitated heart ,  
Temptations, evil thoughts, and all  
The passions that disturb the soul,  
Are quelled by its divine control  
As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,  
And his distemper was allayed,  
When David took his harp and played

This world may full of devils be,  
All ready to devour us ,  
Yet not so sore afraid are we,  
They shall not overpower us  
This World's Prince howe'er  
Fierce he may appear,  
He can harm us not  
He is doomed, God wot !  
One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some  
And to myself a mystery,  
That such weak flesh and blood as we,  
Armed with no other shield or sword,  
Or other weapon than the Word,  
Should combat and should overcome  
A spirit powerful as he !  
He summons forth the Pope of Rome  
With all his diabolic crew,  
His shorn and shaven retinue  
Of priests and children of the dark ,  
Kill ! kill ! they cry the Heresiarch  
Who rouseth up all Christendom  
Against us and at one fell blow  
Seeks the whole Church to overthrow !  
Not yet , my hour is not yet come

Yesterday in an idle mood,  
Hunting with others in the wood,  
I did not pass the hours in vain,  
For in the very heart of all  
The joyous tumult raised around  
Shouting of men and baying of hound  
And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,  
And echoes answering back again  
From crags of the distant mountain  
chain —

In the very heart of this I found  
A mystery of grief and pain  
It was an image of the power  
Of Satan hunting the world about,  
With his nets and traps and well  
trained dogs,  
His bishops and priests and theologues  
And all the rest of the rabble rout  
Seeking whom he may devour !

Enough have I had of hunting hares,  
Enough of these hours of idle mirth,  
Enough of nets and traps and guns !  
The only hunting of any worth  
Is where I can pierce with javelins  
The cunning foxes and wolves and  
bears,

The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,  
The Roman Pope and the Roman  
priests

That sorely infest and afflict the earth  
Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air !  
The fowler hath caught you in his  
snare,

And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,  
Singing the song that never tires,  
To lure down others from their nests,  
How ye flutter and beat your breasts,  
Warm and soft with young desires,  
Against the cruel pitiless wires,  
Reclaiming your lost heritage !  
Behold ! a hand unbars the door,  
Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,  
And little thanks they merit !  
For He is with us in the land,  
With gifts of his own Spirit !

Though they take our life,  
Goods, honours, child and wife,  
Let these pass away,  
Little gain have they ,

The Kingdom still remaineth !

Yea, it remaineth for evermore,  
However Satan may rage and roar,  
Though often he whispers in my ears  
What if thy doctrines false should be?  
And wrings from me a bitter sweat.  
Then I put him to flight with jeers,  
Saying Saint Satan I pray for thee ,  
If thou thinkest I am not saved yet !

And my mortal foes that he in wait  
In every avenue and gate !  
As to that odious monk John Tetzel  
Hawking about his hollow wares  
Like a huckster at village fairs,  
And those mischievous fellows Wetzel  
Campanus Cristadt Martin, Cell-  
And all the busy, multifarious Arius,  
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,  
Half-learned dunce bold, dry and  
hard,

They are not worthy of my regard,  
Poor and humble as I am  
But ah ! Erasmus of Rotterdam,  
He is the vilest miscreant  
That ever walked this world below !

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

A Momus, making his mock and mow  
At Papist and at Protestant,  
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,  
At God and Man, at one and all,  
And yet as hollow and false and drear,  
As a cracked pitcher to the ear,  
And ever growing worse and worse  
Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse  
On Erasmus, the Insincere!

Philip Melancthon! thou alone  
Faithful among the faithless known,  
Thee I hail, and only thee!  
Behold the record of us three!

*Res et vita Philippus,  
Res sine eris Lutherus,  
Erasmus - eris sine re!*

My Philip, primest thou for me?  
Lifted above all earthly care  
From these high regions of the air,

Among the birds that day and night  
Upon the branches of tall trees  
Sing their lauds and hymns,  
Praising God with all their might,  
My Philip, unto thee I write

My Philip! thou who knowest best  
All that is passing in this breast,  
The spiritual agonies,  
The inward depths the inward hell,  
And the divine new births as well,  
That surely follow after these,  
As after winter follows spring,  
My Philip, in the night time sing  
This song of the Lord I send to  
thee,

And I will sing it for thy sake  
Until our answering voices make  
A glorious antiphony  
And choral chant of victory!

## Birds of Passage.

' come I gru van cantando lor lai,  
facendo in aer se lunga via! — DANTE.

### FLIGHT THE FIRST

#### PROMETHEUS,

#### OR, THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT

OF Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympian shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted  
Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
Full of promptings and suggestions

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly  
portals

The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture — the despairing  
Cry of pain on erigs Caucasian

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer,  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearning  
In their passionate pulsations  
In their words among the nations  
The Promethean fire is burning

Shall it then be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture?  
Through the cloud rack, dark and  
trailing,

Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren erags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened,  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes  
By affliction touched and saddened

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories cluster,  
And on all their steps attendant  
Make their darkened lives resplendent  
With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness  
chanted,  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious  
Voices soft and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs that  
haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervour of invention  
With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven scaling!  
In such hours of exultation  
Even the funtest heart unquenching,  
Might behold the vulture sailing  
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given  
Strength for such sublime endeavour  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven  
All the hearts of men for ever,

Yet all birds whose hearts unblighted  
Honour and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted  
Gleaming through the realms benighted  
As they onward bear the message!

### THE LADDER OF ST AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou  
said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of  
shame!

All common things each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end  
Our pleasures and our discontents  
Are rounds by which we may ascend

The low desire, the base design  
That makes another's virtues less,  
The revel of the ruddy wine  
And all occasions of excess,

The longing for ignoble things,  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth,

The hardening of the heart that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds  
That have their root in thoughts of  
ill

Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will,—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain

We have not wings, we cannot soar,  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge like cleave the desert  
rivers

When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs

The distant mountains that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached  
and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast  
eyes

We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If rising on its wrecks at last  
To something nobler we attain

### THE PHANTOM SHIP

In Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting  
Were heavy with good men's  
prayers,

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—  
Thus prayed the old divine—  
"To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine!"

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath, said he,  
"This ship is so crank and walty,  
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from Eng-  
land,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel,  
Nor of Master Lamberton

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear

And at last their prayers were  
answered —  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below, [Master,  
And they knew it was Lamberton,  
Who sailed so long ago

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hull tilted and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their  
vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships,  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips

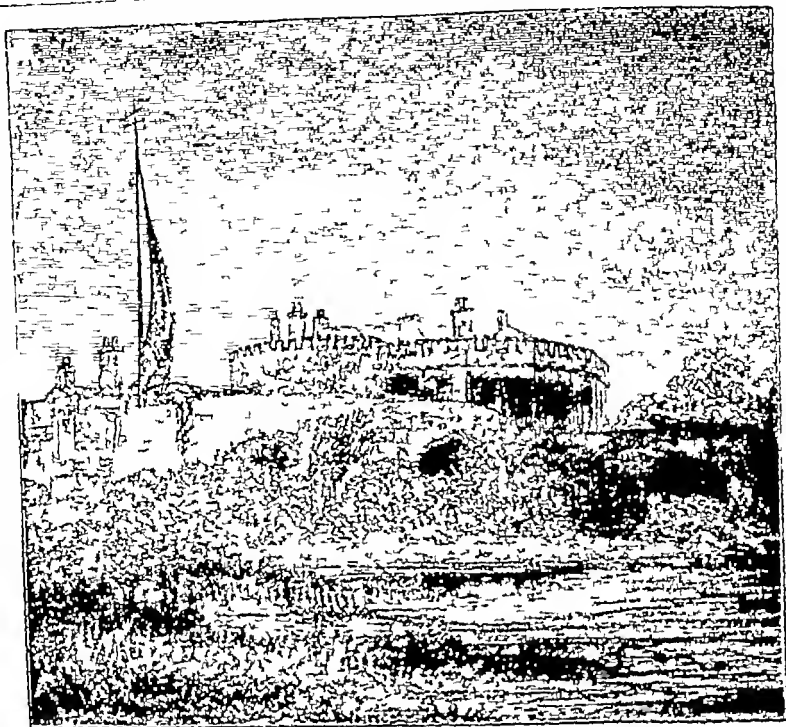
Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
The sea coast opposite

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel,  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,



No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call !

No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered darker grew and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar,  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead,  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead

HAUNTED HOUSES

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited, the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear,  
He but perceives what is, while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear

We have no title deeds to house or lands,  
*Owners and occupants of earlier dates*  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires,  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys  
And the more noble instinct that aspires

These perturbations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in our sky

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss

~~~~~  
IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE

IN the village churchyard she lies  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels,  
nor stirs,  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead  
But her dust is white as hers

Was she a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of  
ours?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all dowers?



Who shall tell us? No one speaks,  
No colour shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have asked,  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her  
side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and  
errors?

Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and de-  
spairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors!

### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
With his swarthy, grave comman-  
ders, I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flanders

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish leather,  
Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the  
weather

Thus as to and fro they went,  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest they spied a swallow

Yes, it was a swallow's nest  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedgerows east and west,  
After skirmish of the forces

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
'Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!'

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
Said he solemnly "nor hurt her!"  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
"Golondrina is my guest,  
Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread the  
rumour,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humour

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
Which the cannon shot had shat-  
tered

### THE TWO ANGELS

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke,  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,  
Alike their features and their robes of white,  
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending, at my door began to knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted me  
And now returned with threefold strength again

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice,  
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said,  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin,  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his,  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er,  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against his messengers to shut the door?

## DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

In broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay,  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,

And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain,  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT

How strange it seems ! These Hebrews in their graves,  
Close by the street of this fair seaport town  
Silent beside the never silent waves,  
At rest in all this moving up and down !

The trees are white with dust that o'er their sleep  
Wave their broad curtains in the south wind's breath,  
While underneath these leafy tents they sleep  
The long, mysterious shadows of Death

And these sepulchral stones so old and brown,  
That pave with level slabs their burial place  
Seem like the tablets of the Law thrown down  
And broken by Moses at the mountain base

The very names recorded here are strange,  
Of foreign accent, and of different climes,  
Alvares and Rivera intermingled  
With Abraham and Jacob of old times

"Blessed be God ! for he created Death !"  
The mourner said — and Death is rest and peace !  
Then added in the certainty of faith,  
"And giveth life that nevermore shall cease

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue  
No Psalms of David now the silence break  
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue  
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake

Gone are the living but the dead remain,  
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,  
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain  
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,  
What persecution, merciless and blind,  
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—  
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure  
Ghetto and Judenstrass in murk and mire,  
Taught in the school of patience to endure  
The life of anguish and the death of fire

All their lives long with the unleavened bread  
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears  
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,  
And slaked its thirst with marsh of their tears

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry  
That rang from town to town from street to street,  
At every gate the accursed Mordecai  
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet

Pride and humiliation hand in hand  
Walked with them through the world where'er they went,

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,  
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast  
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime  
And all the great traditions of the Past  
They saw reflected in the coming time

And thus for ever with reverted look  
The mystic volume of the world they read,  
Spelling it backward like a Hebrew book,  
Till life became a Legend of the Dead

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!  
The groaning earth in travail and in pain  
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,  
And the dead nations never rise again

### OLIVER BASSELIN

In the Valley of the Vire  
Still is seen an ancient mill,  
With its gables quaint and queer,  
And beneath the window sill,  
On the stone,  
These words alone  
"Oliver Basselin lived here

Far above it, on the steep  
Ruined stands the old Château,  
Nothing but the donjon keep  
Left for shelter or for show  
Its vacant eyes  
Stare at the skies,  
Stare at the valley green and deep

Once a convent, old and brown,  
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,  
From the neighbouring hillside down  
On the rushing and the roar  
Of the stream  
Whose sunny gleam  
Cheers the little Norman town

In that darksome mill of stone,  
To the water's dash and din,  
Careless, humble, and unknown  
Sang the Poet Basselin  
Songs that fill  
That ancient mill  
With a splendour of its own

Never feeling of unrest  
Broke the pleasant dream he  
dreamed  
Only made to be his nest  
All the lovely valley seemed,

No desire  
Of soaring higher  
Stirred or fluttered in his breast  
True, his songs were not divine  
Were not songs of that high  
art  
Which as winds do in the pine  
Find an answer in each heart,  
But the mirth  
Of this green earth  
Laughed and revelled in his line

From the alehouse and the inn,  
Opening on the narrow street,  
Came the loud, convivial din  
Singing and applause of feet,  
The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agincourt  
Watched and waited, spur on heel,  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang,  
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel

In the convent, clad in gray  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Pined the cloisters, knelt to pray  
And the poet heard their bells,  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes  
Nearer to the earth than they

Gone are all the barons bold  
Gone are all the knights and squires  
Gone the abbot stern and cold  
And the brotherhood of friars,  
Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part,  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a  
heart,  
Haunting still  
That ancient mill,  
In the Valley of the Vire

VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
Victor Galbraith!  
In the mist of the morning damp and  
gray  
These were the words they seemed to  
say  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came with a martial tread,  
Firm was his step, erect his head,  
Victor Galbraith!  
He who so well the bugle played  
Could not mistake the words it said,  
"Come forth to thy death,  
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at  
the sky  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
Victor Galbraith!  
And he said, with a steady voice and  
eye  
"Take good aim, I am ready to die!  
Thus challenges death  
Victor Galbraith!"

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight  
and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped,  
Victor Galbraith!  
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead,  
His name was not stamped on those  
balls of lead,  
And they only scathe  
Victor Galbraith!

Three balls are in his breast and  
brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith!  
The water he drinks has a bloody  
stain,  
"Oh kill me and put me out of my  
pain!"  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith!

I orth dart once more those tongues of  
flame  
And the bugler has died a death of  
shame  
Victor Galbraith!  
His soul has gone back to whence it  
came  
And no one answers to the name  
When the Sergeant saith  
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith!  
Through the mist of the valley damp  
and gray  
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,  
'That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith!"

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea,  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old  
town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long  
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its  
trees  
And catch in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far surrounding  
seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

I remember the black wharves and the  
slips,

And the sea tides tossing free,  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips  
And the beauty and mystery of the  
ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward  
song

Is singing and crying still

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill,

The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill

And the music of that old song

Throbs in my memory still

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"

I remember the sea fight far away,

How it thundered o'er the tide  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, overlooking the  
triquil bry,

Where they in battle died

And the sound of that mournful  
song

Goes through me with a thrill

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long  
long thoughts"

I can see the breezy dome of groves,

The shadows of Deering's Woods,  
And the friendships old and the early  
loves

Come back with a sabbath sound, as  
of doves

In quiet neighbourhoods

And the verse of that sweet old  
song,

It flutters and murmurs still

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"

I remember the gleams and glooms  
that dart

Across the school-boy's brain,  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in  
part

Are longings wild and vain

And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"

There are things of which I may not  
speak,

There are dreams that cannot die,  
There are thoughts that make the  
strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"

Strange to me now are the forms I  
meet

When I visit the dear old town.  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that overshadow each  
well known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"

And Deering's Woods are fresh and  
fair,

And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days  
that were,

I find my lost youth again

And the strange and beautiful  
song,

The groves are repeating it still

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts"



### THE ROPEWALK

In that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a row,

Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so  
thin

Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door,  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
Light the long and dusky lane,  
And the whirring of a wheel  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
All its spokes are in my brain

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
Glean the long threads in the  
sun,

While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
By the busy wheel are spun

Two fair maidens in a swing  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
First before my vision pass  
Laughing as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass

Then a booth of mountebanks  
With its smell of tin and plants  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness  
And a weary look of care

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well,  
As the bucket mounts and falls  
With it mounts her own fair face  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower  
Ringing loud the noontide hour  
While the rope coils round and  
round  
Like a serpent at his feet  
And again in swift retreat  
Nearly lifts him from the ground

Then within a prison ward  
Faces fixed and stern and hard  
Laughter and indecent mirth  
Ah! it is the gallows tree!  
Breath of Christian charity  
Blow and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school boy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light  
And an eager upward look,  
Steeds pursued through lane and  
field  
Fowls with their snares concealed,  
And an angler by a brook

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless  
sand,  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land

All these scenes do I behold,  
These and many left untold,  
In that building long and low,  
While the wheel goes round and  
round  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go



### THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees, their purple  
branches  
Spread themselves abroad like reefs  
of coral  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the  
village  
Like the Mæst in the Arabian story,  
Smoke columns  
Lower aloft into the air of amber

At the window winks the flickering  
fire-light  
Here and there the lamps of evening  
glimmer  
Social watch fires  
Answering one another through the  
darkness

On the hearth the lighted logs are  
glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree  
For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned  
in them

By the fireside there are old men  
seated  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can never restore  
them

By the fireside there are youthful  
dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately stair-  
ways,



Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give  
them

By the fireside tragedies are acted,  
In whose scenes appear two actors  
only,  
Wife and husband,  
And above them God the sole spec-  
tator

By the fireside there are peace and  
comfort,  
Wives and children, with fair, thought-  
ful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well known footstep in the pas-  
sage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden  
Mile-stone,  
Is the central point from which he  
measures

Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world  
around him

In his farthest wanderings still he  
sees it,  
Hears the talking flame, the answering  
night-wind  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were,  
but are not

Happy he whom neither wealth nor  
fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives in exile (stead  
From the hearth of his ancestral home-

We may build more splendid habita-  
tions,  
Fill our rooms with paintings, and  
with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations!



CATAWBA WINE

THIS song of mine,  
Is a Song of the Vine,  
To be sung by the glowing embers  
Of wayside inns  
When the run begins  
To darken the drear Novembers

It is not a song  
Of the Scuppermong  
From warm Carolinian valleys,  
Nor the Isabel  
And the Mureddel  
That bask in our garden alleys

Nor the red Mustang,  
Whose clusters hang  
O'er the waves of the Colorado  
And the fiery flood  
Of whose purple blood  
Has a dash of Spanish bravado

For richest and best  
Is the wine of the West  
That grows by the Beautiful River,  
Whose sweet perfume  
Fills all the room  
With a benison on the giver

And as hollow trees  
Are the haunts of bees  
For ever going and coming,  
So this crystal hive  
Is all alive  
With a swarming and buzzing and  
humming

Very good in its way  
Is the Verzeny  
Or the Sillery soft and creamy,  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine  
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island or cape  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River

Drugged is their juice  
For foreign use  
When shipped o'er the reeling At-  
lantic,

To rack our brains  
With the fever pains  
That have driven the Old World  
frantic

To the sewers and sinks  
With all such drinks,  
And after them tumble the mixer,  
For a poison mollyn  
Is such Borpin wine  
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir

While pure as a spring  
Is the wine I sing  
And to praise it, one needs but  
name it,  
For Catawba wine  
Has need of no sign  
No tavern-bell to proclaim it

And this Song of the Vine,  
The greeting of mine  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West  
In her Garlands dressed  
On the banks of the Beautiful River

THE DISCOVERY OF THE  
NORTH CAPE

A STAFF FROM KING ALFRED'S  
OROSICK

OF THE old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Heligoland,  
To King Alfred the Lover of Truth  
Drew his now white walrus-tooth  
Which he held in his brown right  
hand

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of silvery gray  
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Heartly and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the colour of oak  
With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea tide on a beach  
As unto the King he spoke

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas



"So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me,  
To the east are wild mountain-  
chairs,  
And beyond them meres and plains;  
To the westward all is sea

"So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbour of Skeringes-  
hale,  
If you only sailed by dry,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail

"I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside,  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus hide

"I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas,—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep,—  
Oh I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas

"To the northward stretched the desert,  
How far I run would know,  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale ships go

"To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer  
Till they became as one  
And southward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun

'And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a v edge

'The sea was rough and stormy  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog like a ghost  
Hunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed

"Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light

Here Alfred King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while,  
And raised his eyes from his book  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile

But Othere, the old sea captain,  
He neither pruned nor stirred  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word

"And now the land," said Othere  
"Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

'And there we hunted the walrus  
The narwhale and the seal,  
Hail 'twas a noble game!  
And like the lightning's flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel

"There were six of us altogether,  
Norsemen of Helgoland,  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look

And Othere, the old sea captain,  
Stared at him wild and weird  
Then smiled till his shining teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and  
said  
"Behold this walrus tooth!"

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## SANTA FILOMENA

WHEN'FR a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Honour to those whose words or  
deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors

Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering  
gloom,  
And flit from room to room

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went  
The light shone and was spent

On England's annals, through the  
long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood

Nor even shall he wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Helena bore

~~~~~

### DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for  
me "

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail  
on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone "

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And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake ! it is the day "

It said unto the forest, "Shout !  
Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood-birds folded  
wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing "

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow, the day is near "

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming  
morn "

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
'Awake, O bell ! proclaim the  
hour

It crossed the churchyard with a  
sigh  
And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie "

## THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago,  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud  
A child in its cradle lay

And Nature the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying "Here is a story book  
Thy Father has written for thee

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod ,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God "

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful  
song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud,

Though at times he hears in his  
dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold,

And the mother at home says,  
"Hark!  
For his voice I listen and yearn,  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return!"

CHILDREN

COME to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun  
Where thoughts are singing swallows,  
And the brooks of morning run

In your hearts are the birds and the  
sunshine  
In your thoughts the brooklets  
flow,  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,  
And the first fall of the snow

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind  
us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below

Come to me O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are  
singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings  
And the wisdom of our books  
When compared with your caresses  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said,  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead

SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of  
old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have  
told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it,—the marvellous  
story,  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnum-  
bered,  
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress,  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from be-  
low,—

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and im-  
plore

In the fervour and passion of  
prayer,  
From the hearts that are broken with  
losses

And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear

And he gathers the prayers as he  
stands,  
And they change into flowers in his  
hands,

Into garlands of purple and red,  
And beneath the great arch of the  
portal,  
Through the streets of the City Im-  
mortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

It is but a legend, I know,—  
A fable, a phantom, a show  
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore  
Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful strange superstition,  
But haunts me and holds me the  
more

When I look from my window at  
night

And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and prancing with  
stars,

Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the  
heart,

The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall  
From the lindens tall,  
That lift aloft their massive wall  
Against the southern sky,

And from the realms  
Of the shadowy elms  
A tide-like darkness overwhelms  
The fields that round us lie

But the night is fair,  
And every where

A warm, soft vapour fills the air,  
And distant sounds seem near

And above, in the light  
Of the star-lit night,  
Swift birds of passage wing their  
flight

Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
Of their pinions fleet,  
As from the land of snow and sleet  
They seek a southern sea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so!  
Those sounds that blow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
Came not from wings of birds,

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and  
wrongs  
The sound of winged words

This is the cry  
Of souls, that high  
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,  
Seeking a warmer clime

From their distant flight  
Through realms of light  
It falls into our world of night,  
With the murmuring sound of  
rhyme

## FLIGHT THE SECOND

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to  
lower, [tions,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupa-  
That is known as the Children's Hour

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the am-  
light,  
Descending the broad hall stair  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair

Then like a kraken huge and black,  
She crushed our ribs in her iron  
grasp !  
Down went the Cumberland all a  
wrack,  
With a sudden shudder of death,  
And the cannon's breath  
For her dying gasp

Next morn as the sun rose over the  
bay,  
Still floated our flag at the mainmast  
head  
Lord, how beautiful was thy day !  
Every waft of the air  
Was a whisper of prayer  
Or a dirge for the dead

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in  
the seas !  
Ye are at peace in the troubled  
stream,  
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like  
these,  
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam !

### A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day  
Whereon shall no man work, but  
play,  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every  
vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies,  
I see the branches downward bent  
Like keys of some great instrument

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky  
Where through a sapphire sea the  
sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud land in the  
West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts

Blow, winds ! and waft thro' all the  
rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-  
blooms !  
Blow, winds ! and bend within my  
reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is  
song !  
O heart of man ! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

LABOUR with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising of the sun

By the bedside, on the stair,  
At the threshold near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits,

Waits, and will not go away,  
Waits and will not be gunsaid,  
By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made,

Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can  
bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
Like the dwarfs of times gone  
by,  
Who as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky

### SNOW-FLAKES

Out of the bosom of the air,  
Out of the cloud folds of her  
garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine ex-  
pression,



Even as the troubled heart doth  
make  
In the white countenance confes-  
sion,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded,  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field

### FLIGHT THE THIRD.

1873

#### FATA MORGANA.

O SWFET illusions of Song,  
That tempt me everywhere,  
In the lonely fields, and the throng  
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,  
I grasp you, and ye are gone,  
But ever by night and by day,  
The melody soundeth on



As the weary traveller sees,  
In desert or prairie vast,  
Blue lakes overhung with trees,  
That a pleasant shadow cast

Fair towns with turrets high,  
And shining roofs of gold,  
That vanish as he draws nigh,  
Like mists together rolled,

So I wander and wander along,  
And for ever before me gleams  
The shining city of song,  
In the beautiful land of dreams

But when I would enter the gate  
Of that golden atmosphere,  
It is gone, and I wander and wait  
For the vision to reappear

### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls!  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,  
There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn approaches  
It vanishes away

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window sill.

Without before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave upward and downward  
As wave these thoughts of mine

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled

What are ye O pallid phantoms!  
That haunt my troubled brain?

That vanish when day approaches,  
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!  
But the statues without breath,  
That stand on the bridge overarch-  
ing  
The silent river of death?

### THE MEETING

AFTER so long an absence  
At last we meet again  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three  
burnes  
In the top of the uppermost bough

We cordially greet each other  
In the old familiar tone,  
And we think, though we do not  
say it,  
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas  
And many a Happy New Year,  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-  
tunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests,  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests

### VOX POPULI

With Mazrui the Magician,  
Journeyed westward through Cathay,  
Nothing heard he but the praises  
Of Badour on his way

But the lessening rumour ended  
When he came to Khirledan,  
There the folk were talking only  
Of Prince Camaralzaman

So it happens with the poets  
Every province hath its own,  
Canarilandam is famous  
Where Badoura is unknown

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run

### THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A gentle boy with soft and silken  
locks,  
A dreamy boy with brown and  
tender eyes,  
A castle builder, with his wooden  
blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary  
skies

A fearless rider on his father's knee  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures man-  
fold

There will be other towers for thee to  
build  
There will be other steeds for thee  
to ride,  
There will be other legends, and all  
filled  
With greater marvels and more  
glorified

Build on, and make thy castles high  
and fair  
Rising and reaching upward to the  
skies,  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in myste-  
ries

### CHANGED

From the outskirts of the town  
Where of old the milestone stood,  
Now a stranger looking down,  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood

Is it changed, or am I changed?  
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,  
But the friends with whom I ranged  
Through their thickets are estranged  
By the years that intervene

### THE CHALLENGE

I HAVE a vague remembrance  
Of a story that is told  
In some ancient Spanish legend  
Or chronicle of old

It was when brave King Sanchez  
Was before Zamora slain  
And his great besieging army  
Lay encamped upon the plain

Don Diego de Ordóñez  
Sallied forth in front of all,  
And shouted loud his challenge  
To the warders on the wall

All the people of Zamora,  
Both the born and the unborn,  
As traitors did he challenge  
With taunting words of scorn

The living in their houses,  
And in their graves the dead!  
And the waters of their rivers,  
And their wine, and oil, and bread

There is a greater army,  
That besets us round with strife,  
A starving, numberless army,  
At all the gates of life.

The poverty stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors  
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
Where the feast and song are  
high,  
And the mirth and the music  
I can hear that fearful cry

And hollow and haggard faces  
Look into the lighted hall,  
And wasted hands are extended  
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,  
And odours fill the air,

But without there is cold and darkness,  
And hunger and despair

And there in the camp of famine,  
In wind and cold and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
Lies dead upon the plain !



# THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave  
Now singing along the sea beach,  
Now howling along the crave.

And the brooklet has found the bil-  
low,  
Though they flowed so far apart  
And has filled with its freshness and  
sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart !



# FROM THE SPANISH CANCIONEROS

## I

EYES so tristful eyes so tristful,  
Heart so full of care and cumber  
I was lapped in rest and slumber  
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful !

In this life of labour endless  
Who shall comfort my distresses ?  
Querulous my soul and friendless  
In its sorrow shuns caresses  
Ye have made me ye have made me  
Querulous of you that care not,  
Eyes so tristful yet I dare not  
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

## II

Some day some day,  
O 'troubled breast  
Shalt thou find rest

If Love in thee  
To grief gave birth,  
Six feet of earth  
Can more than he,  
There calm and free  
And unoppressed  
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained  
In life at last  
When life is passed,  
Shall all be gained,  
And no more pained,  
No more distressed,  
Shalt thou find rest.

## III

Come O Death, so silent flying  
Thou unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

For thy sure approach perceived  
In my constriction and pain  
I new life should win again,  
Thinking that I am not living  
So to me unconscious lying  
All unknown thy coming be  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me

Unto him who finds thee hateful,  
Death, thou art inhuman pain,  
But to me, who dying gain  
Life is but a task ungrateful  
Come, then, with my wish comply-  
ing,

All unheard thy coming be,  
Lest the sweet delight of dying  
Bring life back again to me.

## IV

Glove of black in white hand bare,  
And about her forehead pale  
Wound a thin transparent veil  
That doth not conceal her hair,  
Sovereign attitude and air  
Cheek and neck alike displayed,  
With coquettish charms arrayed,  
Laughing eyes and fugitive, —  
This is killing men that live  
Tis not mourning for the dead

ATTERMATH

WHEN the summer fields are mown,  
When the birds are fledged and flown,  
And the dry leaves strew the path,  
With the falling of the snow,  
With the cawing of the crow  
Once again the fields we mow  
And gather in the aftermath

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers  
Is this harvesting of ours,  
Not the upland clover bloom,  
But the rowen mixed with weeds,  
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,  
Where the poppy drops its seeds,  
In the silence and the gloom

~~~~~  
EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE FORT'S AFTERTHOUGHT

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,  
What I saw as in a vision,  
When to marches hymeneal  
In the land of the Ideal  
Moved my thought o'er Fields  
Elysian?

What! are these the guest whose  
glances  
Seemed like sunshine gleaming  
round me?

These the wild bewildering fancies,  
That with dithyrambic dances  
As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!  
Pallid cheeks and haggard bosoms!  
Spectral gleam their snow-white  
dresses,  
And from loose dishevelled tresses  
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome mea-  
sures  
Filled my heart with secret rapture!  
Children of my golden leisure!  
Must even your delights and plea-  
sures  
Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs so-  
norous  
When they came to me unbidden,

Voices single and in chorus,  
Like the wild birds singing o'er us  
In the dark of branches hidden

Disenchantment! Disillusion!  
Must each noble aspiration  
Come at last to this conclusion  
Jarring discord, wild confusion,  
Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,  
From the sun's serene dominions,  
Not through brighter realms nor  
vaster,  
In swift ruin and disaster,  
Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!  
Why did mighty Jove create thee  
Coy as Thetis fair as Flora,  
Beautiful as young Aurora  
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling  
Of unrest and long resistance  
Is but passionate appealing,  
A prophetic whisper stealing  
O'er the chords of our existence

Him whom thou dost once enamour,  
Thou, beloved, never leavest  
In life's discord, strife, and clamour,  
Still he feels thy spell of glamour,  
Him of Hope thou never bereavest

Weary hearts by thee are lifted  
Struggling souls by thee are strength-  
ened,  
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,  
Truth from falsehood cleansed and  
sifted,  
Lives, like days in summer, length-  
ened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,  
O, my Sibyl, my deceiver!  
For thou makest each mystery clearer  
And the unattained seems nearer,  
When thou fillest my heart with  
fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!  
Though the fields around us  
wither

There are ampler realms and spaces,  
Where no foot has left its traces  
Let us turn and wander thither!

FLIGHT THE FOURTH

1875

CHARLES SUMNER

GARLANDS upon his grave,  
And flowers upon his hearse  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honour without stain.

Like Winkelried, he too  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears and  
broke  
A path for the oppressed

Then from the fatal field,  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his shield —  
So should the brave depart

Death takes us by surprise  
And stays our hurrying feet  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream

Alike are life and death  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives

Were a star quenched on high  
For ages would its light  
Still travelling downward from the  
sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men

TRAVELS BY THE PRESIDENT

THE ceaseless run is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immorable for three days past  
Points to the misty main

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside I lean  
To pleasant books that crowd my  
shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams

I read whatever birds have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar  
The milk bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at L'Inore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its grove of pine,  
And tower of old cathedral tall  
And castles by the Rhine

I journey on by parl and spire,  
Beneath cypress and trees  
Through fields with poppies all on  
fire  
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue  
While journeying with another's feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land  
And toil through various climes  
I turn the world round with my hand,  
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with mine own

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

### CADENABIA

#### LAKE OF COMO

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat  
breaks

The silence of the summer day,  
As by the loveliest of all lakes  
I while the idle hours away

I pace the leafy colonnade  
Where level branches of the plane  
Above me weave a roof of shade  
Impervious to the sun and rain

At times a sudden rush of air  
Flutters the lazy leaves overhead,  
And gleams of sunshine toss and  
flare

Like torches down the path I tread

By Somarina's garden gate  
I make the marble stairs my seat,  
And hear the water, as I wait,  
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells  
Along the stony parapets,  
And far away the floating bells  
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets

Silent and slow, by tower and town  
The freighted barges come and go,  
Their pendent shadows gliding down  
By town and tower submerged below

The hills sweep upward from the shore,  
With villas scattered one by one  
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower  
Bellaggio blazing in the sun

And dimly seen a tangled mass  
Of walls and woods, of light and  
shade,

Stras beckoning up the Stelvio Pass  
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself Is this a dream?  
Will it all vanish into air?  
Is there a land of such supreme  
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away,  
Linger until my heart shall take  
Into itself the summer day,  
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain  
Is stamped an image of the scene,  
Then fade into the air again  
And be as if thou hadst not been



### MONTE CASSINO

#### TERRA DI LAVORO

BEAUTIFUL valley I through whose verdant meads  
Unheard the Garigliano glides along —  
The Liris nurse of rushes and of reeds,  
The river tremor of classic song

The Land of Labour and the Land of Rest,  
Where mediæval towns are white on all  
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest  
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall

There is Alagna where Pope Boniface  
Was dragged with contumely from his throne  
Scarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace  
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano where a renegade  
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith  
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,  
Spurred on to Benevento and to death

## *LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS*

---

There is Aquinum the old Volcan town  
Where Juvenal was born whose lurid light  
Still hovers over his birthplace like the crown  
Of splendour seen over cities in the night

Doubled the splendour is that in its streets  
The Angelic Doctor as a school boy played  
And dreamed perhaps the dream that he repeats  
In ponderous folios for schoolmasters made

And there uplifted like a parting cloud  
That pauses on a mountain summit high  
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud  
And venerable walls against the sky

Well I remember how on foot I climbed  
The stone pathway leading to its gate,  
Above the convent bells for ever chimed  
Below, the darkening town grew desolate

Well I remember the low arch and dark,  
The courtyard with its well the terrace wide  
From which far down the valley like a park  
Veiled in the evening mists, was dimly viewed

The day was dying and with feeble hands  
Careless the mountain tops, the valley but seen  
Darkened, the river in the meadow lands  
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen

The silence of the place was like a sleep,  
So full of rest it seemed each passing tread  
Was a reverberation from the deep  
Recesses of the ages that are dead

For more than thirteen centuries ago  
Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,  
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe  
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home

He founded here his Convent and his Rule  
Of prayer and work and counted work as prayer,  
The pen became a clasp, and his school  
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air

What though Boccaccio, in his reel less way,  
Mocking the holy brotherhood deplores  
The illuminated manuscripts that lay  
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist in child  
Of fancy and of fiction at the best  
This the urbane librarian said and smiled  
Incredulous at at some idle jest

Upon such themes as these with one young friar  
I sat conversing late into the night  
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire  
Had burned its heart out like a anchoress

And that translated, in my convent cell  
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay,  
And as a monk who hears the matin bell  
Started from sleep, already it was day

From the high window I beheld the scene  
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed,—  
The mountains and the valley in the sheen  
Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing,  
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns,  
Far off the mellow bells began to ring  
For matins in the half-awakened towns

The conflict of the Present and the Past,  
The ideal and the actual in our life,  
s on a field of battle held me fast,  
While this world and the next world were at strife.

For as the valley from its sleep awoke,  
I saw the iron horses of the steam  
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,  
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream



# AMALFI

SWEET the memory is to me  
Of the land beyond the sea,  
Where the waves and mountains  
meet,  
Where, amid her mulberry-trees  
Sits Amalfi in the heat,  
Bathing ever her white feet  
In the tideless summer seas

In the middle of the town  
From its fountains in the hills,  
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,  
The Canneto rushes down,  
Turns the great wheels of the mills,  
Lifts the hammers of the forge

'Tis a stairway not a street,  
That ascends the deep ravine,  
Where the torrent leaps between  
Rocky walls that almost meet  
Toiling up from stair to stair  
Peasant girls their burdens bear,  
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,  
Stately figures tall and straight,  
What inexorable fate  
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
Far above, the convent stands

On its terraced walk aloot  
Leans a monk with folded hands  
Placid satisfied, serene,  
Looking down upon the scene  
Over wall and red-tiled roof,  
Wondering unto what good end  
All this toil and traffic tend,  
And why all men cannot be  
Free from care and free from pain,  
And the sordid love of gain,  
And as indolent as he

Where are now the freighted barks  
From the marts of east and west?  
Where the knights in iron sarks  
Journeying to the Holy Land,  
Glove of steel upon the hand,  
Cross of crimson on the breast?  
Where the pomp of camp and court?  
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?  
Where the merchants with their wares,  
And their gallant brigantines  
Sailing safely into port  
Chased by corsair Argennes?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,  
Like a passing trumpet-blast,  
Are those splendours of the past,  
And the commerce and the crowd!



Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,  
Swallowed by the engulfing waves,  
Silent streets and vacant halls  
Ruined roofs and towers and walls,  
Hidden from all mortal eyes  
Deep the sunken city lies  
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!  
Round the herulands far away  
Sweeps the blue Saharan bay  
With its sicles of white sand  
Further still and further out  
On the dim discovered coast  
Pastum with its ruins lies,  
And its roses all in bloom  
Seem to tinge the fatal slates  
Of that lonely land of doom  
On his terrace, high in air  
Nothing doth the good monk care  
For such worldly themes as these

From the garden just below  
Little puffs of perfume blow  
And a sound is in his ears  
Of the murmur of the bee,  
In the shining chestnut trees  
Nothing else he heeds or hears  
All the landscape seems to swoon  
In the happy afternoon  
Slowly o'er his senses creep  
The encroaching wave of sleep  
And he sinks as sank the town  
Unresisting fathoms down  
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow  
Hearing the fierce north wind blow  
Seeing all the landscape white  
And the river cased in ice  
Comes this memory of delight  
Comes this vision unto me  
Of a long lost Paradise  
In the land beyond the sea

### THE SERMON OF ST FRANCIS

Up soared the lark into the air  
A shaft of song, a winged prayer  
As if a soul released from pain  
Were flying back to heaven again

St Francis heard, it was to him  
An emblem of the Seraphim,

The upward motion of the fire  
The light, the heat, the heart's desire

Around Auster's convent gate  
The birds—God's poor, who cannot  
wait  
From moor and mere and darksome  
wood  
Came flocking for the r dole of food

"O brother birds," Saint Francis said,  
"Ye come to me and ask for bread;  
But not with bread alone to-day  
Shall ye be fed and sent away

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds  
With manna of celestial words  
Not mine, though mine they seem to  
be  
Not mine, though they be spoken  
through me

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lay,  
He giveth you your plumages of dawn  
Your crimson lozenges, your cloaks of  
brown

"He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And earth for you is everywhere  
Who for yourselves so little care!

With flutter of swift wings and song  
Together rose the feathered throng,  
And singing scattered far apart,  
Deep peace was in St Francis' heart.

He knew not of the brotherhood  
His homily had understood,  
He only knew that to one poor  
The meaning of his words was clear

### BLISSARIUS

I AM poor and old and blind,  
The sun burns me, and the wind  
Plows through the city gate  
And covers me with dust  
From the wheel of the august  
Justinian the Great

It was for him I chased  
The Persians o'er wild and waste  
As General of the East,

Night after night I lay  
In their camps of yesterday,  
Their forage was my feast

For him with sails of red  
And torches at mast head,  
Piloting the great fleet,  
I swept the Afric coasts  
And scattered the Vandal hosts,  
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again  
The Ausonian realm and reign,  
Rome and Parthenope,  
And all the land was mine.  
From the summits of Apennine  
To the shores of either sea

For him, in my feeble age,  
I dared the battle's rage  
To save Byzantium's state,  
When the tents of Zabergan,  
Like snow drifts overran  
The road of the Golden Gate

And for this, for this, behold I  
Infirm and blind and old,  
With gray, uncovered head,  
Beneath the very arch  
Of my triumphal march,  
I stand and beg my bread

Methinks I still can hear,  
Sounding distinct and near,  
The Vandal monarch's cry,  
As, captive and disgraced,  
With majestic step he paced,—  
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things  
Is the gratitude of kings,  
The plaudits of the crowd  
Are but the clatter of feet  
At midnight in the street,  
Hollow and restless and loud

But the bitterest disgrace  
Is to see for ever the face  
Of the Monk of Iphesus  
The unconquerable will  
This, too, can hear,—I still  
Am bellsurius!

SONGO RIVER.

Nowin is such a devils stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Whirling slow through bush and brake,  
Links together lake and lake

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself,  
Flows the stream, so still and slow,  
That it hardly seems to flow

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a whirling path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude

Never school boy in his quest  
After hazel nut or nest,  
I throng the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about

In the mirror of its tide  
I angled thimblets on each side  
Hanging inverted and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies

Silent stream! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to me,  
I or thou biddest here alone,  
Well content to be and now

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

I though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
I ven thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way —

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet!  
Rest a while — nor longer waste  
Life with unconsid'rate haste!"

"Be not like a stream that hawks  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self control  
Lead together soul and soul"

## FLIGHT THE FIFTH

1878

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### THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

WARM and still is the summer night  
As here by the river's brink I wander  
White overhead are the stars and white  
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder

Silent are all the sounds of day,  
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets  
And the cry of the herons winging their way  
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him herons, as slowly you pass  
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,  
Sing him the song of the green morass,  
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Heron,  
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking,  
For only a sound of lament we discern  
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking

Sing of the air and the wild delight  
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you  
The joy of freedom the rapture of flight  
Through the drift of the floating mists that unfold you,

Of the landscape lying so far below  
With its towns and rivers and desert places,  
And the splendour of light above, and the glow  
Of the limitless, blue ethereal spaces

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours  
Or of Minnesingers in old black letter,  
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,  
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better

Sing to him say to him, here at his gate,  
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,  
Some one has lingered to meditate,  
And send him unseen this friendly greeting,

That many another hath done the same,  
Though not by a sound was the silence broken  
The surest pledge of a deathless name  
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken

A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home again  
From cruising about with his buccan-  
neers,

He has singed the beard of the King  
of Spain,  
And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
And sold him in Algiers

In his house by the Maese, with its  
roof of tiles,  
And weathercocks flying aloft in  
air,

There are silver tankards of antique  
styles,

Plunder of convent and castle, and  
piles

Of carpets rich and rare

In his tulip-garden there by the town,  
Overlooking the sluggish stream,  
With his Moorish cap and dressing-  
gown,

The old sea-captain, hale and brown,  
Walks in a waking dream

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
Whenever he thinks of the King of  
Spain,

And the listed tulips look like Turks,  
And the silent gardener as he works  
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen

The windmills on the outermost  
Verge of the landscape in the haze  
To him are towers on the Spanish  
coast,

With whiskered sentinels at their post,  
Though this is the river Maese

But when the winter rains begin  
He sits and smokes by the blazing  
brands,

And old seafaring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double  
chin,

And rings upon their hands

They sit there in the shadow and shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter  
night,

Figures in colour and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light

And they talk of ventures lost or won,  
And their talk is ever and ever the  
same,

While they drink the red wine  
Turragon,  
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlour to and fro,  
He is like a ship that at anchor  
rides,

And swings with the rising and falling  
tides,

And tugs at her anchor-tow

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of the  
sea,

Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou  
here?

Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea  
again

For one more cruise with his bucca-  
neers,

To singe the beard of the King of  
Spain,

And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers



CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O  
Spain,

Went out to thee in days of yore!  
What dreams romantic filled my brain,  
And summoned back to life again  
The Paladins of Charlemagne,  
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than  
these,

In the dim twilight half revealed,  
Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
The Roman camps like hives of  
bees

The Goth uplifting from his knees  
Pelayo on his shield

It was these memories perchance,  
From annals of remotest old  
That lent the colours of romance  
To every trivial circumstance,  
And changed the form and counte-  
nance

Of all that I beheld.

Old towns whose history lies hid  
In monkish chronicle or rhyme —  
Burgos, the birth place of the Cid,  
Zamora and Valladolid  
Toledo, built and walled amid  
The wars of Wamba's time

The long straight line of the highway  
The distant town that seems so  
near

The peasants in the fields that stay  
Their toil to cross themselves and pray  
When from the belfry at midday  
The Angelus they hear

White crosses in the mountain pass  
Mules gay with tassels the loud din  
Of muleteers the tethered asses  
That crops the dusty ways decries  
And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
Alighting at the inn

White lamlets hidden in fields of  
wheat

White cities slumbering in the  
White sunshine flooding square and  
street

Dark mountain ranges at whose feet  
The river beds are dry with heat —  
All was a dream to me

Yet something sombre and severe  
O'er the enchanted landscape  
ruined,

A terror in the atmosphere  
As if King Philip listen'd near  
Or Torquemada's auster  
His ghostly sway maintained

The softer Andalusian lies  
Dispelled the sadness and the  
gloom,

There Cadiz by the castle lies  
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
Minking the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom

There Cordova is hidden among  
The palm the olive and the vine  
Gem of the South, by port and  
And in whose Mosque Alhambra  
hung

As lamps the bells that once had rung  
At Compostella's shrine

But over all the rest supreme,  
The stars of stars the cynosure,  
The artist's and the poet's theme,

The young man's vision, the old man's  
dream,—  
Granada by its winding stream,  
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls  
Aladdin's palace of delight  
Allah! Allah! through its halls  
Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
The Darro darts beneath its walls  
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes the hills are white with  
snow  
And cold with blasts that bite and  
fret,

But in the happy vale below  
The orange and pomegranate grove,  
And wafts of air to and fro  
The blossoming, almond trees

The Vega cleft by the Genil  
The fountain and allure  
Of the sweet land cape charms the  
soul

The traveller lingers on the hill  
His parted lips are breathing still  
The last sigh of the Moor

How like a man of sorrow  
With flowers that hide the rents of  
time  
stands now the Past that I have  
known  
Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
Part of a white summer clouds, and  
lotion  
Into this little must of time!

## VICTORIA COLONNA

But a Column on the beach had broken  
To the North-east, the waves were  
rolling at her feet, and there were the  
only waves that were left, who had not  
yet been broken.

Once more, once more I came  
To see the purple hills — once more  
I hear the lullows of the bay  
With the white pebbles on the  
shore

High over the sea surge and the sand,  
Like a great galleon wrecked and  
cast

Ashore by storms, thy castle stands  
A mouldering landmark of the  
Past.

Upon its terrace walk I see  
A phantom gliding to and fro,  
It is Colonna,—it is she  
— Who lived and loved so long ago

Pescara's beautiful young wife,  
The type of perfect womanhood,  
Whose life was love the life of life,  
That time and change and death  
withstood

For death, that breaks the marriage  
band  
In others, only closer pressed  
The wedding-ring upon her hand  
And closer locked and barred her  
breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,  
The weariness the endless pain  
Of waiting for some one to come  
Who nevermore would come again

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,  
The odour of the orange blooms  
The song of birds, and more than  
these,  
The silence of deserted rooms,

The respiration of the sea  
The soft caresses of the air,  
All things in nature seemed to be  
But ministers of her despair,

Till the o'erburdened heart so long  
Imprisoned in itself, found vent  
And voice in one impassioned song  
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from  
sight,  
Transmutes to gold the leaden  
mist,  
Her life was interfused with light,  
From realms that, though unseen,  
exist

Inarime! Inarime!  
Thy castle on the crags above  
In dust shall crumble and decay,  
But not the memory of her love

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-  
THE-FACE.

IN that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone  
Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
And the menace of their wrath

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
"Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow  
hair!"

And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags re-echoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair

In the meadow spreading wide  
By woodland and riverside,  
The Indian village stood,  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves,  
Crouched in the clefts and caves,  
Savage, unmerciful

Into the fatal snare  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand,  
But of that gallant band  
Not one returned again

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
And smoke of a furnace fire,  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
They lay in their bloody attire,

Put the foemen fled in the night  
And Rain-in-the-Face in his flight,  
Uplifted high in air  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart, that beat no more,  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair

Whose was the right and the wrong?  
Sing it, O funeral song  
With a voice that is full of tears,  
And say that our broken faith  
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
In the Year of a Hundred Years

TO THE RIVER YVETTE

O LOVELY river of Yvette !  
O darling river like a bride  
Some dimpled, bashful fair Lisette  
Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,  
See and salute thee on thy way,  
And with a blessing and a prayer,  
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain  
Would hold thee in its fond embrace !

Thou glidest from its arms again  
And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay with restless feet  
Pursuing still thine onward flight,  
Thou goest as one in haste to meet  
Her sole desire her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette !  
O darling stream ! on balanced wings  
The wood birds sang the chansonnette  
That here a wandering poet sings

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE

[Combien voudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne  
pour faire un gant de cette grandeur ? A play  
upon the words *gant*, a glove and *Gand*, the  
French for Ghent.]

ON St. Bavon's tower commanding  
Half of Flanders his domain,  
Charles the Emperor once was stand-  
ing

While beneath him on the landing  
Stood Duke Alva and his train

Like a print in books of fables,  
Or a model made for show  
With its pointed roofs and gables  
Dormer windows scrolls and labels,  
Lay the city far below

Through its squares and streets and  
alleys

Poured the populace of Ghent  
As a routed army rallies

Or as rivers run through valleys  
Hurrying to their homes they went

' Nest of Lutheran misbelievers '  
Cried Duke Alva as he gazed ,  
" Haunt of traitors and deceivers,  
Stronghold of insurgent weavers,  
Let it to the ground be razed !'

On the Emperor's cap the feather  
Nods, as laughing he replies  
" How many skins of Spanish leather,  
Think you, would, if stitched to-  
gether,  
Make a glove of such a size ?'

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH  
FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *lecturer*

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal 'Steer south-west.'  
For this Admiral D'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston Town

There were rumours in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near  
And while from mouth to mouth  
Spread the tidings of dismay  
I stood in the Old South,  
Saying humbly " Let us pray !

" O Lord ! we would not advise ,  
But if in thy Providence  
A tempest should arise  
To drive the French Fleet hence,  
And scatter it far and wide,  
Or sink it in the sea,  
We should be satisfied,  
And thine the glory be

This was the prayer I made,  
For my soul was all on flame,  
And even as I prayed  
The answering tempest came  
It came with a mighty power,  
Shaking the windows and walls,  
And tolling the bell in the tower,  
As it tolls at funerals

The light was sudden  
Unhindered the shining sword  
And I cried "Stand still and see  
The salvation of the Lord!"  
The beam is more black with blood  
The sea was white with blood  
And ever more flow red blood  
Bless the God of grace

The fact is over the sea  
And the brave sails in the wind  
Like the tent of Cush in the  
O the curtains of Man  
Down on the red of Gosh  
Or shed the ocean's blood  
Ah never near there water  
So terrible these

Like a power's vessel broke  
The great ships of the Lord  
They were carried away as a stone  
O the Lord's hand in the  
O Lord! before thy path  
They vanished and ceased to be  
When thou wast with us  
With thy power thou hast the sea

# THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTAIN OF KYRIT strong and free  
His charger's steed with four white  
feet,  
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,  
Son of the road and hardy chief,  
Seeking refuge and relief  
Up the mountain pathway flew

Such was Kyrut's wonderful speed,  
Never yet could any steed  
Reach the dust cloud thus come  
More than rinder more than wild  
More than gold and next to life  
Roushan the robber loved his horse

In the land that he loved  
Erzeroum and Trabzon,  
Gardener-girt his fortress's food,  
Phrased Khan or Emir  
Journeying north from Koordistan  
Gave him wealth and wine and food

Seven hundred and four score  
Men-at-arms his levy wore  
Did his bidding night and day  
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New through regions allured on  
He was wandering lone alone  
Seeking with out guide his way

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
Sheer the precipice looms  
Lead the traitor to the sea  
That's feet from earth to sky  
Yours the choice, or I must ride  
He who crosses the river

Folowing close in his pursuit  
At the precipice's foot  
Reveal the Arch of Orfith  
Hither with his hand  
The ring upon his finger  
"Le lida la All h"

Gently Roushan Beg crossed  
Kyrut's ford and river and bridge  
Kusan Khan's court he  
Sang to him in his wild way  
As upon the tower  
Sings a bird before him

"O Liv Kyrut O my steed,  
Round and clear is the road  
Carry me this path through  
Sun how good all be there  
Shoe of gold O Kyrut  
O thou soul of Kurroglou"

"Soft the skin as silk  
Soft is woman's hair thy mane  
Tender are the eye and tri  
All the hoofs live now slane  
Polished bright O life of mine  
Learn and race Kurroglou"

Kyrut then the strong and fast  
Drew together his four white feet  
Pursed no one on the way  
Measured with his eye the space  
And in the air embowed  
Leaped as leaps the ocean wave

As the ocean surges over sand  
Bears a swimmer to the land  
Kyrut safe his rider  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore

Roushan's tasselled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head  
Careless sat he and upright,  
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Neither hand nor bridle shook,  
Nor his head he turned to look,  
As he galloped out of sight

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
Of a sword drawn from its sheath,  
Thus the phantom horseman passed,  
And the shadow that he cast  
Leaped the cataract underneath

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
Passed above him "Allahu"  
Cried he "In all Koordistan  
Lives there not so brave a man  
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

#### HAROUN AL RASCHID

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read  
A book wherein the poet said —

"Where are the Kings, and where the  
rest  
Of those who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp  
and show,  
They're gone the way that thou shalt  
go

"O thou who chooseth for thy share  
The world, and what the world calls  
fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

#### KING TRISANKU

VISWAMITRA the Magician  
By his spells and incantations,  
Up to Indra's realms elysian  
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended  
Hurled him downward, and descending,

In the air he hung suspended,  
With these equal powers contending

Thus by aspirations lifted,  
By misgivings downward driven,  
Human hearts are tossed and drifted  
Midway between earth and heaven.

#### A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

"Sir, I should build me a fortification if I  
came to live here" — ROSSWELL & Johnson.

ON the green little isle of Inchkenneth  
Who is it that walks by the shore,  
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet,  
So brave with his targe and clay-mor?

His form is the form of a giant,  
But his face wears an aspect of pain,  
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth?  
Can this be Sir Alan McLean?

Ah no! It is only the Rambler,  
The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,  
And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,  
He would wall himself round with a fort.

#### THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far  
away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar,  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they travelled by night and they  
slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful,  
wonderful star

The star was so beautiful, large and  
clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And by this they knew that the coming  
was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Three caskets they bore on their  
saddle bows

Three caskets of gold with golden  
keys,

Their robes were crimson silk with  
rows

Of bells and pomegranates and fur-  
belows

Their turbans like blossoming al-  
mond trees

And so the Three Kings rode into the  
West,

Through the dusk of night, over hill  
and dale,

And sometimes they nodded with  
beard on breast,

And sometimes talked, as they paused  
to rest,

With the people they met at some  
wayside well

"Of the child that is born, said Bal-  
tazar,

"Good people, I pray you, tell us  
the news,

For we in the East have seen his star  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden  
far,

To find and worship the King of  
the Jews'

And the people answered, "You ask  
in vain,

We know of no king but Herod the  
Great!

They thought the Wise Men were men  
insane,

As they spurred their horses across the  
plain,

Like riders in haste, and who cannot  
wait,

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard  
this thing,

Sent for the Wise Men and questioned  
them,

And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new  
king

So they rode away, and the star stood  
still,

The only one in the gray of morn,  
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own  
free will,

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Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David where Christ was  
born

And the Three Kings rode through the  
gate and the guard

Through the silent street, till their  
horses turned

And neighed as they entered the great  
inn-yard,

But the windows were closed, and the  
doors were barred,

And only a light in the stable  
burned

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath  
of kine

The little child in the manger lay,  
The child, that would be king one day  
Of a kingdom not human but  
divine

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
Sat watching beside his place of  
rest,

Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of  
death

Were mingled together in her  
breast

They laid their offerings at his feet  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense with its odour sweet,  
Was for the Priest the Paraete,

The myrrh for the body's burying

And the mother wondered and bowed  
her head,

And sat as still as a statue of stone  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the Angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's  
throne.

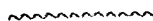
Then the Kings rode out of the city  
gate,

With a clatter of hoofs in proud  
array,

But they went not back to Herod the  
Great,

For they knew his malice and feared  
his hate

And returned to their homes by  
another way





SONG

STAY, stay at home, my heart and  
rest,  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not  
where  
Are full of trouble and full of care,  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed  
They wander east they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown  
about  
By the winds of the wilderness of  
doubt,  
To stay at home is best

Then stay at home, my heart and  
rest,  
The bird is safest in its nest,  
O'er all that flutter their wings and  
fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky,  
To stay at home is best.

THE WHITE CZAR

The White Czar is Peter the Great,  
Batyushka Father dear, and Cosudar Gosudar  
reign are titles the Russian people are fond of  
giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height  
That wreath of mist in the light  
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hush!  
It is not a wreath of mist,  
It is the Czar the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard among the dead,  
The artillery roll o'erhead,  
The drums and the tramp of feet  
Of his soldiery in the street,  
He is awake! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries  
Of his people "Awake! arise!"  
He has rent the gold brocade  
Whereof his shroud was made,  
He is risen! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don  
He has led his armies on,  
Over river and morass  
Over desert and mountain pass,

## FLOWER DE LUCE

The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He looks from the mountain chain  
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain  
The continents, his hand  
Points southward o'er the land  
Of Roumili ! O Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

And the words break from his lips  
' I am the builder of ships,  
And my ships shall sail these seas  
To the Pillars of Hercules !  
I say it, the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

"The Bosphorus shall be free,  
It shall make room for me,  
And the gates of its water-streets  
Be unbarred before my fleets  
I say it, the White Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

"And the Christian shall no more  
Be crushed, as heretofore,  
Beneath thine iron rule,  
O Sultan of Istamboul !  
I swear it ! I the Czar,  
Batyushka ! Gosudar !"

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### DELIA.

SWEET as the tender fragrance that  
survives,  
When martyred flowers breathe out  
their little lives,  
Sweet as a song that once consoled our  
pain,  
But never will be sung to us again,  
Is thy remembrance Now the hour  
of rest  
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling,  
it is best.

## Flower-de-Luce.

1866

### FLOWER-DE LUCE

<p>BEAUTIFUL hly, dwelling by still rivers, Or solitary mere, Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers Its waters to the weir !</p> <p>Thou laughst at the mill, the whir and worry Of spindle and of loom, And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry And rushing of the flume.</p> <p>Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance, Thou dost not toil nor spin, But makest glad and radiant with thy presence The meadow and the lin</p>	<p>The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner, And round thee throng and run The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor, The outlaws of the sun</p> <p>The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant, And tilts against the field, And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent With steel-blue mail and shield</p> <p>Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest, Who, armed with golden rod And winged with the celestial azure, bearest The message of some God</p>
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Thou art the Muse, who far from  
crowded cities  
Hauntest the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless  
duties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de luce, bloom on, and let  
the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet,  
O flower of song, bloom on, and make  
for ever  
The world more fair and sweet.

# PALINGLNESIS

I LAY upon the headland height, and  
listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that tossed  
and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I  
started,  
For round about me all the sunny  
capes  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in days  
departed,

## FLOWER-DE LUCE

Apparelled in the loveliness which  
gleams  
On faces seen in dreams

A moment only, and the light and  
glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate  
shore

Stood lonely as before,  
And the wild roses of the promon-  
tory

Around me shuddered in the wind,  
and shed  
Their petals of pale red

There was an old belief that in the  
embers

Of all things their primordial form  
exists,

And cunning alchemists  
Could re-create the rose with all its  
members

From its own ashes, but without the  
bloom,  
Without the lost perfume

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult  
science

Can from the ashes in our hearts once  
more

The rose of youth restore?  
What craft of alchemy can bid de-  
fiance

To time and change, and for a single  
hour  
Renew this phantom-flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the  
vanished splendours,

The breath of morn, and the exultant  
strife,

When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and  
surrenders

The pond, with all its lilies, for the  
leap  
Into the unknown deep!

And the sea answered, with a lamen-  
tation

Like some old prophet wailing, and it  
said,

"Alas! thy youth is dead!  
It breathes no more, its heart has no  
pulsation,

In the dark places with the dead of  
old

It lies for ever co'd!

Then said I, "From its consecrated  
cerements

I will not drag this sacred dust  
again,

Only to give me pain,  
But, still remembering all the lost en-  
derments,

Go on my way, like one who looks be-  
fore,

And turns to weep no more"

Into what land of harvests, what plant-  
tions

Bright with autumnal foliage and the  
glow

Of sunsets burning low,  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose  
constellations

Light up the spacious avenues between  
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and  
caresses,

What households, though not alien,  
yet not mine,

What bowers of rest divine,  
To what temptations in lone wil-  
dernesses,

What famine of the heart, what pain  
and loss,

The bearing of what cross!

I do not know, nor will I vainly ques-  
tion

Those pages of the mystic book which  
hold

The story still untold,  
But without rash conjecture or sug-  
gestion

Turn its last leaves in reverence and  
good heed,

Until "The End" I read.



### THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken  
Pleasant visions, as of old!

Though the house by winds be  
shaken,

Safe I keep this room of gold

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy  
Builds her castles in the air,

Luring me by necromancy  
Up the never-ending stair!

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

But instead, she builds me bridges  
Over many a dark ravine  
Where beneath the gusty ridges  
Cataracts dash and roar unseen

And I cross them, little heeding  
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,  
As I follow the receding  
Footsteps that have gone before

Nought avails the imploring gesture,  
Nought avails the cry of pain !  
When I touch the flying vesture,  
Tis the gray robe of the rain

Baffled I return and, leaning  
O'er the parapets of cloud  
Watch the mist that intervening  
Wraps the valley in its shroud

And the sounds of life ascending  
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,  
Murmur of bells and voices blending  
With the rush of waters near

Well I know what there lies hidden,  
Every tower and town and farm,  
And again the land forbidden  
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,  
And the nests in hedge and tree,  
At what doors are friendly faces  
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sink-  
ing  
Blown by wind and beaten by  
shower  
Down I fling the thought I'm think-  
ing,  
Down I toss this Alpine flower

HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23 1864

How beautiful it was, that one bright  
day  
In the long week of rain !  
Though all its splendour could not  
chase away  
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple  
blooms  
And the great elms overhead

Dark shadows wove on their aerial  
looms,  
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old  
manse  
The historic river flowed  
I was as one who wanders in a  
trance,  
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed  
strange  
Their voices I could hear,  
And yet the words they uttered seemed  
to change  
Their meaning to my ear

For the one face I looked for was not  
there,  
The one low voice was mute,  
Only an unseen presence filled the air,  
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back and meadow,  
manse and stream  
Dimly my thought defines  
I only see—a dream within a dream—  
The hill top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest  
Their tender undertone  
The infinite longings of a troubled  
breast,  
The voice so like his own

There in seclusion and remote from  
men  
The wizard hand lies cold  
Which at its topmost speed let fall the  
pen,  
And left the tale half told

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic  
power,  
And the lost clew regain ?  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's  
tower  
Unfinished must remain !

### CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth good-will to men !

## FLOWER DE LUCE

And thought how, as the day had  
come,

The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled nlong  
The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good will to men !

Till ringing, singing, on its way,  
The world revolved from night to  
day,

A voice, n chime,  
A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed  
mouth

The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned

Of peace on earth, good will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head,  
"There is no peace on earth," I said,  
"For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then pealed the bells more loud and  
deep,

"God is not dead, nor doth He  
sleep,

The Wrong shall fail,

The Right prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to  
men !"

### THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY

SEE the fire is sinking low,  
Dusky red the embers glow,  
While above them still I cower,  
While a moment more I linger  
Though the clock, with lifted finger,  
Points beyond the midnight hour

Sings the blackened log a tune  
Learned in some forgotten June  
From a school-boy at his play,

When they both were young to-  
gether,  
Heart of youth and summer weather  
Making all their holiday

And the night-wind rising, hark !  
How above there in the dark,  
In the midnight and the snow,  
Ever wilder, fiercer grander,  
Like the trumpets of Iskander,  
All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame  
Seems to murmur some great name,  
Seems to say to me "Aspire !"  
But the night-wind answers, "Hol-  
low

Are the visions that you follow,  
Into darkness sinks your fire !"

Then the flicker of the blaze  
Gleams on volumes of old days,  
Written by masters of the art,  
Loud through whose majestic pages  
Rolls the melody of ages,  
Throb the harp-strings of the  
heart

And again the tongues of flame  
Start exulting and exclaim  
"These are prophets, bards, and  
seers,

In the horoscope of nations,  
Like ascendant constellations,  
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries "De-  
spair !

Those who walk with feet of air  
Leave no long-enduring marks,  
At God's forges incandescent  
Mighty hammers beat incessant,  
These are but the flying sparks

"Dust are all the hands that wrought,  
Books are sepulchres of thought,  
The dead laurels of the dead  
Rustle for a moment only,  
Like the withered leaves in lonely  
Churchyards at some passing  
tread"

Suddenly the flame sinks down,  
Sink the rumours of renown,  
And alone the night-wind drear  
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—  
" 'Tis the brand of Meleager  
Dying on the hearth stone here !"





And I answer — "Though it be,  
Why should that discomfort me  
No endeavour is in vain,  
Its reward is in the doing  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

### THE BELLS OF LYNN

HEARD AT NAHANT

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O  
Bells of Lynn !  
O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells  
of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-  
cathedral wafted,  
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O  
Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across the  
crimson twilight,  
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O  
Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out  
beyond the headland,  
Listens and leisurely rows ashore, O  
Bells of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering  
cattle homeward  
Follow each other at your call, O Bells  
of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with  
his flaming signal  
Answers you, passing the watchword  
on, O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run  
the tumultuous surges  
And clap their hands and shout to  
you, O Bells of Lynn !

## FLOWER DE-LUCE

Till from the shuddering sea, with  
your wild incantations,  
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O  
Bells of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird  
woman of Endor,  
Ye cry aloud and then are still, O  
Bells of Lynn !

### KILLED AT THE FORD

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honour, the tongue of  
truth,

He, the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-  
call,

Whom all eyes followed with one con-  
sent,

The cheer of whose laugh, and whose  
pleasant word,

Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,  
Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of some  
old song

"Two red roses he had on his cap,  
And another he bore at the point of  
his sword"

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice  
was still,

Something I heard in the darkness fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew  
chill,

I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks  
In a room where some one is lying  
dead,

But he made no answer to what I said

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire and the mist  
and the rain

Carried him back to the silent camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his bed,  
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's  
lamp

Two white roses upon his cheeks  
And one just over his heart, blood-  
red !

And I saw in a vision how far and  
fleet

That fatal bullet went speeding forth,  
Till it reached a town in the distant  
North,

Till it reached a house in a sunny  
street,

Till it reached a heart that ceased to  
beat

Without a murmur without a cry,  
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off  
town,

For one who had passed from cross to  
crown,

And the neighbours wondered that she  
should die.

### GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful and  
sweet

By self-devotion and by self restraint,  
Whose pleasure is to run without  
complaint

On unknown errands of the Para-  
clete,

Wanting the reverence of unshodden  
feet,

Tail of the nimbus which the artists  
paint

Around the shining forehead of the  
saint,

And are in their completeness in-  
complete !

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's  
tower,

The lily of Florence blossoming in  
stone,—

A vision, a delight, and a desire,—  
The builder's perfect and centennial  
flower,

That in the night of ages bloomed  
alone,

But wanting still the glory of the  
spire.

### TO-MORROW

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of  
sleep

My little lambs are folded like the  
flocks,

From room to room I hear the wake-  
ful clocks

Challenge the passing hour, like  
guards that keep  
Their solitary watch on tower and  
steep,  
Far off I hear the crowing of the  
cocks,  
And through the opening door that  
time unlocks  
Feel the fresh breathing of To mor-  
row creep  
To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown  
guest  
Who cries to me ' Remember Par-  
meide  
And tremble to be happy with the  
rest.  
And I make answer ' I am satisfied,  
I dare not ask, I know not what is  
best,  
God hath already said what shall  
bende

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

OFT have I seen at some cathedral  
door  
A labourer pausing in the dust and  
heat  
Lay down his burden and with re-  
verent feet  
Enter and cross himself, and on the  
floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er,  
Far off the noises of the world re-  
treat  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar  
So, as I enter here from day to  
day  
And leave my burden at this minster  
gate  
Kneeling in prayer and not ashamed  
to pray  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
To inarticulate murmurs dies away  
While the eternal ages watch and  
wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn  
these towers !  
This crowd of statues, in whose  
folded sleeves  
Birds build their nests while cano-  
pied with leaves

Paris and portal bloom like trellised  
bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross of  
flowers !  
But fiends and dragons on the gar-  
goyled eaves  
Watch the dead Christ between the  
living thieves,  
And underneath, the traitor Judas  
lowers !  
Ah ! from what agonies of heart and  
brain,  
What exultations tripping on de-  
spair  
What tenderness, what tears, what  
hate of wrong,  
What passionate outcry of a soul in  
pain  
Uprose this poem of the earth and  
air,  
This mediæval miracle of song !

III

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom  
Of the long aisles O poet saturnine !  
And strive to make my steps keep  
pace with thine  
The air is filled with some unknown  
perfume  
The congregation of the dead make  
room  
For thee to pass, the votive tapers  
shine  
Like rocks that haunt Ravenna's  
groves of pine  
The hovering echoes fly from tomb  
to tomb  
From the confessionals I hear arise  
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies  
And lamentations from the crypts  
below,  
And then a voice celestial, that begins  
With the pathetic words, ' Although  
your sins  
As scarlet be and ends with "as  
the snow

IV

WITH snow-white veil and garments  
as of flame,  
She stands before thee, who so long  
ago  
Filled thy young heart with passion  
and the woe  
From which thy song and all its  
splendours came,  
And while with stern rebuke she speaks  
thy name,

The ice about thy heart melts as the  
snow  
On mountain heights, and in swift  
overflow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs  
of shame.  
Thou makest full confession, and a  
gleam,  
As if the dawn on some dark forest  
cast  
Seems on thy lifted forehead to  
increase,  
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered  
dream  
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at  
last  
That perfect pardon which is perfect  
peace.

v

I LIFT mine eyes, and all the windows  
blaze  
With forms of saints and holy men  
who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter glori-  
fied,  
And the great Rose upon its leaves  
displays  
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic  
roundelays,  
With splendour upon splendour  
multiplied,  
And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her  
words of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and un-  
seen choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace  
and love,  
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost,  
And the melodious bells among the  
spires  
O'er all the house-tops and through  
heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the Host

- VI

O STAR of morning and of liberty!  
O bringer of the light, whose splen-  
dour shines  
Above the darkness of the Apen-  
nines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to be!  
The voices of the city and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and the  
pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of  
Italy!

Thy fame is blown abroad from all  
the heights,  
Through all the nations, and a sound  
is heard,  
As of a mighty wind, and men  
devout  
Strangers of Rome, and the new pro-  
selytes,  
In their own language hear thy  
wondrous word,  
And many are amazed and many  
doubt

NOEL

ENVOYÉ A M AGASSIZ LA VEILLE  
DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER  
DE VINS DIVERS

L'Académie en respect  
Nonobstant l'incorrection  
A la faveur du sujet.

Ture lure,  
N'y fera point de rapture,  
Noël! ture lure-lure.

GUI BAROZAI

QUAND les astres de Noël  
Brillaient, palpaient au ciel,  
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,  
Chantaient gaiment dans le givre,  
" Bons amis

Allons donc chez Agassiz ! "

Ces illustres Pèlerins  
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins  
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,  
A l'envi se vantaient d'être

" Bons amis

De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz !

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,  
Sans reproche et sans pudcur,  
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,  
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,

" Bons amis,

J'ai dansé chez Agassiz ! "

Verzenay le Champenois,  
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois  
Mais des environs d'Avize,  
Tredonne à mainte reprise,

" Bons amis,

J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! "

A côté marchait un vieux  
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux,  
Dans le temps de Charlemagne  
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !

" Bons amis,

J'ai dîné chez Agassiz ! "

Dernière eux un Bordelais,  
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,  
Parfûmé de poésie  
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,  
" Bons amis,  
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz ! "

Avec ce beau cadet roux,  
Bras dessus et bras dessous,  
Mine altière et couleur terne,  
Vint le Sire de Sauterne,  
" Bons amis,  
J'ai couché chez Agassiz ! "

Mais le dernier de ces preux,  
Était un pauvre Chartreux,  
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,  
" Bénédiction sur le Juste !  
Bons amis,  
Bénéissons Père Agassiz ! "

Ils arrivent trois à trois,  
Montent l'escalier de bois  
Clopin clopant ! quel gendarme  
Peut permettre ce vacarme,  
Bons amis,  
A la porte d'Agassiz !

" Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,  
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur,  
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes  
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,  
Bons amis  
De la famille Agassiz ! "

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !  
C'en est trop de vos glouglous !

Epargnez aux Philosophes  
Vos abominables strophes !  
Bons amis,  
Respectez mon Agassiz.

~~~~~  
MY SECRET

FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX  
ARVERS.

My soul its secret hath my life too  
hath its mystery,  
A love eternal in a moment's space  
conceived,  
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told  
its history,  
And she who was the cause nor knew  
it nor believed.  
Alas ! I shall have passed close by her  
unperceived,  
For ever at her side and yet for ever  
lonely, [journey, only  
I shall unto the end have made life's  
Daring to ask for naught and having  
naught received.  
For her, though God hath made her  
gentle and endearing,  
She will go on her way distraught and  
without hearing  
These murmurings of love that round  
her steps ascend, [duty,  
Piously faithful still unto her austere  
Will say, when she shall read these  
lines full of her beauty,  
" Who can this woman be ? " and will  
not comprehend.

The Masque of Pandora.

1875

I

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS

HEPHESTUS, *standing before the statue  
of Pandora*  
NOT fashioned out of gold, like Hera's  
throne,  
Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts  
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works  
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or  
Olympus,

But moulded in soft clay, that unre-  
sisting  
Yields itself to the touch, this lovely  
form  
Before me stands perfect in every  
part.  
Not Aphrodite's self appeared more  
fair,

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

When first upwafted by caressing  
winds  
She came to high Olympus, and the  
gods  
Paid homage to her beauty Thus  
her hair  
Was cinctured, thus her floating  
drapery  
Was like a cloud about her, and her  
face  
Was radiant with the sunshine and  
the sea

THE VOICE OF ZEUS  
Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

HEPHÆSTUS  
It is finished!

THE VOICE  
Not finished till I breathe the breath  
of life  
Into her nostrils, and she moves and  
speaks

HEPHÆSTUS  
Will she become immortal like our-  
selves?

THE VOICE  
The form that thou hast fashioned  
out of clay  
Is of the earth and mortal, but the  
spirit,  
The life, the exhalation of my breath,  
Is of diviner essence and immortal  
The Gods shall shower on her their  
benefactions,  
She shall possess all gifts the gift of  
song,  
The gift of eloquence, the gift of  
beauty  
The fascination and the nameless  
charm  
That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHÆSTUS  
Wherefore? wherefore?

*A wind shakes the house*

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind  
Through all the halls and chambers of  
my house!  
Her parted lips inhale it, and her  
bosom  
Heaves with the inspiration As a reed  
Beside a river in the rippling current  
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her  
head.

She gazes round about as if amazed,  
She is alive, she breathes, but  
speaks not!

*Pandora descends from the pedestal*

CHORUS OF THE GRACES

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephæstus  
What is this I see?  
Have the Gods to four increased us  
Who were only three?  
Beautiful in form and feature,  
Lovely as the day,  
Can there be so fair a creature  
Formed of common clay?

THALIA

O sweet, pale face! O lovely eyes of  
azure  
Clear as the waters of a brook that  
run  
Limpid and laughing in the summer  
sun!  
O golden hair that like a miser's  
treasure  
In its abundance overflows the  
measure!  
O graceful form, that cloudlike  
floatest on  
With the soft undulating gait of one  
Who moveth as if motion were a  
pleasure!  
By what name shall I call thee?  
Nymph or Muse,  
Callirrhoe or Urania? Some sweet  
name  
Whose every syllable is a caress  
Would best befit thee, but I cannot  
choose,  
Nor do I care to choose, for still the  
same,  
Nameless or named, will be thy  
loveliness

EUPHROSINE

Dowered with all celestial gifts,  
Skilled in every art  
That ennobles and uplifts  
And delights the heart,  
Fair on earth shall be thy fame  
As thy face is fair,  
And Pandora be the name  
Thou henceforth shalt bear

II

OLYMPUS

HERMES, *putting on his sandals*  
 MUCH must he toil who serves the  
 Immortal Gods  
 And I, who am their herald, most  
 of all  
 No rest have I, nor respite. I no  
 sooner  
 Unclass the winged sandals from my  
 feet,  
 Than I again must clasp them, and  
 depart  
 Upon some foolish errand But to-day  
 The errand is not foolish Never yet  
 With greater joy did I obey the  
 summons  
 That sends me earthward. I will fly  
 so swift  
 That my caduceus in the whistling air  
 Shall make a sound like the Pindarian  
 pipes  
 Cheating the shepherds, for to-day  
 I go  
 Commissioned by high thundering  
 Zeus, to lead  
 A maiden to Prometheus in his tower,  
 And by my cunning arguments per-  
 suade him  
 To marry her What mischief lies  
 concealed  
 In this design I know not, but I know  
 Who thinks of marrying hath already  
 taken  
 One step upon the road to penitence.  
 Such embassies delight me. Forth I  
 launch  
 On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall  
 Like Icarus nor swerve aside like him  
 Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery  
 steeds  
 I sink I fly! The yielding element  
 Folds itself round about me like an  
 arm,  
 And holds me as a mother holds her  
 child

III

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON  
 MOUNT CAUCASUS.

PROMETHEUS.  
 I HEAR the trumpet of Alectryon  
 Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin  
 to fade,

And all the heavens are full of prophe-  
 cies  
 And evil nugaries Blood red last  
 night  
 I saw great Kronos rise, the crescent  
 moon  
 Sant through the mist, as if it were  
 the scythe  
 His parricidal hand had flung far down  
 The eastern steep O ye Immortal  
 Gods,  
 What evil are ye plotting and con-  
 triving?

HERMES *and PANDORA at the  
 threshold*

PANDORA

I cannot cross the threshold. An un-  
 seen  
 And icy hand repels me. These blank  
 walls  
 Oppress me with their weight!

PROMETHEUS

Pow'ful ye are,  
 But not omnipotent Ye cannot fight  
 Against Necessity The Fates control  
 you  
 As they do us and so far we are  
 equals!

PANDORA

Motionless, passionless companion  
 less  
 He sits there muttering in his beard.  
 His voice  
 Is like a river flowing underground!

HEMES

Prometheus, hail!

PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me?

HERMES

It is I  
 Dost thou not know me?

PROMETHEUS.

By thy winged cap  
 And winged heels I know thee. Thou  
 art Hermes  
 Captain of thieves! Hast thou again  
 been stealing  
 The heifers of Admetus in the sweet  
 Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's  
 girdle?  
 Or the earth-shaking trident of Posei-  
 don?

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

HERMES

And thou, Prometheus, say, hast  
*thou again*  
 Been stealing fire from Helios chariot-  
 wheels  
 To light thy furnaces?

PROMETHEUS

Why comest thou hither  
 So early in the dawn?

HERMES

The Immortal Gods  
 Know naught of late or early Zeus  
 himself  
 The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS

For what purpose?

HERMES

To bring this maiden to thee

PROMETHEUS

I mistrust  
 The Gods and all their gifts If they  
 have sent her  
 It is for no good purpose.

HERMES

What disaster  
 Could she bring on thy house who is a  
 woman?

PROMETHEUS

The Gods are not my friends, nor am  
 I theirs  
 Whatever comes from them, though in  
 a shape  
 As beautiful as this, is evil only  
 Who art thou?

PANDORA

One who, though to thee unknown,  
 Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS

How shouldst thou know me,  
 woman?

PANDORA

Who knoweth not Prometheus the  
 humane?

PROMETHEUS

Prometheus the unfortunate, to whom  
 Both Gods and men have shown them-  
 selves ungrateful  
 When every spark was quenched on  
 every hearth

Throughout the earth I brought to  
 man the fire  
 And all its ministrations. My reward  
 Hath been the rock and vulture

HERMES

But the Gods  
 At last relent and pardon

PROMETHEUS

They relent not,  
 They pardon not, they are implacable,  
 Revengeful, unforgetting!

HERMES

As a pledge  
 Of reconciliation they have sent to thee  
 This divine being to be thy companion,  
 And bring into thy melancholy house  
 The sunshine and the fragrance of her  
 youth

PROMETHEUS

I need them not. I have within my-  
 self  
 All that my heart desires, the ideal  
 beauty  
 Which the creative faculty of mind  
 Fashions and follows in a thousand  
 shapes  
 More lovely than the real My own  
 thoughts  
 Are my companions, my designs and  
 labours  
 And aspirations are my only friends

HERMES

Decide not rashly The decision made  
 Can never be recalled The Gods im-  
 plore not,  
 Plead not, solicit not, they only offer  
 Choice and occasion, which once being  
 passed  
 Return no more Dost thou accept  
 the gift?

PROMETHEUS

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape  
 It comes to me, with whatsoever  
 charm  
 To fascinate my sense, will I receive.  
 Leave me

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams,  
 and all  
 The silence and the solitude of thought,



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

The endless bitterness of unbelief,  
The loneliness of existence without  
love

### CHORUS OF THE FATES

#### CLOTHO

How the Titan, the defiant,  
The self-centred, self-reliant,  
Wrapped in visions and illusions,  
Robs himself of life's best gifts !  
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,  
By the blast of fate overtaken,  
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,  
In the mists of his confusions  
To the reefs of doom he drifts !

#### LACHESIS

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,  
From no agonies exempted,  
In the penance of his trial,  
And the discipline of pain,  
Often by illusions cheated,  
Often baffled and defeated  
In the tasks to be completed,  
He, by toil and self-denial,  
To the highest shall attain.

#### ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer,  
Bear unto some idle dreamer  
This new toy and fascination,  
This new dalliance and delight !  
To the garden where reposes  
Epimetheus crowned with roses,  
To the door that never closes  
Upon pleasure and temptation,  
Bring this vision of the night !

### IV

#### THE AIR.

#### HERMES, *returning to Olympus*

As lonely as the tower that he in-  
habits,  
As firm and cold as are the crags  
about him  
Prometheus stands The thunderbolts  
of Zeus  
Alone can move him, but the tender  
heart  
Of Epimetheus burning at white heat,  
Hammers and flames like all his  
brother's forges !  
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,  
My errand done I fly I float, I soar  
Into the air returning to Olympus.

O joy of motion ! O delight to cleave  
The infinite realms of space, the  
liquid ether,  
Through the warm sunshine and the  
cooling cloud,  
Myself as light as sunbeam or as  
cloud !  
With one touch of my swift and winged  
feet,  
I spurn the solid earth, and leave it  
rocking  
As rocks the bough from which a bird  
takes wing

### V

#### THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

#### EPIMETHEUS

BEAUTIFUL apparition ! go not hence !  
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy  
voice  
Is a celestial melody, and thy form  
Self-poised as if it floated on the air !

#### PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly  
birth,  
But a mere woman fashioned out of  
clay,  
And mortal as the rest.

#### EPIMETHEUS

Thy face is fair,  
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes  
That fascinates me Thy whole pre-  
sence seems  
A soft desire, a breathing thought of  
love.  
Say, would thy star like Merope's  
grow dim  
If thou shouldst wed beneath thee ?

#### PANDORA

Ask me not,  
I cannot answer thee. I only know  
The Gods have sent me hither

#### EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,  
And thus believing am most fortunate.  
It was not Hermes led thee here, but  
Eros,  
And swifter than his arrows were thine  
eyes  
In wounding me There was  
moment's space

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

Between my seeing thee and loving  
 thee  
 Oh, what a tell-tale face thou hast!  
 Again  
 I see the wonder in thy tender eyes

PANDORA

They do but answer to the love in  
 thine,  
 Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst  
 love me.  
 Thou knowest me not

EPIMETHEUS

Perhaps I know thee better  
 Than had I known thee longer Yet it  
 seems  
 That I have always known thee, and  
 but now  
 Have found thee. Ah! I have been  
 waiting long

PANDORA

How beautiful is this house! The  
 atmosphere  
 Breathes rest and comfort, and the  
 many chambers  
 Seem full of welcomes

EPIMETHEUS

They not only seem,  
 But truly are This dwelling and its  
 master  
 Belong to thee

PANDORA

Here let me stay for ever!  
 There is a spell upon me

EPIMETHEUS

Thou thyself  
 Art the enchantress, and I feel thy  
 power  
 Envelop me, and wrap my soul and  
 sense  
 In an Elvian dream

PANDORA

Oh, let me stay!  
 How beautiful are all things round  
 about me,  
 Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls!  
 What treasures hast thou here! Yon  
 oaken chest,  
 Carven with figures and embossed  
 with gold, [choice  
 Is wonderful to look upon! What  
 And precious things dost thou keep  
 hidden in it?

EPIMETHEUS

I know not 'Tis a mystery

PANDORA

Hast thou never  
 Lifted the lid?

EPIMETHEUS

The oracle forbids  
 Safely concealed there from all mortal  
 eyes  
 For ever sleeps the secret of the Gods  
 Seek not to know what they have  
 hidden from thee  
 Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA

As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS

Let us go forth from this mysterious  
 place  
 The garden walks are pleasant at this  
 hour,  
 The nightingales among the sheltering  
 boughs  
 Of populous and many nested trees  
 Shall teach me how to woo thee, and  
 shall tell me  
 By what resistless charms or incanta-  
 tions  
 They won their mates

PANDORA

Thou dost not need a teacher  
 [They go out.]

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES

What the Immortals  
 Confide to thy keeping,  
 Tell unto no man,  
 Waking or sleeping,  
 Closed be thy portals  
 To friend as to foe-man

Silence conceals it,  
 The word that is spoken  
 Betrays and reveals it,  
 By breath or by token  
 The charm may be broken

With shafts of their splendours  
 The Gods unforgiving  
 Pursue the offenders,  
 The dead and the living!  
 Fortune forsakes them,  
 Nor earth shall abide them,  
 Nor Tartarus hide them,  
 Swift wrath overtakes them!

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

With useless endeavour,  
For ever, for ever,  
Is Sisyphus rolling  
His stone up the mountain !  
Immersed in the fountain,  
Tantalus tastes not  
The water that wastes not !  
Through ages increasing  
The pangs that afflict him,  
With motion increasing  
The wheel of Ixion  
Shall torture its victim !

## VI

### IN THE GARDEN

#### EPIMETHEUS

YON snow-white cloud that sails  
sublime in ether  
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a  
swan  
Flies to fair-ankled Leda !

#### PANDORA

Or perchance  
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of  
Hera,  
That bore the Centaurs

#### EPIMETHEUS

The divine and human

#### CHORUS OF BIRDS

Gently swaying to and fro,  
Rocked by all the winds that blow,  
Bright with sunshine from above,  
Dark with shadow from below,  
Beak to beak and breast to breast  
In the cradle of their nest,  
Lie the fledglings of our love.

#### ECHO

Love ! love !

#### EPIMETHEUS

Hark ! listen ! Hear how sweetly  
overhead  
The feathered flute players pipe their  
songs of love  
And Echo answers, love, and only love

#### CHORUS OF BIRDS

Every flutter of the wing  
Every note of song we sing,  
Every murmur every tone,  
Is of love, and love alone.

#### ECHO

Love alone !

#### EPIMETHEUS

Who would not love, if loving she  
might be  
Charged like Callisto to a star in  
heaven ?

#### PANDORA

Ah, who would love, if loving she  
might be  
Like Semele consumed and burnt to  
ashes ?

#### EPIMETHEUS

Whence knowest thou these stories ?

#### PANDORA

Hermes taught me,  
He told me all the history of the Gods.

#### CHORUS OF REEDS

Evermore a sound shall be  
In the reeds of Arcady,  
Evermore a low lament  
Of unrest and discontent,  
As the story is retold  
Of the nymph so coy and cold,  
Who with frightened feet outran  
The pursuing steps of Pan

#### EPIMETHEUS

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is  
made,  
And when he plays upon it to the  
shepherds  
They pity him, so mournful is the  
sound  
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx  
was

#### PANDORA

Nor thou as Pan be rude and manner-  
less

#### PROMETHEUS, *without*

Ho ! Epimetheus !

#### EPIMETHEUS.

'Tis my brother's voice  
A sound unwelcome and inopportune  
As was the braying of Silenus' ass,  
Heard in Cybele's garden

#### PANDORA

Let me go  
I would not be found here. I would  
not see him

[*She escapes among the trees*

# THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

CHORUS OF DRYADES  
Haste and hide thee,  
Ere too late,  
In these thickets intricate,  
Lest Prometheus  
See and chide thee,  
Lest some hurt  
Or harm betide thee,  
Haste and hide thee!

PROMETHEUS, *entering*  
Who was it fled from here? I saw a  
shape  
Flitting among the trees

EPIMETHEUS  
It was Pandora

PROMETHEUS  
O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain  
That I have warned thee? Let me  
now implore  
Thou harbourest in thy house a  
dangerous guest

EPIMETHEUS  
Whom the Gods love they honour  
with such guests

PROMETHEUS  
Whom the Gods would destroy they  
first make mad

EPIMETHEUS  
Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

PROMETHEUS  
Reject all gifts that come from higher  
powers

EPIMETHEUS  
Such gifts as this are not to be rejected

PROMETHEUS  
Make not thyself the slave of any  
woman

EPIMETHEUS  
Make not thyself the judge of any man

PROMETHEUS  
I judge thee not, for thou art more  
than man,  
Thou art descended from Titanic race,  
And hast a Titan's strength and  
faculties

501

That make thee godlike, and thou  
sittest here  
Like Heracles spinning Omphale's  
flax,  
And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS

O my brother!  
Thou drivest me to madness with thy  
taunts

PROMETHEUS

And me thou drivest to madness with  
thy follies  
Come with me to my tower on  
Caucasus  
See there my forges in the roaring  
caverns,  
Beneficent to man and taste the joy  
That springs from labour Read with  
me the stars,  
And learn the virtues that lie hidden  
in plants  
And all things that are useful

EPIMETHEUS

O my brother!  
I am not as thou art. Thou dost  
inherit  
Our father's strength, and I our  
mother's weakness  
The softness of the Oceanides  
The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not

EPIMETHEUS

Nay, because I cannot

PROMETHEUS

Assert thyself, rise up to thy full  
height,  
Shake from thy soul these dreams  
effeminate,  
These passions born of indolence and  
ease.  
Resolve, and thou art free But  
breathe the air  
Of mountains, and their unapproach-  
able summits  
Will lift thee to the level of themselves

EPIMETHEUS

The roar of forests and of waterfalls,  
The rushing of a mighty wind with  
loud  
And undistinguishable voices calling,  
Are in my ear!

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

### PROMETHEUS

Oh, listen and obey

### EPIMETHEUS

Thou leadest me as a child I follow  
thee. [They go out]

### CHORUS OF OREADES

Centuries old are the mountains,  
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted  
Helios crowns by day,  
Pallid Selene by night,  
From their bosoms upstossed  
The snows are driven and drifted,  
Like Tithonus' beard  
Streaming dishevelled and white  
Thunder and tempest of wind  
Their trumpets blow in the vastness,  
Phantoms of mist and rain,  
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,  
Pass and repass by the gates  
Of their inaccessible fastness,  
Ever unmoved they stand,  
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

### VOICES OF THE WATERS

Flooded by rain and snow  
In their inexhaustible sources,  
Swollen by affluent streams  
Hurrying onward and hurled  
Headlong over the crags,  
The impetuous water-courses  
Rush and roar and plunge  
Down to the nethermost world

Say, have the solid rocks  
Into streams of silver been melted,  
Flowing over the plains,  
Spreading to lakes in the fields?  
Or have the mountains, the grants,  
The ice helmed, the forest belted,  
Scattered their arms abroad,  
Flung in the meadows their shields?

### VOICES OF THE WINDS

High on their turreted cliffs  
That bolts of thunder have shattered,  
Storm-winds muster and blow  
Trumpets of terrible breath,  
Then from the gateways rush,  
And before them routed and  
scattered

Sullen the cloud rack flies  
Pale with the pallor of death

Onward the hurricane rides  
And flee for shelter the shepherds,  
White are the frightened leaves,  
Harvests with terror are white.

Panic seizes the herds,  
And even the lions and leopards,  
Prowling no longer for prey,  
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

### VOICES OF THE FOREST

Guarding the mountains around  
Majestic the forests are standing,  
Bright are their crested helms,  
Dark is their armour of leaves,  
Filled with the breath of freedom,  
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,  
Now like the ocean sinks,  
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,  
With foreheads stern and defiant,  
Loud they shout to the winds,  
Loud to the tempest they call,  
Nought but Olympian thunders,  
That blasted Titan and Giant,  
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,  
Shaking the earth with their fall

### CHORUS OF OREADES

These are the Voices Three  
Of winds and forests and fountains,  
Voices of earth and of air,  
Murmur and rushing of streams,  
Making together one sound,  
The mysterious voice of the moun-  
tains,

Waking the sluggard that sleeps,  
Waking the dreamer of dreams  
These are the Voices Three,  
That speak of endless endeavour,  
Speak of endurance and strength,  
Triumph and fulness of fame,  
Sounding about the world,  
An inspiration for ever,  
Stirring the hearts of men,  
Shaping their end and their aim

## VII.

### THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

### PANDORA

LEFT to myself, I wander as I will,  
And as my fancy leads me, thro' this  
house,  
Nor could I ask a dwelling more com-  
plete  
Were I indeed the Goddess that he  
deems me.

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

No mansion of Olympus, framed to be  
The habitation of the Immortal Gods,  
Can be more beautiful. And this is  
mine,

And more than this, the love where  
with he crowns me

As if Impelled by powers invisible  
And irresistible, my steps return  
Unto this spacious hall All corridors  
And passages lead thither, and all doors  
But open into it. Yon mysterious eliest  
Attracts and fascinates me Would I  
knew

What there lies hidden ! But the oracle  
Forbids. Ah me ! The secret then  
is safe.

So would it be if it were in my keeping  
A crowd of shadowy faces from the  
mirrors

That line these walls are watching me  
I dare not

Lift up the lid A hundred times  
the act

Would be repeated, and the secret seen  
By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes

*She walks to the other side of the hall*

My feet are weary, wandering to  
and fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart  
with waiting

I will lie here and rest till he returns,  
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.

*Throws herself upon a couch, and falls  
asleep*

### ZEPHYRUS

Come from thy caverns dark and deep,  
O son of Erebus and Night,  
All sense of hearing and of sight  
Enfold in the serene delight  
And quietude of sleep !

Set all thy silent sentinels  
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,  
And keep the evil dreams of fate  
And falsehood and Infernal hate  
Imprisoned in their cells

But open wide the Gate of Horn,  
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise  
The dreams of truth, with starry eyes,  
And all the wondrous prophecies  
And visions of the morn

### CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE

Ye sentinels of sleep,  
It is in vain ye keep

Your drowsy watch before the Ivory  
Gate,

Though closed the portal seems,  
The airy feet of dreams  
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate

We phantoms are and dreams  
Born by Tartarean streams,  
As ministers of the infernal powers,  
O son of Erebus  
And Night, behold ! we thus  
Elude your watchful wardens on the  
towers !

From gloomy Tartarus  
The Fates have summoned us  
To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,  
A tale to fan the fire  
Of her insane desire  
To know a secret that the Gods would  
keep

This passion, in their ire,  
The Gods themselves inspire,  
To vex mankind with evils manifold,  
So that disease and pain  
O'er the whole earth may reign,  
And nevermore return the Age of Gold

### PANDORA, waking

A voice said in my sleep " Do not  
delay

Do not delay the golden moments fly  
The oracle hath forbidden, yet not thee  
Doth it forbid but Epimetheus only !  
I am alone. These faces in the mirrors  
Are but the shadows and phantoms of  
myself,

They cannot help nor hinder No one  
sees me,  
Save the all-seeing Gods, who, know-  
ing good

And knowing evil have created me  
Such as I am, and filled me with desire  
Of knowing good and evil like them  
selves

### *She approaches the chest*

I hesitate no longer Weal or woe,  
Or life or death, the moment shall  
decide

*She lifts the lid A dense mist rises  
from the chest and fills the room  
Pandora falls senseless on the floor  
Storm without*

# LONGFELLOW'S POLITICAL WORKS

## CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN

Yes, the moment shall decide!  
It already hath decided,  
And the secret once confided  
To the keeping of the Titan  
Now is flying far and wide,  
Whispered, told on every side,  
To disquiet and to frighten

Fever of the heart and brain,  
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,  
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,  
All the evils that hereafter  
Shall afflict and vex mankind,  
All into the air have risen  
From the chambers of their prison,  
Only Hope remains behind

## VIII

### IN THE GARDEN

#### EPIMETHEUS

THE storm is past, but it hath left  
behind it  
Ruin and desolation All the walks  
Are strewn with shattered boughs, the  
birds are silent,  
The flowers down trodden by the  
wind, lie dead  
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret  
pain,  
The melancholy reeds whisper together  
As if some dreadful deed had been  
committed  
They dare not name and all the air is  
heavy  
With an unspoken sorrow I Premonitions  
Foreshadowings of some terrible  
disaster  
Oppress my heart Ye Gods, avert  
the omen!

PANDORA, *coming from the house*

O Epimetheus I no longer dare  
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy  
voice,  
Being no longer worthy of thy love

#### EPIMETHEUS

What hast thou done?

#### PANDORA

Forgive me not but kill me.

#### EPIMETHEUS

What hast thou done?

#### PANDORA

I pray for death, not pardon

#### EPIMETHEUS

What hast thou done?

#### PANDORA

I dare not speak of it

#### EPIMETHEUS

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me!

#### PANDORA

I have brought wrath and ruin on thy  
house!  
My heart hath braved the oracle that  
guarDED  
The fatal secret from us, and my hand  
Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest!

#### EPIMETHEUS

Then all is lost! I am indeed undone

#### PANDORA

I pray for punishment, and not for  
pardon

#### EPIMETHEUS

Mine is the fault not thine On me  
shall fall  
The vengeance of the Gods, for I be-  
trayed  
Their secret when in evil hour, I said  
It was a secret, when in evil hour  
I left thee here alone to this tempta-  
tion  
Why did I leave thee?

#### PANDORA

Why didst thou return?  
Eternal absence would have been to  
me  
The greatest punishment To be left  
alone  
And face to face with my own crime,  
had been  
Just retribution Upon me, ye Gods,  
Let all your vengeance fall!

#### EPIMETHEUS

On thee and me  
I do not love thee less for what is done  
And cannot be undone Thy very  
weakness  
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and  
henceforth  
My love will have a sense of pity in it,  
Making it less a worship than before.

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

PANDORA

Pity me not, pity is degradation  
Love me and kill me

EPIMETHIUS

Beautiful Pandora !  
Thou art a Goddess still !

PANDORA

I am a woman,  
And the insurgent demon in my nature,  
That made me brave the oracle, revolts  
At pity and compassion Let me die !  
What else remains for me ?

EPIMETHIUS

Youth hope, and love  
To build a new life on a ruined life,  
To make the future fairer than the past  
And make the past appear a troubled  
dream  
Even now in passing through the  
garden walks  
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest  
Ruined and full of ruin, and over me  
Beheld the uncomplaining birds al-  
ready  
Busy in building a new habitation

PANDORA

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHIUS

May the Eumenides  
Put out their torches and behold us  
not,

And fling away their whips of scorpions  
And touch us not !

PANDORA

Me let them punish  
Only through punishment of our evil  
deeds,  
Only through suffering, are we recon-  
ciled  
To the immortal Gods and to our-  
selves

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES

Never shall souls like these  
Escape the Eumenides  
The daughters dark of Achéron and  
Night !  
Unquenched our torches glare,  
Our scourges in the air  
Send forth prophetic sounds before  
they smite.

Never by lapse of time  
The soul defaced by crime  
Into its former self returns again,  
For every guilty deed  
Holds in itself the seed  
Of retribution and undying pain

Never shall be the loss  
Restored till Helios  
Hath purified them with his heavenly  
fires,  
Then what was lost is won,  
And the new life begun,  
Kindled with nobler passions and de-  
sires

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

1874

I

THE lights are out, and gone are all  
the guests  
That thronging came with merriment  
and jests  
To celebrate the Hanging of the  
Crane  
In the new house,—into the night  
are gone,  
But still the fire upon the hearth burns  
on,  
And I alone remain

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its  
place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space !  
So said the guests in speech and  
song,  
As in the chimney, burning bright  
We hung the iron crane to-night,  
And merry was the feast and long



II

AND now I sit and muse on what may  
be,  
And in my vision see, or seem to see  
Through floating vapours interfused  
with light,  
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and  
fade,  
As shadows passing into deeper shade  
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
Is spread the table round and small,  
Upon the polished silver shine  
The evening lamps, but, more divine,  
The light of love shines over all,  
Of love, that says not mine and thine,  
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.  
They want no guests to come between  
Their tender glances like a screen,  
And tell them tales of land and sea,  
And whatsoever may betide  
The great forgotten world outside,  
They want no guests, they needs must  
be  
Each other's own best company

III

THE picture fades, as at a village fair  
A showman's views, dissolving into  
air,  
Again appear transfigured on the  
screen  
So in my fancy this, and now once  
more  
In part transfigured, through the open  
door  
Appears the self-same scene  
Seated I see the two again  
But not alone they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as is the moon,  
A royal guest with flaxen hair  
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these  
The ways that win, the arts that  
please?

Ah yes, consider well the guest,  
And whatsoever he does seems best,  
He ruleth by the right divine  
Of helplessness so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn  
As sovereign over thee and thine.

He speaketh not, and yet there lies  
A conversation in his eyes,  
The golden silence of the Greek,  
The gravest wisdom of the wise  
Not spoken in language, but in looks  
More legible than printed books,  
As if he could but would not speak.  
And now, O monarch absolute,  
Thy power is put to proof, for lo!  
Resistless, fathomless and slow,  
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
And pushes back thy chair and thee,  
And so good night to King Canute

IV

As one who walking in a forest sees  
A lovely landscape through the parted  
trees,  
Then sees it not, for houghs that in-  
tervene,  
Or as we see the moon sometimes re-  
vealed  
Through drifting clouds, and then  
again concealed,  
So I behold the scene

There are two guests at table now,  
The king, deposed and older grown,  
No longer occupies the throne,—  
The crown is on his sister's brow,  
A Princess from the Fairy Isles  
The very pattern girl of girls,  
All covered and embowered in curls  
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,  
And sailing with soft, silken sails  
From far-off Dreamland into ours  
Above their bowls with rims of blue  
Four azure eyes of deeper hue  
Are looking, dreamy with delight,  
Limpid as planets that emerge  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
Soft-shining through the summer  
night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see  
Beyond the horizon of their bowls,  
Nor care they for the world that rolls  
With all its freight of troubled souls  
Into the days that are to be.

V

AGAIN the tossing houghs shut out  
the scene  
Again the drifting vapours intervene,  
And the moon's pallid disk is hidden  
quite,  
And now I see the table wider grown,  
As round a pebble into water thrown  
Dilates a ring of light.

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

I see the table wider grown,  
 I see it garlanded with guests,  
 As if fur Ariadne's Crown  
 Out of the sky had fallen down,  
 Maidens within whose tender breasts  
 A thousand restless hopes and fears,  
 Forth reaching to the coming years,  
 Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,  
 Like timid birds that fain would fly,  
 But do not dare to leave their nests,—  
 And youths, who in their strength elite  
 Challenge the van and front of fate  
 Eager as champions to be  
 In the divine knight errantry  
 Of youth, that travels sea and land  
 Seeking adventures or pursues,  
 Through cities and through solitudes  
 Frequented by the lyric Muse,  
 The phantom with the beckoning  
     hand,  
 That still allures and still eludes  
 O sweet illusions of the brain!  
 O sudden thrills of fire and frost!  
 The world is bright while ye remain,  
 And dark and dead when ye are lost!

### VI

THE meadow-brook, that seemeth to  
     stand still,  
 Quickens its current as it nears the  
     mill,  
 And so the stream of Time that  
     lingers  
 In level places, and so dull appears,  
 Runs with a swifter current as it nears  
     The gloomy mills of Death

And now, like the magician's scroll,  
 That in the owner's keeping shrinks  
 With every wish he speaks or thinks,  
 Till the last wish consumes the whole,  
 The table dwindles, and again  
 I see the two alone remain  
 The crown of stars is broken in parts,  
 Its jewels, brighter than the day,  
 Have one by one been stolen away  
 To shine in other homes and hearts  
 One is a wanderer now afar  
 In Ceylon or in Zanzibar  
 Or sunny regions of Cathay,  
 And one is in the boisterous camp  
 Mid clink of arms and horses tramp,  
 And battle's terrible array  
 I see the patient mother read,  
 With aching heart, of wrecks that  
     float  
 Disabled on those seas remote,

Or of some great heroic deed  
 On battle-fields, where thousands  
     bled  
 To lift one hero into fame  
 Anxious she bends her graceful head  
 Above these chronicles of pain,  
 And trembles with a secret dread  
 Lest there among the drowned or slain  
 She find the one beloved name.

### VII

AFTER a day of cloud and wind and  
     rain  
 Sometimes the setting sun breaks out  
     again,  
 And, touching all the darksome  
     woods with light,  
 Smiles on the fields, until they laugh  
     and sing,  
 Then like a ruby from the horizon's  
     ring  
 Drops down into the night

What see I now? The night is fair,  
 The storm of grief, the clouds of care,  
 The wind, the rain have passed away,  
 The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,  
 The house is full of life and light  
 It is the Golden Wedding day

The guests come thronging in once  
     more  
 Quick footsteps sound along the floor,  
 The trooping children crowd the stair,  
 And in and out and every where  
 Flashes along the corridor  
 The sunshine of their golden hair

On the round table in the hall  
 Another Ariadne's Crown  
 Out of the sky hath fallen down,  
 More than one Monarch of the Moon  
 Is drumming with his silver spoon,  
 The light of love shines over all

O fortunate, O happy day!  
 The people sing, the people say  
 The ancient bridegroom and the  
     bride,

Smiling contented and serene,  
 Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,  
 Behold, well-pleased, on every side  
 Their forms and features multiplied,  
 As the reflection of a light  
 Between two burnished mirrors  
     gleams,

Or lamps upon a bridge at night  
 Stretch on and on before the sight,  
 Till the long vista endless seems

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

1875.

POEM

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Tempora labuntur tristesque senescimus annis,  
 Lt fugiunt freno non remorante dies.—OVID, *Fast. rum*, l. lib. vi

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die  
 Salute you!" was the gladiators cry  
 In the arena standing face to face  
 With death and with the Roman  
 populace

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of  
 pine,  
 That once were mine and are no longer  
 mine—

Thou river, widening through the  
 meadows green

To the vast sea, so near and yet un-  
 seen,—

Ye halls in whose seclusion and repose  
 Phantoms of fame, like exhalations  
 rose

And vanished,—we who are about to  
 die

Salute you, earth and air and sea and  
 sky,

And the Imperial Sun that scatters  
 down

His sovereign splendours upon grove  
 and town

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!  
 We are forgotten, and in your rustere  
 And calm indifference ye little care  
 Whether we come or go, or whence or  
 where.

What passing generations fill these  
 halls,

What passing voices echo from these  
 walls,

Ye heed not, we are only as the blast,  
 A moment heard, and then for ever  
 past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days  
 Led our bewildered feet through learn-  
 ing's maze,

They answer us—alas! what have I  
 said?

What greetings come there from the  
 voiceless dead?

What salutation, welcome, or reply?  
 What pressure from the hands that  
 lifeless lie?

They are no longer here, they all are  
 gone

Into the land of shadows,—all save  
 one

Honour and reverence, and the good  
 repute

That follows faithful service as its fruit,  
 Be unto him, whom living we salute

The great Italian poet, when he made  
 His dreadful journey to the realms of  
 shade,

Met there the old instructor of his  
 youth,

And cried in tones of pity and of ruth  
 "Oh, never from the memory of my  
 heart

Your dear paternal image shall depart,  
 Who while on earth ere yet by death  
 surprised,

Taught me how mortals are im-  
 mortalized,

How grateful am I for that patient  
 care

All my life long my language shall  
 declare

To dry we make the poet's words our  
 own,

And utter them in plaintive under-  
 tone,

Nor to the living only be they said,  
 But to the other living called the dead,  
 Whose dear paternal images appear  
 Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in  
 sunshine here,

Whose simple lives, complete and  
 without flaw,

Were part and parcel of great Nature's  
 law,

Who said not to their Lord, as if  
 afraid,

"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"  
But laboured in their sphere, as men  
who live  
In the delight that work alone can  
give  
Peace be to them, eternal peace and  
rest,  
And the fulfilment of the great behest  
"Ye have been faithful over a few  
things,  
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings"  
And ye who fill the places we once  
filled,  
And follow in the furrows that we  
tilled,  
Young men, whose generous hearts  
are beating high,  
We who are old, and are about to die,  
Salute you, hail you, take your  
hands in ours,  
And crown you with our welcome as  
with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright  
it gleams  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!  
Book of Beginnings, Story without  
End,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a  
friend!  
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus'  
Purse,  
That holds the treasures of the uni-  
verse!  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe with-  
stands,  
In its sublime audacity of faith,  
"Be thou removed!" it to the moun-  
tain saith,  
And with ambitious feet, secure and  
proud,  
Ascends the ladder leaning on the  
cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate  
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state  
With the old men, too old and weak  
to fight,  
Chirping like grasshoppers in their  
delight  
To see the embattled hosts, with spear  
and shield,  
Of Trojans and Achæians in the field,  
So from the snowy summits of our  
years  
We see you in the plain, as each  
appears,

And question of you, asking, "Who  
is he  
That towers above the others? Which  
may be  
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,  
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"  
Let him not boast who puts his  
armour on  
As he who puts it off, the battle done.  
Study yourselves, and most of all  
note well  
Wherein kind Nature meant you to  
excel.  
Not every blossom ripens into fruit,  
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,  
Flung it aside, when she her face  
surveyed  
Distorted in a fountain as she played,  
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and  
his fate  
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.  
Write on your doors the saying wise  
and old,  
"Be bold! be bold!" and every  
where—"Be bold,  
Be not too bold!" Yet better the  
excess  
Than the defect, better the more  
than less,  
Better like Hector in the field to die  
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and  
fly

And now, my classmates, ye remain  
ing few  
That number not the half of those we  
knew,  
Ye, against whose familiar names not  
yet  
The fatal asterisk of death is set,  
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time  
Strikes the half century with a solemn  
chime,  
And summons us together once again,  
The joy of meeting not unmixed with  
pain

Where are the others? Voices from  
the deep  
Caverns of darkness answer me  
"They sleep!"  
I name no name, instinctively I feel  
Each at some well remembered grave  
will kneel,  
And from the inscription wipe the  
weeds and moss,  
For every heart best knoweth its own  
loss.

I see their scattered gravestones gleam-  
ing white  
Through the pale dusk of the impend-  
ing night,  
O'er all alike the impartial sunset  
throws  
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose,  
We give to each a tender thought, and  
pass  
Out of the grave yards with their tan-  
gled grass  
Unto these scenes frequented by our  
feet  
When we were young, and life was  
fresh and sweet

What shall I say to you? What can  
I say  
Better than silence is? When I sur-  
vey  
This throng of faces turned to meet  
my own,  
Friendly and fair, and yet to me un-  
known,  
Transformed the very landscape seems  
to be,  
It is the same yet not the same to me  
So many memories crowd upon my  
brain,  
So many ghosts are in the wooded  
plain,  
I fain would steal away, with noiseless  
tread,  
As from a house where some one lieth  
dead  
I cannot go —I pause,—I hesitate,  
My feet reluctant linger at the gate,  
As one who struggles in a troubled  
dream  
To speak and cannot, to myself I  
seem

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle  
fears!

Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!  
Whatever time or space may intervene,  
I will not be a stranger in this scene.  
Here every doubt, all indecision ends,  
Hail, my companions, comrades, class-  
mates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we  
met  
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set  
By Time the great transcriber, on his  
shelves,  
Wherein are written the histories of  
ourselves

What tragedies, what comedies, are  
there!  
What joy and grief, what rapture and  
despair!  
What chronicles of triumph and  
defeat,  
Of struggle, and temptation, and  
retreat!  
What records of regrets, and doubts,  
and fears!  
What pages blotted, blistered by our  
tears!  
What lovely landscapes on the margin  
shine,  
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine  
And holy images of love and trust,  
Undimmed by age, unsolled by damp  
or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and  
explore  
These volumes closed, and clasped for  
evermore?

Not mine With reverential feet I  
pass.

I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!  
Whatever hath been written shall re-  
main,

Nor be erased nor written o'er again,  
The unwritten only still belongs to  
thee

Take heed, and ponder well what that  
shall be.

As children frightened by a thunder-  
cloud

Are reassured if some one reads aloud  
A tale of wonder, with enchantment  
fraught,

Or wild adventure, that diverts their  
thought,

Let me endeavour with a tale to chase  
The gathering shadows of the time  
and place,

And banish what we hid too deeply  
feel

Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,  
There stood an image with its arm in  
air,

And on its lifted finger shining clear,  
A golden ring with the device, 'Strike  
here!

Greatly the people wondered, though  
none guessed

The meaning that these words but half  
expressed,

# MORITURI SALUTAMUS

Until a learned clerk, who at noon-day  
With downcast eyes was passing on  
his way,  
Prused, and observed the spot and  
marked it well,  
Whereon the shadow of the finger  
fell,  
And, coming back at midnight, delved,  
and found

A secret stairway leading under-  
ground

Down this he passed into a spacious  
hall,

Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall,  
And opposite in threatening attitude  
With bow and shaft a brizen statue  
stood

Upon its forehead like a coronet,  
Were these mysterious words of  
menace set

"That which I am, I am, my fatal  
aim

None can escape, not even yon lu-  
minous flame!

Midway the hall was a fur table  
piled,

With cloth of gold, and golden cups  
enchased

With rubies, and the plates and knives  
were gold,

And gold the bread and vands mani-  
fold.

Around it, silent, motionless, and  
sad,

Were seated gallant knights in armour  
clad,

And ladies beautiful with plume and  
zone,

But they were stone, their hearts within  
were stone,

And the vast hall was filled in every  
part

With silent crowds stony in face and  
heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and  
amazed,

The trembling clerk in speechless  
wonder gazed,

Then from the table, by his greed made  
bold,

He seized a goblet and a knife of  
gold,

And suddenly from their seats the  
guests upspring,

The vaulted ceiling with loud clamours  
ring

The archer sped his arrow, at their  
call,

Shattering the lambent jewel on the  
wall,

And all was dark around and over-  
head,—

Stark on the floor the luckless clerk  
lay dead!

The writer of this legend then re-  
cords

Its ghostly application in these  
words

The Image is the Adversary old,  
Whose beckoning finger points to  
realms of gold,

Our lusts and passions are the down-  
ward stair

That leads the soul from a diviner  
air,

The archer, Death, the flaming jewel,  
life,

Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the  
knife,

The knights and ladies, all whose flesh  
and bone

By avarice have been hardened into  
stone,

The clerk, the scholar whom the love  
of peif

Tempts from his books and from his  
nobler self

The scholar and the world! The end-  
less strife,

The discord in the harmonies of life!

The love of learning, the sequestered  
nooks

And all the sweet serenity of books,

The market place, the eager love of  
gain,

Whose aim is vanity, and whose end  
is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale  
be told

To men grown old, or who are grow-  
ing old?

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too  
late

Till the tired heart shall cease to pal-  
pitate

Cato learned Greek at eighty, Sopho-  
cles

Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Si-  
monides

Bore off the prize of verse from his  
compeers,

When each had numbered more than  
fourscore years,

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,  
Had but begun his Characters of Men  
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the  
    nightingales,  
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales,  
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,  
Completed Faust when eighty years  
    were past  
These are indeed exceptions, but they  
    show  
How far the gulf-stream of our youth  
    may flow  
Into the arctic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself sur-  
    vives

As the barometer foretells the storm  
While still the skies are clear, the  
    weather warm,  
So something in us, as old age draws  
    near,  
Betrays the pressure of the atmo-  
    sphere.  
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,  
Descends the elastic ladder of the air,  
The tell tale blood in artery and vein  
Sinks from its higher levels in the  
    brain,  
Whatever poet, orator or sage  
May say of it, old age is still old age  
It is the waning, not the crescent  
    moon,  
The dusk of evening, not the blaze  
    of noon

It is not strength, but weakness, not  
    desire,  
But its surcease, not the fierce heat of  
    fire,  
The burning and consuming element,  
But that of ashes and of embers spent,  
In which some living sparks we still  
    discern,  
Enough to warm, but not enough to  
    burn.  
What then? Shall we sit idly down  
    and say  
The night hath come, it is no longer  
    day?  
The night hath not yet come, we are  
    not quite  
Cut off from labour by the failing  
    light,  
Something remains for us to do or dare,  
Even the oldest tree some fruit may  
    bear,  
Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,  
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning  
    rode  
Out of the gateway of the Tabard  
    Inn,  
But other something, would we but  
    begin,  
For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another  
    dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades  
    away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible  
    by day

## KÉRAMOS.

1878.

*TURN, turn my wheel! Turn round  
    and round  
Without a pause without a sound  
    So spins the flying world away!  
This clay well mixed with marl and  
    sand  
Follows the motion of my hand  
For some must follow, and some com-  
    mand  
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task [tree  
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn

While o'er his features, like a mask,  
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade  
Moved, as the boughs above him  
    swayed,  
And clothed him, till he seemed to be  
A figure woven in tapestry  
So sumptuously was he arrayed  
In that magnificent attire  
Of sable tissue flaked with fire  
Like a magician he appeared,  
A conjurer without book or beard,  
And while he plied his magic art—  
For it was magical to me—

I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey,  
While ever in a thoughtful mood  
He sang his ditty, and at times  
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,  
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! all things must  
change  
To something new, to something  
strange,  
Not ung that is can pause or stay  
The moon will wax, the moon will  
wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,  
By some unconscious act of will  
The melody and even the words  
Were intermingled with my thought,  
As bits of coloured thread are caught  
And woven into nests of birds  
And thus to regions far remote,  
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,  
This wizard in the motley coat  
Transported me on wings of song  
And by the northern shores of France  
Bore me with restless speed along

What land is this that seems to be  
A mingling of the land and sea?  
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?  
This water-net that tessellates  
The landscape? this unending maze  
Of gardens, through whose latticed  
gates

The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze,  
Where in long summer afternoons  
The sunshine softened by the haze,  
Comes streaming down as through a  
screen,

Where over fields and pastures green  
The painted ships float high in air,  
And over all and everywhere  
The sails of windmills sink and soar  
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? Yon pretty town  
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed,  
The pride, the market-place, the  
crown  
And centre of the Potter's trade.

See! every house and room is bright  
With glimmers of reflected light  
From plates that on the dresser shine,  
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,  
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,  
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs de lis,  
And ships upon a rolling sea  
And tankards pewter-topped, and  
queer

With comie mask and musketeer!  
Each hospitable chimney smiles  
A welcome from its painted tiles,  
The parlour walls the chamber floors,  
The stairways and the corridors  
The borders of the garden walks,  
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,  
That never droop in winds or showers,  
And never wither on their stalks

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is  
brief,  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay,  
The wind blows east, the wind blows  
west  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak and  
breast,  
And flutter and fly away*

Now southward through the air I  
glide,

The song my only pursuivant,  
And see across the landscape wide  
The blue Charente, upon whose tide  
The belfries and the spires of Saintes  
Ripple and rock from side to side,  
As, when an earthquake rends its  
walls,

A crumbling city reels and falls

Who is it in the suburbs here  
This Potter, working with such cheer,  
In this mean house, this mean attire,  
His manly features bronzed with fire,  
Whose figulines and rustic wares  
Scarce find him bread from day to  
day?

This madman, as the people say,  
Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
To feed his furnace fires nor cares  
Who goes unfed if they are fed  
Nor who may live if they are dead?  
This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
And sunken, searching eyes, who  
seeks,

By mingled earths and ores, combined  
With potency of fire, to find



Some new enamel, hard and bright  
His dream, his passion his delight?  
O Palissy! within thy breast  
Burned the hot fever of unrest,  
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
The exultation the divine  
Insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labours and endures and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds  
Or what it cannot find creates!

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen  
jar*

*A touch can make a touch can mar  
And shall it to the Potter say,  
What makest thou? Thou hast no  
hand?*

*As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they*

Still guided by the dreamy song,  
As in a trance I float along  
Above the Pyrenean chain,  
Above the fields and farms of Spain,  
Above the bright Majorcan isle  
That lends its softened name to art,—  
A spot a dot upon the chart,  
Whose little towns red-roofed with tile,  
Are ruby-lustered with the light  
Of blazing furnaces by night  
And crowned by day with wreaths of  
smoke

Then eastward, wafted in my flight  
On my enchanter's magic cloak,  
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea  
Into the land of Italy  
And o'er the windy Apennines  
Mantled and musical with pines

The palaces, the princely halls,  
The doors of houses and the walls  
Of churches and of belfry towers,  
Cloister and castle street and mart,  
Are garlanded and gay with flowers  
That blossom in the fields of art,  
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and  
glow

With brilliant, indescent dyes,  
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,  
The cobalt blue of summer skies,  
And vase and scutcheon cup and plate,  
In perfect finish emulate  
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro

Forth from Urbino's gate there came  
A youth with the angelic name

Of Raphael, in form and face  
Himself angelic, and divine  
In arts of colour and design  
From him Francesco Lanto caught  
Something of his transcendent grace,  
And into futile fabrics wrought  
Suggestions of the master's thought.  
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines  
With madre perl and golden lines  
Of arabesques, and interweaves  
His birds and fruits and flowers and  
leaves

About some landscape, shaded brown,  
With olive tints on rock and town

Behold this cup within whose bowl,  
Upon a ground of deepest blue  
With yellow-lustered stars o'erlaid,  
Colours of every tint and hue  
Mingle in one harmonious whole!  
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,  
Her yellow hair in net and braid,  
Necklace and earrings all ablaze  
With golden lustre o'er the glaze  
A woman's portrait, on the scroll,  
Cana, the beautiful! A name  
Forgotten save for such brief fame  
As this memorial can bestow,—  
A gift some lover long ago  
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown  
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,  
Seated beside the Arno's stream,  
For Lucca della Robbia there  
Created forms so wondrous fair,  
They made thy sovereignty supreme.  
These choristers with lips of stone,  
Whose music is not heard, but seen,  
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,  
Their Maker's praise, nor these alone,  
But the more fragile forms of clay,  
Hardly less beautiful than they  
These saints and angels that adorn  
The walls of hospitals, and tell  
The story of good deeds so well  
That poverty seems less forlorn,  
And life more like a holiday

Here in this old neglected church,  
That long eludes the traveller's search,  
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb,  
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,  
Life-like and death-like in the gloom,  
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom  
And foliage deck his resting-place,  
A shadow in the sightless eyes,  
A pallor on the patient face



Made perfect by the furnace heat,  
All earthly passions and desires  
Burnt out by purgatorial fires,  
Seeming to say 'Our years are  
    few  
And to the very death is sweet'

But the most wonderful of all  
The ornaments on tomb or wall  
That grace the fair Attic shores  
Are those the faithful earth re-tories,  
Near to the Apulian town concealed,  
In vineyard or in harvest field —  
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,  
Memorials of forgotten chiefs,  
Or records of heroic deeds  
Of demigods and mighty chiefs  
Figures that almost move and speak,  
And, buried amid mould and weeds,  
Still in their attitudes attest  
The presence of the princely Greek, —  
Achilles in his armour dressed,  
Ajax with the Cretan bull,  
Aphrodite with her bow,  
Or lovely Helena of Troy,  
Still living and still beautiful

*Turr, turr, my wheel! 'Tis nature's  
    fair  
The child should grow into the man,  
The man grow wrinkled old, and  
    gray  
In youth the heart exults and sings,  
The fates help, the feet have wings  
In age the crutch chirps, and brings  
The far-est home of day*

And now the winds that southward  
    blow,  
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,  
Bear me away I see below  
The long line of the Libyan Nile  
Flooding and feeding the parched lands  
With annual ebb and overflow,  
A fallen palm whose branches lie  
Beneath the Abyssinian sky  
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands  
On either bank huge water-wheels,  
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,  
Send forth their melancholy moans,  
As if in their gray mantles hid  
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid  
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Beating their breasts with loud appeals  
And penitential tears and groans

This city, walled and thickly set  
With glittering mosque and minaret,  
Is Cairo in whose gay bazaars  
The dreaming traveller first inhales  
The perfume of Arabian gales,  
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,  
Huge as were those wherein the maid  
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
Concealed in midnight ambuscade,  
And seeing, more than half believes  
The fascinating tales that run  
Through all the Thousand Nights and  
One,  
Told by the fair Scherchazade

More strange and wonderful than these  
Are the Egyptian deities,  
Ammon and Emoth, and the grand  
Osiris, holding in his hand  
The lotus, Isis crowned and veiled,  
The sacred Ibis and the Sphinx,  
Bracelets with blue enamelled links,  
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,  
Or spreading wide his funeral wings,  
Lamps that perchance their night-  
watch kept  
O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—  
All plundered from the tombs of kings

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The human  
race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay*

O'er desert sands o'er gulf and bay,  
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,  
Bird-like I fly and flying sing,  
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,  
And bird-like poise on balanced wing  
Above the town of King-te-thing,  
A burning town, or seeming so —  
Three thousand furnaces that glow  
Incessantly, and fill the air  
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,  
And painted by the lurid glare  
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall  
Spotted and veined with various hues,  
Are swept along the avenues,  
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,

So from this grove of chimneys whirled  
To all the markets of the world  
These porcelain leaves are wasted on,—  
Light yellow leaves with spots and  
Of violet and of crimson dye, [stains  
Or tender azure of a sky  
Just washed by gentle April rains,  
And beautiful with eeladon

Nor less the coarser household wares, —  
The willow pattern, that we knew  
In childhood, with its bridge of blue  
Leading to unknown thoroughfares,  
The solitary man who stares  
At the white river flowing through  
Its arches, the fantastic trees  
And wild perspective of the view,  
And intermingled among these  
The tiles that in our nurseries  
Filled us with wonder and delight,  
Or haunted us in dreams at night

And yonder by Nankin, behold 'old,  
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and  
Uplifting to the astonished skies  
Its ninefold painted balconies,  
With balustrades of twining leaves,  
And roofs of tile beneath whose eaves  
Hang porcelain bells that all the time  
Ring with a soft melodious chime,  
While the whole fabric is ablaze  
With varied tints, all fused in one  
Great mass of colour, like a maze  
Of flowers illumined by the sun

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is  
begun  
At daybreak must at dark be done  
To-morrow will be another day,  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the  
frame,  
And stamp with honour or with shame  
These vessels made of clay*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,  
The islands of the Japanese  
Beneath me lie, o'er lake and plain  
The stork, the heron, and the crane  
Through the clear realms of azure  
And on the hillside I can see [drift,  
The villages of Imari,  
Whose thronged and flaming work-  
shops lift [hugh,  
Their twisted columns of smoke on  
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie  
With sunshine streaming through  
each rift,  
And broken arches of blue sky

## THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE

All the bright flowers that fill the land,  
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,  
The snow on Fusiyama's cone,  
The midnight heaven so thickly sown  
With constellations of bright stars,  
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that  
make

A whisper by each stream and lake,  
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,  
Are painted on these lovely jars,  
Again the skylark sings, again  
The stork, the heron, and the crane  
Float through the azure overhead,  
The counterfeiter and counterpart  
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature, yes,  
Her darling child, in whom we trace  
The features of the mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude,  
All her majestic loveliness  
Chastened and softened and subdued  
Into a more attractive grace,  
And with a human sense imbued  
He is the greatest artist then,  
Whether of pencil or of pen  
Who follows Nature Never man,  
As artist or as artisan  
Pursuing his own fantasies, [please,  
Can touch the human heart, or  
Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
As he who sets his willing feet  
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,  
And follows fearless where she leads

Thus mused I on that morn in May,  
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,  
Whose eyes behold not what is near,  
But only what is far away, [peal,  
When, suddenly sounding, peal on  
The church-bell from the neighbour-  
ing town  
Proclaimed the welcome hour of  
noon [wheel,  
The Potter heard, and stopped his  
His apron on the grass threw down,  
Whistled his quiet little tune,  
Not over-loud nor over-long,  
And ended thus his simple song

*Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too  
The noon will be the afternoon, [soon  
Too soon to-day be yesterday,  
Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the past,  
And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay!*

## THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee  
Thou canst no longer see  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
That old man desolate,  
Weeping and wailing sore  
For his son, who is no more?  
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago  
That cry of human woe  
From the walled city came,  
Calling on his dear name,  
That it has died away  
In the distance of to-day?  
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,  
There is neither there nor here,  
There is neither soon nor late  
In that Chamber over the Gate,  
Nor any long ago  
To that cry of human woe,  
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past  
The voice comes like a blast  
Over seas that wreck and drown,  
Over tumult of traffic and town  
And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me,  
O Absalom my son!

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair  
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more.  
With him our joy departs,  
The light goes out in our hearts  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate.  
O Absalom, my son!

That is a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief,  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross,  
And for ever the cry will be  
"Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son!"

April, 1879

THE BURIAL OF THE POET

In the old churchyard of his native town  
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall  
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,  
And left him to his rest and his renown.  
The snow was falling as if Heaven dropped down  
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall,—  
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call  
His name, as worthy of so white a crown  
And now the moon is shining on the scene,  
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er  
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,  
As once the winding sheet of Saladin  
With chapters of the Koran but ah! more  
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!

April 1873

HELEN OF TYRE

WHAT phantom is this that appears  
Through the purple mists of the years,  
Itself but a mist like these?  
Woman of cloud and of fire,  
"She," it is Helen of Tyre,  
The town in the midst of the seas!

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets  
The phantom appears and retreats,  
And the Israelites, that sell  
The lilies and lions of brass,  
Look up as they see her pass,  
And murmur, "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen  
At her side, in a gay gabardine  
With beard that flouts to his waist,  
It is Simon Magnus the Seer  
He speaks and she pauses to hear  
The word he utters in haste

He says "From this evil fame  
From this life of sorrow and shame  
I will lift thee and make thee  
mine!"

Thou hast been Queen Candace  
And Helen of Troy and shalt be  
The Intelligence Divine!

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,  
To the fallen and forlorn  
Are whispered words of praise  
For the famished heart believes  
The falsehood that tempts and de-  
ceives,

And the promise that betrays  
So she follows from land to land  
The wizard's beckoning hand,  
As a leaf is blown by the gust,

Till she vanishes into night!  
O reader stoop down and write  
With thy finger in the dust!

O town in the midst of the seas,  
With thy rift of cedar trees  
Thy merchandise and thy ships,  
Thou, too, art become as nought,  
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,  
A name upon men's lips

February, 1830.

GARFIELD

"I termi dal martire a questa fac"

THIRTEEN words the poet heard in Para-  
dise,  
Uttered by one who, bravely dying  
here

In the true faith was living in that  
sphere

Where the celestial cross of sacrifice  
Spread its protecting arms athwart  
the skies,

And, set thereon in jewels crystal  
clear

The souls magnanimous that knew  
not fear [eyes

lashed their effulgence on his dazzled

Oh me! How dark the discipline of  
pain,

Were not the suffering followed by  
the sense

Of infinite rest and infinite release!

This is our consolation and again

A great soul cries to us in our  
suspense,

"I came from martyrdom unto this  
peace."

Otober, 1831

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

[As Seleucus narrates, Hermes described the principles that ran as whole in two myriads of books, or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty five Volumes. \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes — *Jamblicus*]

STILL through Egypt's desert places  
Flows the lordly Nile,  
From its banks the great stone faces  
Gaze with patient smile,  
Still the pyramids imperious  
Pierce the cloudless skies,  
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,  
Solemn, stony eyes

But where are the old Egyptian  
Demi gods and kings?  
Nothing left but an inscription  
Graven on stones and rings  
Where are Hekus and Hephaestus,  
Gods of eldest old?  
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,  
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred  
Thousand books he wrote?  
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,  
Lost in lands remote,  
In oblivion sunk for ever,  
As when o'er the land  
Blows a storm wind, in the river  
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,  
Seems this Theurgist,  
In deep meditation mostly  
Wrapped, as in a mist.  
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal  
To our thought he seems,  
Walking in a world ideal,  
In a land of dreams

Was he one or many, merging  
Name and fame in one,  
Like a stream, to which, converging,  
Many streamlets run?  
Till, with gathered power proceeding,  
Ampler sweep it takes,  
Downward the sweet waters leading  
From unnumbered lakes

By the Nile I see him wandering,  
Pausing now and then,  
On the mystic union pondering  
Between gods and men,  
Half-believing, wholly feeling,  
With supreme delight,  
How the gods, themselves concealing,  
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred gated,  
In the thoroughfare  
Breathing, as if consecrated,  
A diviner air,  
And amid discordant noises,  
In the jostling throng  
Hearing far, celestial voices  
Of Olympian song

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?  
Who has searched or sought  
All the unexplored and spacious  
Universe of thought?  
Who, in his own skill confiding,  
Shall with rule and line  
Mark the border land dividing  
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three time greatest!  
How thy name sublime  
Has descended to this latest  
Progeny of time!  
Happy they whose written pages  
Perish with their lives,  
If amid the crumbling ages  
Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately  
Found I in the vast  
Weed-encumbered, sombre stately  
Grave-yard of the Past,  
And a presence moved before me  
On that gloomy shore,  
As a waft of wind, that o'er me  
Breathed, and was no more.

January, 1882

## MAD RIVER,

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

TRAVELLER

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf for ever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
Why all this fret and flurry?  
Dost thou not know that what is best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek  
O stranger from the city?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER

Yes I would learn of thee thy song,  
With all its flowing numbers,  
And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling

Later, by wayward fancies led  
For the wide world I panted,  
Out of the forest dark and dread  
Across the open fields I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing cloud,  
The wind the forest bent and bowed,  
The rush of rain descending

I heard the distant ocean call,  
Imploring and entreating,  
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
Made answer to the greeting

And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow,  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
The rudeness of my labours,  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neighbours

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
When, full of rage and trouble,  
I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
Like withered reeds or stubble

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating  
Thou seest the day is past its prime,  
I can no longer waste my time,  
The mills are tired of waiting

*Atlantic Monthly, May, 1882*

## Ultima Thule.

### DEDICATION

TO G W G

WITH favouring winds, o'er sunlit  
seas,

We sailed for the Hesperides,  
The land where golden apples grow,  
But that, ah! that was long ago

How far, since then, the ocean streams  
Have swept us from that land of  
dreams,

That land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these  
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,  
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers  
roar,

And wreck and sea-weed line the  
shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!  
Here in thy harbours for a while  
We lower our sails, a while we rest,  
From the unending, endless quest

### BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books!  
The peace of God was in his looks

As the statues in the gloom  
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,  
So those volumes from their shelves  
Watched him, silent as themselves

Ah! his hand will nevermore  
Turn their storied pages o'er,

Never more his lips repeat  
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest!  
He is gone, who was its guest,

Gone, as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar,  
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, ærial space,  
Shines the light upon thy face?



In what gardens of delight  
Rest thy weary feet to-night?  
Poet! thou whose latest verse  
Was a garland on thy hearth,  
Thou hast sung with organ tone,  
In Deukalion's life, thine own  
On the ruins of the Past  
Blossoms the perfect flower at last  
Friend! but yesterday the bells  
Rang for thee their loud farewells,  
And to-day they toll for thee,  
Lying dead beyond the sea  
Lying dead among thy books,  
The peace of God in all thy looks!

JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths Apollo!  
Cried the African monarch, the  
splendid  
As down to his death in the hollow  
Dark dungeons of Rome he de-  
scended  
Uncrowned, unthroned unattended,  
How cold are thy baths Apollo!  
How cold are thy baths Apollo!  
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbe-  
friended  
As the vision, that lured him to follow,  
With the mist and the darkness  
blended  
And the dream of his life was  
ended  
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

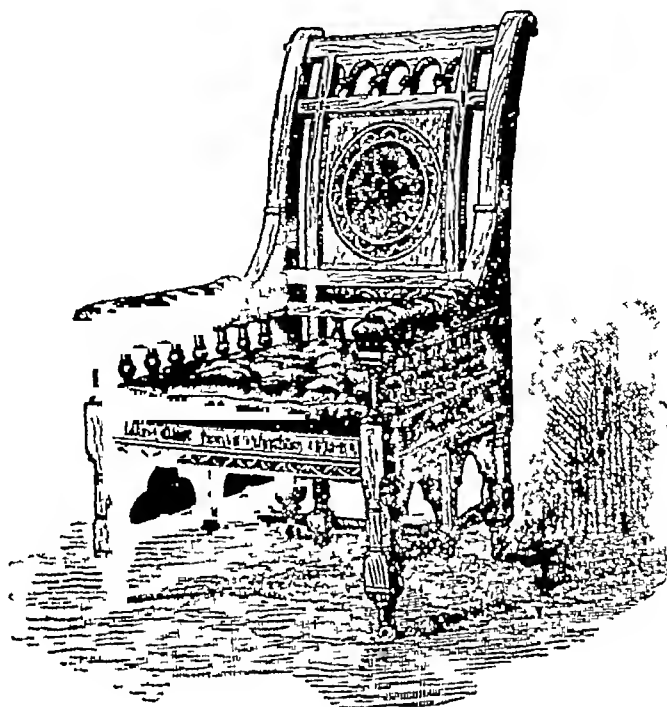
FROM MY ARM CHAIR

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

WHO PRESENTED TO ME ON MY SEVENTY  
SECOND BIRTHDAY FEBRUARY 27 1879  
THIS CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE  
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT TREE.

Am I a king, that I should call my  
own  
This splendid ebony throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right  
divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?  
Only perhaps by right divine of song  
It may to me belong,

Only because the spreading chestnut  
tree  
Of old was sung by me  
Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer time  
The affluent foliage of its branches  
made  
A cavern of cool shade.  
There, by the blacksmith's forge, be-  
side the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Lured the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive  
And when the winds of autumn, with  
a shout  
Tossed its great arms about  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from  
the sheath  
Dropped to the ground beneath.  
And now some fragments of its  
branches bare  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home  
at last  
And whisper of the past  
The Danish king could not in all his  
pride  
Repel the ocean tide  
But, seated in this chair, I can in  
rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time  
I see again as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout  
and cry,  
And the brown chestnuts fall  
I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil  
beat  
The iron white with heat!  
And thus dear children, have ye made  
for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than three score years  
and ten  
Brought back my youth again  
The heart hath its own memory, like  
the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is  
wrought  
The giver's loving thought.



Only your love and your remembrance  
could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless  
now so long,  
Blossom again in song

### THE IRON PEN

[Made from a fetter of Bonnyard the prisoner  
of Chillon; the handle of wood from the  
frigate *Constitution*, and bound with a  
circle of gold, inset with three precious  
stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.]

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise  
From the casket where it lies—  
Of itself would arise and write  
My thanks and my surprise

When you gave it me under the pines,  
I dreamed these gems from the mines  
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine  
Would glimmer as thoughts in the  
lines,

That this iron link from the chain  
Of Bonnyard might retain  
Some verse of the poet who sang  
Of the prisoner and his pain,

That this wood from the frigate's mast  
Might write me a rhyme at last,  
As it used to write on the sky  
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,  
Like a Bishop lying in state  
Lies the Pen with its mitre of gold,  
And its jewels inviolate

Then must I speak, and say  
That the light of that summer day  
In the garden under the pines  
Shall not fade and pass away

I shall see you standing there,  
Caressed by the fragrant air  
With the shadow on your face,  
And the sunshine on your hair

I shall hear the sweet low tone  
Of a voice before unknown,  
Saying, "This is from me to you—  
From me, and to you alone"

And in words not idle and vain  
I shall answer and thank you again  
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,  
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And for ever this gift will be  
As a blessing from you to me  
As a drop of the dew of your youth  
On the leaves of an aged tree.

ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr,  
A ploughman, who in foul and fair,  
Sings at his task  
So clear, we know not if it is  
The laverock's song we hear, or his,  
Nor care to ask

For him the ploughing of those fields  
A more ethereal harvest yields  
Than sheaves of grain,  
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,  
The plover's call the curlew's cry,  
Sing in his brain

Touched by his hand, the wayside  
weed  
Becomes a flower the lowliest reed  
Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty, gorse and  
grass  
And heather where his footsteps pass,  
The brighter seem

He sings of love, whose flame illumines  
The darkness of lone cottage rooms  
He feels the force  
The treacherous undertow and stress  
Of wayward passions and no less  
The keen remorse.

At moments wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh but not with hate,  
The brush wood, hung  
Above the tavern door, lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song  
Is love of right disdain of wrong,  
Its master chords

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brother-  
hood,  
Its discords but an interlude  
Between the words

And then to die so young and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve!  
Yet better sure  
Is this than wandering up and down  
An old man in a country town,  
Infirm and poor

For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth, his hand  
Guides every plough,  
He sits beside each ingle-nook  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to  
night  
A form of mingled mist and light  
From that far coast  
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!  
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost!

ELEGIAC

DARK is the morning with mist, in the  
narrow mouth of the harbour  
Motionless lies the sea, under its  
curtain of cloud,  
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on  
the distant horizon,  
Like to the towers of a town, built  
on the verge of the sea

Slowly and stately and still, they sail  
forth into the ocean,  
With them sail my thoughts over  
the limitless deep,  
Farther and farther away, borne on by  
unsatisfied longings,  
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian  
shores

Now they have vanished away, have  
disappeared in the ocean,  
Sunk are the towers of the town into  
the depths of the sea!  
All have vanished but those that,  
moored in the neighbouring  
roadstead,  
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so  
large in the mist

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the  
dim, unsatisfied longings,  
Sunk are the turrets of cloud into  
the ocean of dreams,  
While in a haven of rest my heart is  
riding at anchor,  
Held by the chains of love, held by  
the anchors of trust!



### OLD ST DAVIDS AT RADNOR

WHAT an image of peace and rest  
Is this little church among its  
graves!

All is so quiet, the troubled breast,  
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,  
Here may find the repose it craves

See how the ivy climbs and expands  
Over this humble hermitage,  
And seems to caress with its little  
hands  
The rough, gray stones, as a child  
that stands  
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of  
age!

You cross the threshold, and dim and  
small  
Is the space that serves for the  
Shepherd's Fold,  
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,  
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and  
tall,  
Whisper and say "Alas! we are  
old"

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton  
Hardly more spacious is than this,  
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,  
Clothed with a splendour, as of the sun,  
That lowly and holy edifice

It is not the wall of stone without  
That makes the building small or  
great,  
But the soul's light shining round  
about,  
And the faith that overcometh doubt,  
And the love that stronger is than  
hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,  
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,  
More than a Bishop's diocese

Should I prize this place of rest, and  
release  
From further longing and further  
search

Here would I stay, and let the world  
With its distant thunder roar and  
roll,  
Storms do not rend the sail that is  
furled,  
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and  
whirled  
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored  
soul.



### THE SIFTING OF PETER.

IN St Luke's Gospel we are told  
How Peter in the days of old  
Was sifted,

And now, though ages intervene,  
Sin is the same, while time and scene  
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,  
As wheat to sift us, and we all  
Are tempted,

Not one, however rich or great,  
Is by his station or estate  
Exempted

No house so safely guarded is  
But he, by some device of his,  
Can enter,  
No heart hath armour so complete  
But he can pierce with arrows fleet  
Its centre

For all at last the cock will crow,  
Who hear the warning voice, but go  
Unheeding,  
Till thrice and more they have denied  
The Man of Sorrows crucified  
And bleeding

One look at that pale suffering face  
Will make us feel the deep disgrace  
Of weakness,  
We shall be sifted till the strength  
Of self-conceit be changed at length  
To meekness

Wounds of the soul, though healed,  
will ache,  
The reddening scars remain, and make  
Confession,  
Lost innocence returns no more,  
We are not what we were before  
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat

The stronger,  
And conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on earth supine  
No longer

~~~~~  
MAIDEN AND WEATHER-  
COCK

MAIDEN

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire,  
With your golden feathers all on fire,  
Tell me, what can you see from your perch  
Above there over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below,  
And the people moving to and fro,  
And beyond, without either roof or street  
The great salt sea, and the fisherman's fleet

I can see a ship come sailing in  
Beyond the headlands and harbour of Lynn

And a young man standing on the deck,  
With a silken kerchief round his neck

Now he is pressing it to his lips,  
And now he is kissing his finger tips,  
And now he is lifting and waving his hand,  
And blowing the kisses toward the land

MAIDEN

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea  
That is bringing my lover back to me,  
Bringing my lover so fond and true,  
Who does not change with the wind like you

WEATHERCOCK

If I change with all the winds that blow,  
It is only because they made me so,  
And people would think it wondrous strange  
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,  
When you and your lover meet to-day,  
You will thank me for looking some other way

THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD I a giant am I!  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat and the rye  
And grind them into flour

I look down over the farms,  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off, from the threshing-floors,  
In barns with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow  
I meet it face to face,  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive  
My master, the miller stands  
And feeds me with his hands,  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest,  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low, melodious din,  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within

~~~~~  
THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE  
FALLS

THE tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls,  
Along the sea sands damp and brown  
The traveller hastens toward the town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
But the sea in the darkness calls and calls,  
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls

The morning breaks, the steeds in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls,  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveller to the shore,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

MY CATHEDRAL

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately  
pines  
Uplift their fretted summits tipped  
with cones,  
The arch beneath them is not built  
with stones,  
Not Art but Nature traced these  
lovely lines,  
And carved this graceful arabesque of  
vines,  
No organ but the wind here sighs  
and moans,  
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's  
bones,  
No marble bishop on his tomb  
reclines  
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with  
leaves,  
Gives back a softened echo to thy  
tread!  
Listen! the choir is singing, all the  
birds,  
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,  
Are singing! listen, ere the sound  
be fled,  
And learn there may be worship  
without words

NIGHT

INTO the darkness and the hush of  
night  
Slowly the landscape sinks, and  
fades away,  
And with it fade the phantoms of  
the day,  
The ghosts of men and things, that  
haunt the light  
The crowd the clamour, the pursuit,  
the flight,  
The unprofitable splendour and dis-  
play,  
The agitations, and the cares that  
prey  
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of  
sight

The better life begins, the world no  
more  
Molests us, all its records we erase  
From the dull common place book  
of our lives,  
That like a palimpsest is written o'er  
With trivial incidents of time and  
place,  
And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath  
revives.

~~~~~

THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in the Spring,  
We know not from where,  
As the stars come at evening  
From depths of the air,  
As the run comes from the cloud  
And the brook from the ground,  
As suddenly, low or loud,  
Out of silence a sound,  
As the grape comes to the vine,  
The fruit to the tree,  
As the wind comes to the pine,  
And the tide to the sea,  
As come the white sails of ships  
O'er the ocean's verge,  
As comes the smile to the lips,  
The foam to the surge,  
So come to the Poet his songs,  
All hitherward blown  
From the misty realm, that belongs  
To the vast Unknown  
His and not his, are the lays  
He sings, and their fame  
Is his and not his, and the prase  
And the pride of a name  
For voices pursue him by day,  
And haunt him by night,  
And he listens, and needs must obey,  
When the Angel says "Write!"

## In the Harbour.

### BECALMED

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,  
Still unattained the land it sought  
My mind, with loosely-hanging sails  
Lies waiting the auspicious gales

On either side behind before,  
The ocean stretches like a floor,—  
A level floor of amethyst,  
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration blow !  
Shake and uplift this golden glow !  
And fill the canvas of the mind  
With wafts of thy celestial wind

Blow, breath of song ! until I feel  
The straining sail, the lifting keel,  
The life of the awakening sea,  
Its motion and its mystery !

### THE POETS CALENDAR.

#### JANUARY

##### I

JANUS am I, oldest of potentates,  
Forward I look, and backward, and  
below  
I count, as god of avenues and gates,  
The years that through my portals  
come and go

##### II

I block the roads, and drift the fields  
with snow,  
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen  
fen,  
My frosts congeal the rivers in their  
flow,  
My fires light up the hearths and  
hearts of men.

#### FEBRUARY

I am lustration, and the sea is mine !  
I wash the sands and headlands  
with my tide,  
My brow is crowned with branches of  
the pine,  
Before my chariot wheels the fishes  
glide.

By me all things unclean are purified,  
By me the souls of men washed  
white again,

Even the unlovely tombs of those who  
died

Without a dirge, I cleanse from  
every stain

#### MARCH

I Martius am ! Once first, and now  
the third !

To lead the Year was my appointed  
place,

A mortal dispossessed me by a word,  
And set there Janus with the double  
face.

Hence I make war on all the human  
race,

I shake the cities with my hurri-  
cane,

I flood the rivers and their banks  
efface,

And drown the farms and hamlets  
with my rains

#### APRIL

I open wide the portals of the Spring  
To welcome the procession of the  
flowers,

With their gay banners, and the birds  
that sing

Their song of songs from their  
aërial towers

I soften with my sunshine and my  
showers

The heart of earth, with thoughts  
of love I glide

Into the hearts of men, and with the  
hours

Upon the Bull with wreathed horns  
I ride

#### MAY

Hark ! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud  
proclaim

My coming, and the swarming of  
the bees

These are my heralds, and behold !  
my name

Is written in blossoms on the haw-  
thorn trees

## IN THE HARBOUR

I tell the mariner when to sail the seas !

I waft o'er all the land from far away  
The breath and bloom of the Hesperides,  
My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May

### JUNE

June is the Month of Roses, yes, and mine

The Month of Marriages ! All pleasant sights

And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,

The foliage of the valleys and the heights

June are the longest days, the loveliest nights,

The mower's scythe makes music to my ear,

I am the mother of all dear delights,  
I am the fairest daughter of the year

### JULY

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe

The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land,

My sickle is a sabre I unsheath,  
And bent before me the pale harvests stand

The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,

And there is thirst and fever in the air,

The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand,

I am the Emperor whose name I bear

### AUGUST

The Emperor Octavian, called the August,

I being his favourite, bestowed his name

Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,  
In memory of him and of his fame

I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame  
Burns less intensely than the Lion's

rage,  
Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim

The golden Harvests as my heritage

### SEPTEMBER

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise

The night and day, and when unto my lips

I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise

Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships,

The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips,

Southward the clamorous sea fowl wing their flight,

The hedges are all red with haws and hips,

The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

### OCTOBER

My ornaments are fruits, my garments leaves,

Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed,

I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,

O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside

Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,  
The dreamy air is full, and overflows

With tender memories of the summertide,

And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

### NOVEMBER

The Centaur, Sagittarius am I  
Born of Ixion's and the clouds embrace,

With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,

A steed Thessalian with a human face

Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase

The leaves, half dead already with affright,

I shroud myself in gloom, and to the rice

Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

### DECEMBER

Riding upon the Goat, with snow white hair,

I come, the last of all This crown of mine



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Is of the holly, in my hand I bear  
 The thyrsus tipped with fragrant  
 cones of pine  
 celebrate the birth of the Divine,  
 And the return of the Saturnian  
 reign — [shrine,  
 My songs are carols sung at every  
 Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good  
 will to men

### AUF WIEDERSEHEN

IN MEMORY OF J T F

UNTIL we meet again! That is the  
 meaning  
 Of the familiar words that men re-  
 peat  
 At parting in the street  
 Ah yes, till then! but when death in-  
 tervening  
 Rends us asunder, with what cease-  
 less pain  
 We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel  
 the sorrow  
 Of parting as we feel it who must  
 stay  
 Lamenting day by day,  
 And knowing when we wake upon  
 the morrow,  
 We shall not find in its accustomed  
 place  
 The one beloved face

It were a double grief, if the de-  
 parted  
 Being released from earth, should still  
 retain  
 A sense of earthly pain,  
 It were a double grief, if the true  
 hearted  
 Who loved us here should on the far-  
 ther shore  
 Remember us no more

Believing, in the midst of our afflic-  
 tions,  
 That death is a beginning, not an  
 end  
 We cry to them and send  
 Farewells that better might be called  
 predictions,  
 Being foreshadowings of the future,  
 thrown  
 Into the vast Unknown

Faith overleaps the confines of our  
 reason,  
 And if by faith, as in old times was  
 said,  
 Women received their dead  
 Raised up to life, then only for a  
 season [van  
 Our partings are, nor shall we wait in  
 Until we meet again!

### THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

[A FRAGMENT]

I

WHAT is this I read in history,  
 Full of marvel, full of mystery,  
 Difficult to understand?  
 Is it fiction, is it truth?  
 Children in the flower of youth  
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
 Ignorant of what helps or harms,  
 Without armour, without arms,  
 Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?  
 Never since the world was made  
 Such a wonderful crusade  
 Started forth for Palestine.  
 Never while the world shall last  
 Will it reproduce the past,  
 Never will it see again  
 Such an army, such a band,  
 Over mountain over main,  
 Journeying to the Holy Land

Like a shower of blossoms blown  
 From the parent trees were they,  
 Like a flock of birds that fly  
 Through the unfrequented sky,  
 Holding nothing as their own,  
 Passed they into lands unknown,  
 Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child like trust!  
 O the faith that could believe  
 What the harnessed, iron-mailed  
 Knights of Christendom had failed  
 By their prowess to achieve  
 They, the children, could and must!

Little thought the Hermit, preaching  
 Holy Wars to knight and baron,  
 That the words dropped in his teach-  
 ing

His entreaty, his beseeching,  
 Would by children's hands be gleaned  
 And the staff on which he leaned  
 Blossom like the rod of Aaron

## IN THE HARBOUR

As a summer wind upheaves  
The innumerable leaves  
In the bosom of a wood,—  
Not as separate leaves, but massed  
All together by the blast,—  
So for evil or for good  
His resistless breath upheaved  
All at once the many-leaved,  
Many-thoughted multitude

In the tumult of the air  
Rock the boughs with all the nests  
Cradled on their tossing crests,  
By the fervour of his prayer  
Troubled hearts were everywhere  
Rocked and tossed in human breasts

For a century, at least,  
His prophetic voice had ceased,  
But the air was heated still  
By his lurid words and will,  
As from fires in far-off woods,  
In the autumn of the year,  
An unwonted fever broods  
In the sultry atmosphere.

### II

In Cologne the bells were ringing,  
In Cologne the nuns were singing  
Hymns and canticles divine,  
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,  
And the thronging streets were loud  
With the voices of the crowd,—  
Underneath the city walls  
Silent flowed the river Rhine

From the gates, that summer day,  
Clad in robes of hoddien gray,  
With the red cross on the breast,  
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,  
Forth the young Crusaders fared,  
While above the band devoted  
Consecrated banners floated,  
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,  
And the cross o'er all the rest!  
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,  
"Give us, give us back the holy  
Sepulchre of the Redeemer!"  
On the vast procession pressed,  
Youths and maidens

### III

Ah! what master hand shall punt  
How they journeyed on their way,  
How the days grew long and dreary,  
How their little feet grew weary,  
How their little hearts grew faint!

Ever swifter day by day  
Flowed the homeward river, ever  
More and more its whitening current  
Broke and scattered into spray,  
Till the calmly flowing river  
Changed into a mountain torrent,  
Rushing from its glacier green  
Down through chasm and black  
ravine

Like a phoenix in its nest,  
Burned the red sun in the West,  
Sinking in an ashen cloud,  
In the East, above the crest  
Of the sea like mountain chain,  
Like a phoenix from its shroud,  
Came the red sun back again

Now around them white with snow,  
Closed the mountain peaks Below  
Headlong from the precipice  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Plunged the cataract, white with  
foam,

And it said, or seemed to say  
"Oh return, while yet you may,  
Foolish children, to your home,  
There the Holy City is!"

But the dauntless leader said  
"Faint not though your bleeding feet  
O'er these slippery paths of sleet  
Move but painfully and slowly,  
Other feet than yours have bled,  
Other tears than yours been shed  
Courage! lose not heart or hope,  
On the mountains' southern slope  
Lies Jerusalem the Holy!"  
As a white rose in its pride,  
By the wind in summer tide  
Tossed and loosened from the branch,  
Showers its petals o'er the ground  
From the distant mountain's side,  
Scattering all its snows around  
With mysterious, muffled sound,  
Loosened fell the avalanche.  
Voices, echoes far and near,  
Roar of winds and waters blending,  
Mists uprising clouds impending,  
Filled them with a sense of fear,  
Formless, nameless, never ending

## THE CITY AND THE SEA

THE panting City cried to the Sea  
"I am faint with heat—O breathe on  
me!"

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe,  
but my breath  
To some will be life, to others death !

As to Prometheus, bringing ease  
In pun, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame  
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind  
came.

It came from the heaving breast of  
the deep,  
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as  
sleep

Life-giving, death giving which will  
it be,  
O breath of the merciful merciless  
Sea?

SUN-DOWN

THE summer sun is sinking low  
Only the tree tops redden and glow  
Only the weathercock on the spire  
Of the neighbouring church is a flame  
of fire,  
All is in shadow below

O beautiful awful summer day,  
What hast thou given, what taken  
away !  
Life and death and love and hate,  
Homes made happy or desolate  
Hearts made sad or gay !

On the road of life one milestone  
more !  
In the book of life one leaf turned  
o'er,  
Like a red seal is the setting sun  
On the good and the evil men have  
done —  
Naught can to-day restore !  
*July 24, 1879.*

DECORATION DAY

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this field of the Grounded  
Arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms !

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks,  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod,  
The shouts of battle cease,  
It is the Truce of God,

Rest, comrades rest and sleep !  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers,  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours

*February 3, 1882.*

CHIMES

SWIFT chimes ! that in the loneliness  
of night  
Salute the passing hour, and in the  
dark  
And silent chambers of the house-  
hold mark  
The movements of the myriad orbs  
of light !  
Through my closed eyelids, by the  
inner sight  
I see the constellations in the arc  
Of their great circles moving on,  
and hark !  
I almost hear them singing in their  
flight.  
Better than sleep it is to be awake  
O'er canopied by the vast starry  
dome  
Of the immeasurable sky, to feel  
The slumbering world sink under us,  
and make  
Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of  
foam  
On the great sea beneath a sinking  
keel

*August 28, 1879.*

FOUR BY THE CLOCK

FOUR by the clock ! and yet not day,  
But the great world rolls and wheels  
away,  
With its cities on land, and its ships  
at sea,  
Into the dawn that is to be !

Only the lamp in the anchored bark  
Sends its glimmer across the dark,  
And the heavy breathing of the sea  
Is the only sound that comes to me

NASHANT, Sept 8 1880  
*four o'clock in the morning*

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADISON

FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades  
Or sylvan deities are these,  
In flowing robes of azure dressed,  
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold  
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with  
gold,  
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun  
Drink of these waters as they run  
Their swift diurnal round on high,  
By night the constellations glow  
Far down the hollow deeps below,  
And glimmer in another sky

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,  
How visionary ye appear !  
All like a floating landscape seems,  
In cloud land or the land of dreams,  
Bathed in a golden atmosphere !

MOONLIGHT

As a pale phantom with a lamp  
Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,  
So glides the moon along the damp  
Mysterious chambers of the air  
Now hidden in cloud, and now re-  
vealed,  
As if this phantom full of pain,  
Were by the crumbling walls con-  
cealed,  
And at the windows seen again  
Until at last, serene and proud  
In all the splendour of her light,  
She walks the terraces of cloud,  
Supreme as Empress of the Night

I look, but recognize no more  
Objects familiar to my view,  
The very pathway to my door  
Is an enchanted avenue

All things are changed One mass of  
shade  
The elm-trees drop their curtains  
down,  
By palace, park and colonnade  
I walk as in a foreign town

The very ground beneath my feet  
Is clothed with a diviner air,  
White marble paves the silent street  
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion ! Underneath there lies  
The common life of every day,  
Only the spirit glorifies  
With its own tints the sober gray

In vain we look, in vain uplift  
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind  
We see but what we have the gift  
Of seeing, what we bring we find  
*December 20 1873.*

TO THE AVON

Flow on sweet river ! like his verse  
Who lies beneath this sculptured  
hearse,  
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall  
For him who cannot hear thy call

Thy playmate once, I see him now  
A boy with sunshine on his brow,  
And hear in Stratford's quiet street  
The patter of his little feet

I see him by thy shallow edge  
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge,  
And lost in thought, as if thy stream  
Were the swift river of a dream

He wonders whitherward it flows,  
And fain would follow where it goes,  
To the wide world that shall ere long  
Be filled with his melodious song

Flow on fair stream ! That dream is  
over,  
He stands upon another shore,  
A vaster river near him flows  
And still he follows where it goes.

ELEGIAC VERSE.

I

PERADVENTUR of old, some bard in  
Ionian Islands,  
Walking alone by the sea, hearing  
the wash of the waves,  
Learned the secret from them of the  
beautiful verse elegiac,  
Breathing into his song motion and  
sound of the sea

For as a wave of the sea, upheaving  
in long undulations  
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses,  
and turns, and retreats,  
So the Hexameter, rising and sinking,  
with cadence sonorous  
Falls and in reluctant rhythm back  
the Pentameter flows \*

II

Not in his youth alone but in age,  
may the heart of the poet  
Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms  
in autumn and spring

III

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough  
are the rhymes of our poet,  
Though it be Jacob's voice, *Liedu s,*  
alas I are the hands.

IV

Let us be grateful to writers for what  
is left in the inkstand,  
When to leave off is an art only  
attained by the few

V

How can the Three be One? you ask  
me I answer by asking  
Hail and snow and rain are they  
not three and yet one?

VI

By the mirage uplifted the land floats  
vague in the ether,  
Ships and the shadows of ships  
hang in the motionless air,

\* Compare Schiller

"Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells  
süssige Säule  
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch  
herab"  
See also Coleridge's translation

So by the art of the poet our common  
life is uplifted,  
So, transfigured, the world floats in  
a luminous haze.

VII

Like a French poem is Life, being  
only perfect in structure  
When with the masculine rhymes  
mingled the feminine are

VIII

Down from the mountain descends the  
brooklet, rejoicing in freedom,  
Little it dreams of the mill, hid in  
the valley below,  
Glad with the joy of existence, the  
child goes singing and laugh-  
ing,  
Little dreaming what toils lie in the  
future concealed

IX

As the ink from our pen, so flow our  
thoughts and our feelings  
When we begin to write, however  
sluggish before

X

Like the kingdom of Heaven the  
Fountain of Youth is within  
us,  
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we  
grow in the search

XI

If you would hit the mark, you must  
aim a little above it,  
Every arrow that flies feels the  
attraction of earth

XII

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present  
tense in their language  
While we are speaking the word, it  
is already the Past.

XIII

In the twilight of age all things seem  
strange and phantasmal,  
As between daylight and dark ghost-  
like the landscape appears

XIV

Great is the art of beginning, but  
greater the art is of ending,  
Many a poem is marred by a super-  
fluous verse

1831

A FRAGMENT

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !  
Angels are knocking at thy door !  
They are in haste and cannot wait  
And once departed come no more

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm  
Loses its strength by too much  
rest,  
The fallow land, the untilled farm  
Produces only weeds at best

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS\*

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas  
To the ships that southward pass  
From the harbour of Mazatlan ?  
To them it is nothing more  
Than the sound of surf on the  
shore,—  
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,  
To whom what is and what seems  
Are often one and the same,—  
The Bells of San Blas to me  
Have a strange, wild melody,  
And are something more than a  
name

For bells are the voice of the church,  
They have tones that touch and  
search  
The hearts of young and old,  
One sound to all, yet each  
Lends a meaning to their speech,  
And the meaning is manifold

They are a voice of the Past,  
Of an age that is fading fast,  
Of a power austere and grand,  
When the flag of Spain unfurled  
Its folds o'er this western world,  
And the Priest was lord of the  
land

The chapel that once looked down  
On the little seaport town  
Has crumbled into the dust,  
And on oaken beams below  
The bells swing to and fro  
And are green with mould and  
rust

"Is, then, the old faith dead,  
They say, "and in its stead  
Is some new faith proclaimed,  
That we are forced to remain  
Naked to sun and rain,  
Unsheltered and ashamed ?

"Once in our tower aloof  
We ring over wall and roof  
Our warnings and our complaints,  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
Like the white souls of the  
saints

The saints ! Ah, have they grown  
Forgetful of their own ?  
Are they asleep, or dead,  
That open to the sky  
Their ruined Missions lie,  
No longer tenanted ?

'Oh, bring us back once more  
The vanished days of yore,  
When the world with faith was  
filled,  
Bring back the fervid zeal  
The hearts of fire and steel,  
The hands that believe and  
build.

'Then from our tower again  
We will send over land and main  
Our voices of command,  
Like exiled kings who return  
To their thrones, and the people  
learn  
That the Priest is lord of the  
land !"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again !  
The Past is deaf to your prayer  
Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light  
It is daybreak everywhere.

March 15, 1882

\* The last poem written by Mr Longfellow

PRELUDE

As treasures that men seek,  
Deep buried in sea-sands,  
Vanish if they but speak,  
And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip,  
O songs and fade away,  
When the word is on my lip  
To interpret what ye say

Were it not better, then,  
To let the treasures rest  
Hid from the eyes of men  
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,  
But half the secret told  
That, following this slight trace,  
Others may find the gold.



FROM THE FRENCH

WILL ever the dear days come back  
again,  
Those days of June, when lilacs  
were in bloom  
And bluebirds sang their sonnets in  
the gloom  
Of leaves that roofed them in from  
sun or rain?

I know not, but a presence will re-  
main

For ever and for ever in this room,  
Formless, diffused in air, like a per-  
fume,—

A phantom of the heart, and not the  
brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken  
word

Was like a foot-fall nearer and more  
near,

And a mysterious knocking at the  
gate

Of the heart's secret places, and we  
heard

In the sweet tumult of delight and  
fr

A voice it whispered, "Open, I  
c wait!



THE WINE OF JURANÇON

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
CORAN

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon  
You are dear to my memory still!  
With mine host and his merry song,  
Under the rose tree I drank my fill

Twenty years after, passing that way  
Under the trellis I found again  
Mine host still sitting there *au  
frais*,  
And singing still the same refrain

The Jurançon so fresh and bold,  
Treats me as one it used to  
know,  
Souvenirs of the days of old  
Already from the bottle flow

With glass in hand our glances met,  
We pledge, we drink. How sour it  
is!

Never Argenteuil piquette  
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in  
sooth,  
The self-same juice, the self-same  
cask!

It was you O gaiety of my youth,  
That failed in the autumnal flask!



AT LA CHAUDEAU

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
CORAN

AT La Chaudéau — tis long since  
then,

I was young — my years twice ten,  
All things smiled on the happy boy,  
Dreams of love and songs of joy,  
Azure of heaven and wave below,  
At La Chaudéau

To La Chaudéau I come back old,  
My head is gray my blood is cold,  
Seeking along the meadow ooze,  
Seeking beside the river Seymouze,  
The days of my spring-time of long  
ago

At La Chaudéau

At La Chauderai nor heart nor brain  
 Ever grows old with grief and pain,  
 A sweet remembrance leaps off age,  
 A tender friendship doth still as  
 suage  
 The burden of sorrow that one may  
 know  
 At La Chauderai

At La Chauderai had fate decreed  
 To limit the wandering life I lead  
 Peradventure I still, forsooth,  
 Should have preserved my fresh green  
 youth,  
 Under the shadows the hill tops throw  
 At La Chauderai

At La Chauderai live on, my friends,  
 Happy to be where God intends,  
 And sometimes, by the evening fire,  
 Think of him whose sole desire  
 Is again to sit in the old Château  
 At La Chauderai

### A QUIET LIFE

FROM THE FRENCH

LET him who will, by force or fraud  
 innate,  
 Of courtly grandeurs gain the  
 slippery height,  
 I, leaving not the home of my de  
 light,  
 Far from the world and noise will  
 meditate  
 Then without pomps or perils of the  
 great,  
 I shall behold the day succeed the  
 night,  
 Behold the alternate seasons take  
 their flight,  
 And in serene repose old age await  
 And so, whenever Death shall come to  
 close  
 The happy moments that my days  
 compose,  
 I, full of years, shall die, obscure,  
 alone!  
 How wretched is the man with  
 honours crowned,  
 Who having not the one thing need  
 ful sound,  
 Dies known to all, but to himself un  
 known

September 11, 1879.

### LOSS AND GAIN

WHEN I compare  
 What I have lost with what I have  
 gained,  
 What I have missed with what  
 attained,  
 Little room do I find for pride

I am aware  
 How many days have been idly spent  
 How like an arrow the good intent  
 Has fallen short or been turned  
 aside.

But who shall dare  
 To measure loss and gain in this wise?  
 Defeat may be victory in disguise,  
 The lowest ebb is the turn of the  
 tide.

### AUTUMN WITHIN

IT is autumn, not without,  
 But within me is the cold  
 Youth and spring are all about,  
 It is I that have grown old

Birds are darting through the air,  
 Singing building without rest,  
 Life is stirring everywhere,  
 Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence, the dead leaves  
 Fall and rustle and are still,  
 Beats no flut upon the sheaves,  
 Comes no murmur from the mill  
 April 9 1874

### VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

As one who long hath fled with pant  
 ing breath  
 Before his foe, bleeding and near to  
 fall,  
 I turn and set my back against the  
 wall  
 And look thee in the face, trium  
 phant Death  
 I call for aid, and no one answereth,  
 I am alone with thee, who con  
 querest all,  
 Yet me thy threatening form doth  
 not appal,



For thou art but a phantom and a  
wraith  
Wounded and weak, sword broken at  
the hilt,  
With armour shattered, and without  
a shield,  
I stand unmoved, do with me what  
thou wilt,  
I can resist no more, but will not yield  
This is no tournament where cowards  
tilt,  
The vanquished here is victor of the  
field

*April 4, 1876.*

MEMORIES

OF I remember those whom I have  
known  
In other days, to whom my heart  
was led  
As by a magnet, and who are not  
dead,  
But absent, and their memories  
overgrown  
With other thoughts and troubles of  
my own  
As graves with grasses are, and at  
their head  
The stone with moss and lichens so  
overspread,  
Nothing is legible but their name alone.  
And is it so with them? After long  
years,  
Do they remember me in the same  
way  
And is the memory pleasant as  
to me?  
I fear to ask, yet wherefore are my  
fears?  
Pleasures, like flowers, may wither  
and decay  
And yet the root perennial may be.

*September 23, 1881*

MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no  
longer wield  
The sword two-handed and the  
shining shield

Suspended in the hall, and full in  
sight,  
While secret longings for the lost  
delight  
Of tourney or adventure in the field  
Came over him, and tears but half  
concealed  
Trembled and fell upon his beard of  
white,  
So I behold these books upon their  
shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other  
days,  
Not wholly useless, though no  
longer used,  
For they remind me of my other self,  
Younger and stronger, and the  
pleasant ways  
In which I walked, now clouded and  
confused

*December 27, 1881*

POSSIBILITIES

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom  
belong  
The Olympian heights, whose sing-  
ing shafts were sent  
Straight to the mark, and not from  
bows half bent  
But with the utmost tension of the  
thong?  
Where are the stately argosies of song  
Whose rushing keels made music as  
they went  
Sailing in search of some new con-  
tinent,  
With all sail set, and steady winds  
and strong?  
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy,  
untaught  
In schools some graduate of the  
field or street,  
Who shall become a master of  
the art,  
An admiral sailing the high seas of  
thought,  
Fearless and first, and steering with  
his fleet  
For lands not yet laid down in any  
chart

*January 17, 1882.*

# Juvenile Poems.

## THANKSGIVING

<p>WHEN first in ancient time from  Jubal's tongue  The tuneful anthem filled the morning  air,  To sacred hymnings and elysian song  His music breathing shell the minstrel  woke  Devotion breathed aloud from every  chord,  The voice of praise was heard in every  tone,  And prayer, and thanks to Him the  Eternal One,  To Him, that with bright inspiration  touched  The high and gifted lyre of heavenly  song,  And warmed the soul with new vitality  A stirring energy through Nature  breathed  The voice of adoration from her broke,  Swelling aloud in every breeze, and  heard  Long in the sullen waterfall,—what  time  Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw  on earth  Its bloom or blighting,—when the  Summer smiled,  Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre  mourned.  The Deity was there!—a nameless  spirit  Moved in the breasts of men to do  Him homage,  And when the morning smiled, or  evening pale  Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,  They came beneath the broad overarching  trees,  And in their tremulous shadow wor-  shipped oft,  Where pale the vine elung round their  simple altars,  And grey moss mantling hung. Above  was heard  The melody of winds, breathed out as  the green trees</p>	<p>Bowed to their quivering touch in liv-  ing beauty,  And birds sang forth their cheerful  hymns. Below  The bright and widely wandering  rivulet  Struggled and gushed amongst the  tangled roots  That choked its reedy fountain, and  dark rocks  Worn smooth by the constant current.  Even there,  The listless wave, that stole with mel-  low voice  Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-  fringed brink,  And the green sedge bent to the  wandering wind,  Sang with a cheerful song of sweet  tranquillity  Men felt the heavenly influence, and  it stole  Like balm into their hearts, till all was  peace,  And even the air they breathed, the  light they saw,  Became religion, for the ethereal  spirit  That to soft music wakes the chords  of feeling  And mellows everything to beauty,  moved  With cheering energy within their  breasts,  And made all holy there,—for all was  love,  The morning stars, that sweetly sang  together,  The moon, that hung at night in the  mid-sky,  Dayspring, and eventide, and all the  fair  And beautiful forms of nature, had a  voice  Of eloquent worship Ocean with its  tides  Swelling and deep, where low the  infant storm</p>
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Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and  
heavily beat  
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a  
voice  
Of awful adoration to the spirit  
That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon  
its face.  
And when the bow of evening arched  
the east,  
Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling  
wave  
Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-  
worn beach,  
And soft the song of winds came o'er  
the waters,  
The mingled melody of wind and  
wave  
Touched like a heavenly anthem on  
the ear,  
For it arose a tuneful hymn of wor-  
ship,  
And have *our* hearts grown cold? Are  
there on earth  
No pure reflections caught from  
heavenly light?  
Have our mute lips no hymn,—our  
souls no song?  
Let him that in the summer day of  
youth  
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful  
feeling,  
And him that in the nightfall of his  
years  
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts  
in peace  
His dim pale eyes on life's short way-  
faring  
Praise him that rules the destiny of  
man

*Sunday Evening, October, 1824.*

~~~~~

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

ROUND Autumn's mouldering  
urn  
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless  
gale,  
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,  
And stars in beauty burn.

'Tis the year's eventide  
The wind, like one that sighs in  
pain  
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again,  
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye  
Rests on the faint blue mountain  
long,  
And for the fairy-land of song,  
That lies beyond, I sigh

The moon unveils her brow,  
In the mid sky her urn glows bright,  
And in her sad and mellowing light  
The valley sleeps below

Upon the hazel gray  
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,  
And o'er its tremulous chords are  
flung  
The fringes of decay

I stand deep musing here,  
Beneath the dark and motionless  
beech,  
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall  
reach  
My melancholy ear

The air breathes chill and free,  
A spirit in soft music calls  
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown  
halls,  
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,  
With moss and twisted ivy brown,  
Bends in its lifeless beauty down  
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice  
Echoes the sound of precious things,  
Of early feeling's tuneful springs  
Choked with our blighted joys

Leaves that the night-wind  
bears  
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,  
Are types of our mortality,  
And of our fading years

The tree that shades the plain,  
Wasting and hoar as time decays  
Spring shall renew with cheerful  
days —  
But not my joys again

*December 1 1824*

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# JUVENILE POEMS

## ITALIAN SCENERY

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto  
 Beneath its shades the beruteous Arno  
 sleeps  
 In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark  
 trees  
 Bend with a calm and quiet shadow  
 down  
 Upon the beauty of that silent river  
 Still in the west a melancholy smile  
 Mantles the hus of day, and twilight  
 pale  
 Moves like a spectre in the dusky  
 sky,  
 While eve's sweet star on the fast  
 fading year  
 Smiles calmly Music steals it in  
 terrals  
 Across the water, with a tremulous  
 swell,  
 From out the upland dingle of tall  
 firs,  
 And a faint footfall sounds where dim  
 and dark  
 Hangs the grey willow from the rivers  
 brink,  
 Overshadowing its current Slowly  
 there  
 The lover's gondola drops down the  
 stream,  
 Silent, save when its dipping oar is  
 heard,  
 Or in its eddy sighs the rippling  
 wave  
 Mouldering and moss grown through  
 the lapse of years,  
 In motionless beauty stands the giant  
 oak,  
 Whilst those that saw its green and  
 flourishing youth  
 Are gone and are forgotten Soft the  
 fount,  
 Whose secret springs the star light  
 pale discloses,  
 Gushes in hollow music, and beyond  
 The broader river sweeps its silent  
 way,  
 Mingling a silver current with that  
 sea,  
 Whose waters have no tides, coming  
 nor going  
 On noiseless wing along that fair blue  
 sea  
 The halcyon flits, and where the  
 wearied storm  
 Left a loud moaning, all is peace  
 again

A calm is on the deep! The winds  
 that came  
 O'er the dark sea-erge with a  
 tremulous breathing,  
 And mourned on the dark cliff where  
 weeds grew rank  
 And to the autumnal death dirge the  
 deep sea  
 Heaved its long billows, with a cheer-  
 less song  
 Have passed away to the cold earth  
 again,  
 Like a wayfaring mourner Silently  
 Up from the calm seas dim and dis-  
 tant verge,  
 I lull and unveiled the moon's broad  
 disk emerges.  
 On Tiroll, and where the fairy hues  
 Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's  
 woods,  
 The silver light is spreading Far  
 above,  
 Encompassed with their thin, cold  
 atmosphere,  
 The Apennines uplift their snowy  
 brows,  
 Glowing with colder beauty, where  
 unheard  
 The eagle screams in the fathomless  
 ether,  
 And strays his wearied wing Here let  
 us pause!  
 The spirit of these solitudes—the soul  
 That dwells within these steep and  
 difficult places—  
 Speaks a mysterious language to mine  
 own,  
 And brings unutterable musings  
 Earth  
 Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and  
 the sea  
 Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath  
 my feet,  
 Whilst the gray columns and the moul-  
 dering tombs  
 Of the Imperial City, hidden deep  
 Beneath the mantle of their shadows  
 rest  
 My spirit looks on earth! A heavenly  
 voice  
 Comes silently "Dreamer, is earth  
 thy dwelling?  
 Lo! nursed within that fair and fruit-  
 ful bosom  
 Which has sustained thy being, and  
 within  
 The colder breast of Ocean, lie the  
 germs

Of thine own dissolution! E'en the  
 air,  
 That fans the clear blue sky, and gives  
 thee strength  
 Up from the sullen lake of mouldering  
 reeds,  
 And the wide waste of forest, where  
 the osier  
 Thrives in the damp and motionless  
 atmosphere,  
 Shall bring the dire and wasting pes-  
 tilence  
 And blight thy cheek. Dream thou  
 of higher things,  
 This world is not thy home! " And  
 yet my eye  
 Rests upon earth again! How beau-  
 tiful,  
 Where wild Velino heaves its sullen  
 waves  
 Down the high cliff of gray and shape-  
 less granite,  
 Hung on the curling mist, the moon-  
 light bow  
 Arches the perilous river A soft  
 light  
 Silvers the Albanian mountains, and  
 the haze  
 That rests upon their summits mellows  
 down  
 The austerer features of their beauty  
 Faint  
 And dim discovered glow the Sabine  
 hills  
 And listening to the sea's monotonous  
 shell  
 High on the cliffs of Terracina  
 stands  
 The castle of the royal Goth\* in  
 ruins

But night is in her wane day's  
 early flush  
 Glows like a hectic on her fading  
 cheek  
 Wasting its beauty And the opening  
 dawn  
 With cheerful lustre lights the royal  
 city,  
 Where with its proud tiara of dark  
 towers  
 It sleeps upon its own romantic bay

December 15, 1824.

\* Theodora.



THE LUNATIC GIRL

MOST beautiful, most gentle. Yet  
 how lost  
 To all that gladdens the fair earth,  
 the eye  
 That watched her being, the maternal  
 care  
 That kept and nourished her, and the  
 calm light  
 That steals from our own thoughts,  
 and softly rests  
 On youth's green valleys and smooth  
 sliding waters!  
 Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds,  
 Had withered or had wasted the fresh  
 rose  
 That bloomed upon her cheek, but one  
 chill frost  
 Came in that early Autumn, when ripe  
 thought  
 Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it,  
 And the fair stalk grew languid day  
 by day,  
 And drooped, and drooped, and shed  
 its many leaves  
 'Tis said that some have died of love,  
 and some,  
 That once from beauty's high romance  
 had caught  
 Love's passionate feelings and heart-  
 wasting cares,  
 Have spurned life's threshold with a  
 desperate foot  
 And others have gone mad,—and she  
 was one!  
 Her lover died at sea, and they had  
 felt  
 A coldness for each other when they  
 parted,  
 But love returned again, and to her  
 ear  
 Came tidings that the ship which bore  
 her lover  
 Had suddenly gone down at sea, and  
 all were lost.  
 I saw her in her native vale, when  
 high  
 The aspiring lark up from the reedy  
 river  
 Mounted on cheerful pinion, and she  
 sat  
 Casting smooth pebbles into a clear  
 fountain,  
 And marking how they sunk, and oft  
 she sighed  
 For him that perished thus in the vast  
 deep

# JUVENILE POEMS

She had a sea-shell, that her lover  
brought  
From the far distant ocean, and she  
pressed  
Its smooth cold lips unto her ear, and  
thought  
It whispered tidings of the dark blue  
sea,  
And sad she cried, "The tides are  
out,—and now  
I see his corse upon the stormy beach!"  
Around her neck a string of rose lipped  
shells,  
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely  
hung,  
And close beside her lay a delicate  
fan,  
Made of the halcyon's blue wing, and  
when  
She looked upon it, it would calm her  
thoughts  
As that bird calms the ocean,—for it  
gave  
Mournful yet pleasant memory. Once  
I marked  
When through the mountain hollows  
and green woods  
That bent beneath its footsteps the  
loud wind  
Came with a voice as of the restless  
deep,  
— She raised her head, and on her pale  
cold cheek  
A beauty of diviner seeming came  
And then she spread her hands, and  
smiled, as if  
She welcomed a long-absent friend,—  
and then  
Shrunk timorously back again, and  
wept.  
I turned away a multitude of thoughts,  
Mournful and dark, were crowding on  
my mind,  
And as I left that lost and ruined one,—  
A living monument that still on earth  
There is warm love and deep sin-  
cerity,—  
She gazed upon the west, where the  
blue sky  
Held, like an ocean, in its wide em-  
brace  
Those fury islands of bright cloud that  
lay  
So calm and quietly in the thin ether  
And then she pointed where, alone and  
high,  
One little cloud sailed onward, like a  
lost

And wandering bark, and fainter grew,  
and fainter,  
And soon was swallowed up in the blue  
depths  
And when it sunk away, she turned  
again  
With sad despondency and tears to  
earth  
Three long and weary months,—  
yet not a whisper  
Of stern reproach for that cold part-  
ing! Then  
She sat no longer by her favourite  
fountain!  
She was at rest for ever

January 1, 1835.

~~~~~

## THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

HERE rest the weary oar! soft airs  
Breathe out in the overarching sky,  
And Night—sweet Night—serenely  
wears

A smile of peace, her noon is nigh

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,  
And waves, embracing the chaste  
shores,

Move o'er sea - shells and bright  
sands,

Is heard the sound of dipping oars

Swift o'er the wave the light bark  
springs,

Love's midnight hour draws linger-  
ing near

And list!—his tuneful viol strings  
The young Venetian Gondoller

Lo! on the silver-mirrored deep,  
On earth and her embosomed lakes,  
And where the silent rivers sweep,  
From the thin cloud fair moonlight  
breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and dies  
On the calm bosom of the sea,  
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs  
Her vespers to her rosary

At their dim altars bow fair forms,  
In tender charity for those  
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,  
Have never found this calm re-  
pose

The bell swings to its midnight chime,  
Relieved against the deep blue sky !  
Haste !—dip the oar again !—tis time  
To seek Geneva's balcony

January 15, 1825.

# DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE

By yon still river, where the wave  
Is winding slow at evening's close,  
The beech, upon a nameless grave,  
Its sadly-moving shadow throws

O'er the fur woods the sun looks down  
Upon the many twinkling leaves  
And twilight's mellow shades are  
brown,  
Where darkly the green turf up-  
heaves

The river glides in silence there,  
And hardly waves the sapling tree  
Sweet flowers are springing, and the  
air  
Is full of balm,—but where is she ?

They bade her wed a son of pride,  
And leave the hopes she cherished  
long,  
She loved but one—and would not  
hide  
A love which knew no wrong

And months went sadly on and years,  
And she was wasting dry by day  
At length she died, and many tears  
Were shed, that she should pass  
away

Then came a grey old man and knelt  
With bitter weeping by her tomb  
And others mourned for him who felt  
That he had sealed a daughter's  
doom

The funeral train has long past on,  
And time wiped dry the father's  
tear !  
Farewell lost maiden ! there is one  
That mourns thee yet,—and he is  
here

March 14, 1825.

# A SONG OF SAVOY

As the dim twilight shrouds  
The mountains' purple crest,  
And Summer's white and folded clouds  
Are glowing in the west,  
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,  
And voices hail the evening bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,  
And sighing comes the breeze  
The silent river sweeps along  
Amid its bending trees,  
And the full moon shines faintly there,  
And music fills the evening air

Beneath the waving firs  
The tinkling cymbals sound,  
And as the wind the foliage stirs,  
I feel the dancers bound  
Where the green branches, arched  
above  
Bend o'er this fair scene of love.

And he is there that sought  
My young heart long ago !  
But he has left me—though I thought  
He ne'er could leave me so  
Ah ! lovers' vows,—how frail are they !  
And his were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not ? I call  
In tears upon him yet,  
Twere better ne'er to love at all,  
Than love, and then forget !  
Why comes he not ? Alas ! I should  
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see—he leaves the glade,  
And beckons me away  
He comes to seek his mountain maid,  
I cannot chide his stay  
Glad sounds along the valley swell,  
And voices hail the evening bell  
March 15, 1825.

# THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was  
gathered in,  
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew  
white and thin,  
And the ploughshare was in its furrow  
left,  
Where the stubble land had been  
lately cleft,

# JUVENILE POEMS

An Indian hunter, with unstrung  
bow,  
Looked down where the valley lay  
stretched below

He was a stranger there, and all that  
day  
Had been out on the hills, a perilous  
way,  
But the foot of the deer was far and  
fleet,  
And the wolf kept aloof from the  
hunter's feet  
And bitter feelings passed o'er him  
then,  
As he stood by the populous haunts of  
men

The winds of Autumn came over the  
woods  
As the sun stole out from their soli-  
tudes,  
The moss was white on the maple's  
trunk,  
And dead from its urns the pale vine  
shrunk,  
And ripened the mellow fruit hung,  
and red  
Were the trees' withered leaves round  
it shed

The foot of the reaper moved slow on  
the lawn,  
And the sickle cut down the yellow  
corn,  
The mower sung loud by the meadow-  
side,  
Where the mists of evening were  
spreading wide,  
And the voice of the herdsman came  
up the lea,  
And the dune went round by the  
greenwood tree

Then the hunter turned away from  
that scene,  
Where the home of his fathers once  
had been,  
And heard by the distant and measured  
stroke  
That the woodman hewed down the  
giant oak,  
And burning thoughts flashed over  
his mind  
Of the white man's faith and love un-  
kind

The moon of the harvest grew high  
and bright,  
As her golden horn pierced the cloud  
of white,  
A footstep was heard in the rustling  
brake  
Where the beech overshadowed the  
misty lake,  
And a mourning voice, and a plunge  
from shore  
And the hunter was seen on the hills  
no more

When years had passed on, by that  
still lake side  
The fisher looked down through the  
silver tide,  
And there on the smooth, yellow  
sand displayed,  
A skeleton wasted and white was  
laid,  
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved  
deep and slow,  
That the hand was still grasping a  
hunter's bow

May 15, 1825.

## JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says,  
perished alone on the mountain which now  
bears his name. Night overtook him whilst  
hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard  
of till after a long time, when his half-decayed  
corpse was found at the foot of a high rock,  
over which he must have fallen. Mount Jec-  
koyva is near the White Hills.

THEY made the warrior's grave be-  
side  
The dashing of his native tide,  
And there was mourning in the glen—  
The strong wail of a thousand men—  
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,  
Ere mist of age or blight, or blast,  
Had o'er his mighty spirit past

They made the warrior's grave beneath  
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,  
When the dark hunter's piercing eye  
Had found that mountain rest on  
high,  
Where, scattered by the sharp  
wind's breath,  
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown  
The strong belt and the mouldering  
bone



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

Where was the warrior's foot when  
first  
The red sun on the mountain burst?  
Where, when the sultry noontime  
came  
On the green vales with scorching  
flame,  
And made the woodlands faint with  
thirst?  
'Twas where the wind is keen and  
loud  
And the grey eagle breasts the cloud

Where was the warrior's foot when  
night  
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain  
height?  
None heard the loud and sudden  
crash,—  
None saw the fallen warrior dash  
Down the bare rock so high and  
white!  
But he that drooped not in the chase  
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long  
day  
Of cold desertion passed away,  
And traces on that barren cleft  
Of struggling hard with death were  
left,—  
Deep marks and footprints in the  
clay!  
And they have laid this feathery helm  
By the dark river and green elm.  
*August 1, 1825.*



### THE SEA DIVER

My way is on the bright blue sea,  
My sleep upon its rocking tide,  
And many an eye has followed me  
Where billows clasp the worn sea-  
side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush  
When ocean by the sun is kissed,  
When fades the evening's purple flush,  
My dark wing cleaves the silver  
mist

Full many a fathom down beneath  
The bright arch of the splendid deep  
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe  
O'er living myriads in their sleep

They rested by the coral throne,  
And by the pearly diadem,  
Where the pale sea-grape had o'er-  
grown  
The glorious dwellings made for  
them

At night upon my storm-drenched  
wing,  
I poised above a helmless bark  
And soon I saw the shattered thing  
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were  
done,  
A ship, that had rode out the gale,  
Sunk down without a signal gun,  
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,  
The cloud resign its golden crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart  
The sailor's wasted corser went down

Peace be to those whose graves are  
made  
Beneath the bright and silver sea!  
Peace, that their relics there were laid  
With no vain pride and pageantry  
*August, 15, 1825*



### MUSINGS

I SAT by my window one night,  
And watched how the stars grew  
high,  
And the earth and skies were a splen-  
did sight  
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone  
down  
With gentle and mellow ray,  
And beneath the crowded roofs of  
the town  
In broad light and shadow lay

A glory was on the silent sea,  
And mainland and island too,  
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,  
And shrouded that beautiful blue

Bright in the moon the autumn wood  
Its crimson scarf unrolled,

And the trees like a splendid army  
stood  
In a panoply of gold !

I saw them waving their banners  
high,  
As their crests to the night wind  
bowed,  
And a distant sound on the air went by,  
Like the whispering of a crowd

Then I watched from my window how  
fast  
The lights all around me fled,  
As the wearied man to his slumber  
passed  
And the sick one to his bed

All faded save one that burned  
With distant and steady light,  
But that, too, went out — and I turned  
Where my own lamp within shone  
bright !

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,  
Yes, the brightest from earth we  
win,  
Till each turns away, with a sigh  
To the lamp that burns brightly  
within

November 15, 1825.

SONG

WHERE from the eye of day,  
The dark and silent river,  
Pursues through tangled woods a way  
O'er which the tall trees quiver, —

The silver mist, that breaks  
I rom out that woodland cover,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes,  
And hangs the current over !

So oft the thoughts that burst  
From hidden springs of feeling  
Like silent streams unseen at first,  
I rom our cold hearts are stealing

But soon the clouds that veil  
The eye of Love when glowing,  
Betray the long unwhispered tale  
Of thoughts in darkness flowing

April 1, 1826.

TWO SONNETS FROM THE  
SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE  
MEDRANO \*

I

ART AND NATURE.

*Causa la vista el artificio humano, etc*

THE works of human artifice soon  
tire

The curious eye, the fountain's  
sparkling rill,  
And gardens when adorned by  
human skill,

Reproach the feeble hand, the vain  
desire.

But oh ! the free and wild magni-  
ficence

Of Nature in her lavish hours doth  
steal,

In admiration silent and intense,  
The soul of him who hath a soul to  
feel

The river moving on its ceaseless  
way,

The verdant reach of meadows fair  
and green,

And the blue hills that bound the  
sylvan scene, —

These speak of grandeur, that defies  
decay, —

Proclaim the Eternal Architect on  
high,

Who stamps on all his works his own  
eternity

II

THE TWO HARVESTS

*Yo vi romper aquestas vegas llanas, etc*

BUT yesterday those few and hoary  
sheaves

Waved in the golden harvest, from  
the plain

I saw the blade shoot upward, and  
the grain

Put forth the unripe ear and tender  
leaves

\* These sonnets appeared at the end of  
Mr Longfellow's first separate publication,  
'Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique translated  
from the Spanish with an Introductory Essay  
on the Moral and devotional Poetry of Spain.  
By Henry W Longfellow, Professor of Mod.  
Lang and Lit. in Bowdoin College.' Boston  
Allen and Ticknor, 1833 Pp 85—87 They  
have never since been reprinted

Then the glad upland smiled upon  
the view,  
And to the air the broad green leaves  
unrolled,  
A peerless emerald in each silken fold  
And on its palm a pearl of morning  
dew  
And thus sprang up and ripened in  
brief space  
All that beneath the reaper's sickle  
died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the  
summer-tide  
And what are we? a copy of that race,  
The later harvest of a longer year!  
And oh! how many fall before the  
ripened ear

AGASSIZ.

I STAND again on the familiar shore,  
And hear the waves of the distracted  
sea  
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,  
And waiting restless at thy cottage  
door  
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean  
floor,  
The willows in the meadow, and the  
free  
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome  
me,  
Then why shouldst thou be dead and  
come no more?  
Ah why shouldst thou be dead when  
common men  
Are busy with their trivial affairs,  
Having and holding? Why, when  
thou hadst read  
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and  
then

Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,  
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst  
thou be dead?

INSCRIPTION ON THE  
SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet,  
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet,  
It flows for rich and poor the same.  
Then go thy way, remembering still  
The wayside well beneath the hill  
The cup of water in his name.

*The Century, June, 1882.*

COLUMBUS

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER

The following lines were written for Charles  
Sumner and were read July 4, at Roseland  
Park Woodstock, Connecticut.

STEER, bold manner, on! albeit wit-  
lings deride thee  
And the steersman drop idly his hand  
at the helm,  
Ever, ever to westward! There must  
the coast be discovered,  
If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in  
thy mind  
Trust to the God that leads thee, and  
follow the sea that is silent,  
Did it not yet exist now would it rise  
from the flood  
Nature with Genius stands united in  
league everlasting,  
What is promised to one, surely the  
other performs

# Translations

THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATIONS, ALTHOUGH NOT INCLUDED IN THE "COMPLETE CENTENNIAL EDITION" OF MR LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS PUBLISHED IN AMERICA, ARE INSERTED IN THIS EDITION IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY THE TITLE OF "AUTHOR'S COMPLETE EDITION"

## CANTOS FROM DANTE'S PARADISO

### CANTO XXIII

EVEN as a bird, mid the beloved leaves,  
 Quiet upon the nest of her sweet brood  
 Throughout the night, that hideth all things from us,  
 Who, that she may behold their longed for looks  
 And find the food wherewith to nourish them,  
 In which to her, grave labours grateful are,  
 Anticipates the time on open spray  
 And with an ardent longing waits the sun,  
 Gazing intent as soon as breaks the dawn  
 Even thus my Lady standing was erect  
 And vigilant, turned round towards the zone  
 Underneath which the sun displays less haste,  
 So that beholding her distraught and wistful,  
 Such I became as he is who desiring  
 For something yearns, and hoping is appeased.  
 But brief the space from one When to the other,  
 Of my awaiting, say I, and the seeing  
 The welkin grow resplendent more and more.  
 And Beatrice exclaimed "Behold the hosts  
 Of Christ's triumphal march and all the fruit  
 Harvested by the rolling of these spheres"  
 It seemed to me her face was all aflame,  
 And eyes she had so full of ecstasy  
 That I must needs pass on without describing  
 As when in nights serene of the full moon  
 Smiles Trivia among the nymphs eternal  
 Who paint the firmament through all its gulfs,  
 Saw I, above the myriads of lamps,  
 A Sun that one and all of them enkindled,  
 E'en as our own doth the supernal sights,  
 And through the living light transparent shone  
 The lucent substance so intensely clear  
 Into my sight that I sustained it not  
 O Beatrice, thou gentle guide and dear  
 To me she said "What overmasters thee  
 A virtue is from which naught shields itself.

There are the wisdom and the omnipotence  
 That oped the thoroughfares twixt heaven and earth,  
 For which there erst had been so long a yearning  
 As fire from out a cloud unlocks itself,  
 Dilating so it finds not room therein,  
 And down against its nature, falls to earth,  
 So did my mind, among those aliments  
 Becoming larger, issue from itself,  
 And that which it became cannot remember  
 "Open thine eyes and look at what I am  
 Thou hast beheld such things, that strong enough  
 Hast thou become to tolerate my smile  
 I was as one who still retains the feeling  
 Of a forgotten vision, and endeavours  
 In vain to bring it back into his mind,  
 When I this invitation heard, deserving  
 Of so much gratitude, it never fades  
 Out of the book that chronicles the past.  
 If at this moment sounded all the tongues  
 That Polyhymnia and her sisters made  
 Most lubrical with their delicious milk,  
 To aid me to a thousandth of the truth  
 It would not reach, singing the holy smile  
 And how the holy aspect it illumed  
 And therefore, representing Paradise  
 The sacred poem must perforce leap over,  
 Even as a man who finds his way cut off  
 But whoso thinketh of the ponderous theme,  
 And of the mortal shoulder laden with it,  
 Should blame it not if under this it tremble  
 It is no passage for a little boat  
 This which goes cleaving the audacious prow,  
 Nor for a pilot who would spare himself  
 Why doth my face so much enamour thee,  
 That to the garden fair thou turnest not,  
 Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming?  
 There is the Rose in which the Word Divine  
 Became incarnate, there the lilies are  
 By whose perfume the good way was discovered "  
 Thus Beatrice and I, who to her counsels  
 Was wholly ready, once again betook me  
 Unto the battle of the feeble brows  
 As in the sunshine, that unsullied streams  
 Through fractured cloud ere now a meadow of flowers  
 Mine eyes with shadow covered o'er have seen,  
 So troops of splendours manifold I saw  
 Illumined from above with burning rays,  
 Beholding not the source of the effulgence.  
 O power benignant that does so imprint them !  
 Thou didst exalt thyself to give more scope  
 There to mine eyes that were not strong enough  
 The name of that fair flower I ever invoke  
 Morning and evening utterly enthralled  
 My soul to gaze upon the greater fire.  
 And when in both mine eyes depicted were  
 The glory and greatness of the living star  
 Which there excelleth, as it here excelled,  
 Athwart the heavens a little torch descended

Formed in a circle like a coronal,  
 And cinetured it, and whirled itself about it.  
 Whatever melody most sweetly soundeth  
 On earth, and to itself most draws the soul,  
 Would seem a cloud that, rent asunder, thunders,  
 Compared unto the sounding of that lyre  
 Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful,  
 Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue.  
 "I am Angelie Love, that erele round  
 The joy sublime which breathes from out the womb  
 That was the hostelry of our Desire,  
 And I shall erele, Lady of Heaven while  
 Thou followest thy Son, and mak'st diviner  
 The sphere supreme, because thou interest there"  
 Thus did the circulated melody  
 Seal itself up, and all the other lights  
 Were making to resound the name of Mary  
 The regal mantle of the volumes all  
 Of that world, which most fervid is and living  
 With breath of God and with his works and ways,  
 Extended over us its inner border,  
 So very distant, that the semblance of it  
 There where I was not yet appeared to me.  
 Therefore mine eyes did not possess the power  
 Of following the incoronated flame,  
 Which mounted upward near to its own seed  
 And as a little child that towards its mother  
 Stretches its arms, when it the milk has taken,  
 Through impulse kindled into outward flame,  
 Each of those gleams of whiteness upward reached  
 So with its summit, that the deep affection  
 They had for Mary was revealed to me  
 Thereafter they remained there in my sight,  
*Regina celi* singing with such sweetness,  
 That ne'er from me has the delight departed  
 O, what exuberance is garnered up  
 Within those richest coffers, which had been  
 Good husbandmen for sowing here below!  
 There they enjoy and live upon the treasure  
 Which was acquired while weeping in the exile  
 Of Babylon where the gold was left  
 There triumpheth, beneath the exalted Son  
 Of God and Mary, in his victory,  
 Both with the ancient council and the new  
 He who doth keep the keys of such a glory

## CANTO XXIV

"O COMPANY elect to the great supper  
 Of the Lamb benedight, who feedeth you  
 So that for ever full is your desire  
 If by the grace of God this man foretaste  
 Something of that which falleth from your table,  
 Or ever death prescribe to him the time  
 Direct your mind to his immense desire,  
 And him somewhat bedew, ye drinking are  
 For ever at the fount whence comes his thought

Thus Beatrice, and those souls beatified  
 Transformed themselves to spheres on steadfast poles,  
 Flaming intensely in the guise of comets  
 And as the wheels in works of horologes  
 Revolve so that the first to a beholder  
 Motionless seems, and the last one to fly,  
 So in like manner did those carols dancing  
 In different measure, of their affluence  
 Give me the gauge as they were swift or slow  
 From that one which I noted of most beauty  
 Beheld I issue forth a fire so happy  
 That none it left there of a greater brightness,  
 And around Beatrice three several times  
 It whirled itself with so divine a song,  
 My fantasy repeats it not to me,  
 Therefore the pen skips and I write it not,  
 Since our imagination for such folds,  
 Much more our speech is of a tint too glaring  
 "O holy sister mine who us implorest  
 With such devotion by thine ardent love  
 Thou dost unbind me from that beautiful sphere!"  
 Thereafter having stopped, the blessed fire  
 Unto my Lady did direct its breath  
 Which spake in fashion as I here have said.  
 And she O light eterne of the great man  
 To whom our Lord delivered up the keys  
 He carried down of this miraculous joy,  
 This one examine on points light and grave,  
 As good beseemeth thee, about the Faith  
 By means of which thou on the sea didst walk.  
 If he love well and hope well, and believe  
 From thee us hid not, for thou hast thy sight  
 There where depicted everything is seen  
 But since this kingdom has made citizens  
 By means of the true Faith, to glorify it  
 'Tis well he have the chance to speak thereof'  
 As baccalaureate arms himself, and speaks not  
 Until the master doth propose the question,  
 To argue it and not to terminate it,  
 So did I arm myself with every reason  
 While she was speaking that I might be ready  
 For such a questioner and such profession  
 "Say thou good Christian manifest thyself,  
 What is the Faith? Whereat I raised my brow  
 Unto that light wherefrom was this breathed forth  
 Then turned I round to Beatrice and she  
 Prompt signals made to me that I should pour  
 The water forth from my internal fountain  
 "May grace that suffers me to make confession,  
 Begin I 'to the great centurion,  
 Cause my conceptions all to be explicit!'  
 And I continued 'As the truthful pen,  
 Father of thy dear brother wrote of it,  
 Who put with thee Rome into the good way,  
 Faith is the substance of the things we hope for,  
 And evidence of those that are not seen,  
 And this appears to me its quiddity'  
 Then heard I "Very rightly thou perceivest,

If well thou understandest why he placed it  
 With substances and then with evidences,"  
 And I thereafter "The things profound,  
 That here vouchsafe to me their apperition,  
 Unto all eyes below are so concealed,  
 That they exist there only in belief,  
 Upon the which is founded the high hope,  
 And hence it has the nature of a substance  
 And it behooveth us from this belief  
 To reason without having other sight,  
 And hence it has the nature of evidence"  
 Then heard I "If whatever is required  
 Below by doctrine are thus understood,  
 No sophists subtlety would there find place."  
 Thus was breathed forth from that enkindled love,  
 Then added "Very well has been gone over  
 Already of this coin the alloy and weight,  
 But tell me if thou hast it in thy purse?"  
 And I "Yes both so shining and so round,  
 That in its stamp there is no peradventure"  
 Thereafter issued from the light profound  
 That there resplendent was "This precious jewel  
 Upon the which is every virtue founded,  
 Whence hadst thou it? And I "The large outpouring,  
 Of Holy Spirit, which has been diffused  
 Upon the ancient parchments and the new,  
 A syllogism is which proved it to me  
 With such celerity, that, compared therewith,  
 All demonstration seems to me obtuse."  
 And then I heard "The ancient and the new  
 Portulantes, that to thee are so conclusive  
 Why dost thou take them for the word divine?"  
 And I "The proofs which show the truth to me  
 Are the works subsequent, whereunto Nature  
 Ne'er heated iron yet, nor anvil beat  
 Thus answered me "Sir, who assureth thee  
 That those works ever were? the thing itself  
 That must be proved, nought else to thee affirms it"  
 "Were the world to Christianity converted,  
 I said "withouten miracles, this one  
 Is such, the real are not its hundredth part,  
 Because that poor and fasting thou didst enter  
 Into the field to sow there the good plant,  
 Which was a vine and has become a thorn!"  
 This being finished, the high holy Court  
 Resounded through the spheres, "One God we praise!"  
 In melody that there above is chanted  
 And then that Baron, who from branch to branch,  
 Examining, had thus conducted me,  
 Till the extremest leaves we were approaching,  
 Again began "The Grace that dallying  
 Plays with thine intellect thy mouth has opened,  
 Up to this point, as it should opened be,  
 So that I do approve what forth emerged,  
 But now thou must express what thou believest,  
 And whence to thy belief it was presented"  
 "O holy father, spirit who beholdest  
 What thou believedst so that thou o'ercamest,



"Towards the sepulchre more youthful feet,"  
 Began I "thou dost wish me in this place  
 The form to manifest of my prompt belief,  
 And likewise thou the cause thereof demandest.  
 And I respond In one God I believe  
 Sole and eternal who moveth all the heavens  
 With love and with desire, himself unmoved,  
 And of such faith not only have I proofs  
 Physical and metaphysical, but gives them  
 Likewise the truth that from this place runs down  
 Through Moses through the Prophets and the Psalms,  
 Through the Gospel, and through you who wrote  
 After the fiery Spirit sanctified you,  
 In Persons three eternal believe and these  
 One essence I believe so one and true  
 They bear conjunction both with *sub* and *est*  
 With the profound conclusion and divine  
 Which now I touch upon doth stamp my mind  
 Ofttimes the doctrine I am cheer  
 Thus the beginning is this is the spark  
 Which afterwards dilates to vivid flame  
 And like a star in heaven, is sparkling in me"  
 Even as a lord who hears what pleases him  
 His servant straight embraces gratulating  
 For the good news as soon as he is told it,  
 So giving me his benediction saying  
 Three times encircled me when I was silent  
 The apostle he lit at who confirmed  
 I spoken had, in speaking I so pleased him

CANTO XXX

If ever it happen that the Poem Sacred,  
 To which both Heaven and earth have set their hand  
 So that it may a year hath made me learn,  
 Overcome the cruelty that bars me out  
 From the fair sheepfold where a lamb I slumbered,  
 An enemy to the wolves that war upon it,  
 With other voice forthwith with other fleece  
 Post-vill I return and at my font  
 Baptismal will I take the laurel crown,  
 Because into the Faith that mortal know  
 All souls to God there entered I, and then  
 Peter for her sake thus my brow encircled  
 Thereafterward towards us moved a light  
 Out of that band whence issued the first fruits  
 Which of his veils Christ behind him kept,  
 And then my Lady full of ecstasy,  
 Said unto me "Look look I behold the Baron  
 For whom below Galicia is frequented  
 In the same way as when a dove alights  
 Near his companion, both of them pour forth,  
 Circling about and murmuring their affection,  
 So one beheld I by the other prand  
 Prince glorified to be with welcome greeted  
 Lauding the food that there above is eaten  
 But when their gratulations were complete

Silently *coram me* each one stood still,  
 So incandescent it o'ercame my sight  
 Smiling thereafterwards, said Beatrice  
 "Illustrious life, by whom the benefactions  
 Of our Basilica have been described,  
 Make Hope resound within this altitude,  
 Thou knowest as oft thou dost personify it  
 As Jesus to the three gave greater clearness"—  
 "Lift up thy head, and make thyself assured,  
 For what comes hither from the mortal world  
 Must needs be ripened in our radiance.  
 This comfort came to me from the second fire,  
 Wherefore mine eyes I lifted to the hills,  
 Which bent them down before with too great weight.  
 "Since, through his grace, our Emperor wills that thou  
 Shouldst find thee face to face before thy death  
 In the most secret chamber, with his Counts,  
 So that, the truth beholden of this court,  
 Hope, which below there rightfully enamours,  
 Thereby thou strengthen in thyself and others,  
 Say what it is, and how is flowering with it  
 Thy mind, and say from whence it came to thee"  
 Thus did the second light again continue  
 And the Compassionate, who piloted  
 The plumage of my wings in such high flight,  
 Did in reply anticipate me thus  
 "No child whatever the Church Militant  
 Of greater hope possesses as is written  
 In that Sun which irradiates all our band,  
 Therefore it is conceded him from Egypt  
 To come into Jerusalem to see,  
 Or ever yet his warfare be completed  
 The two remaining points, that not for knowledge  
 Have been demanded but that he report  
 How much this virtue unto thee is pleasing,  
 To him I leave, for hard he will not find them,  
 Nor of self-praise, and let him answer them,"  
 And may the grace of God in this assist him!"  
 As a disciple, who his teacher follows,  
 Ready and willing where he is expert,  
 That his proficiency may be displayed,  
 "Hope," said I, "is the certain expectation  
 Of future glory, which is the effect  
 Of grace divine and merit precedent  
 From many stars this light comes unto me!  
 But he instilled it first into my heart  
 Who was chief singer unto the chief captain  
 'Sperent in te' in the high Theody  
 He sayeth, those who know thy name, and who  
 Knoweth it not, if he my faith possess?  
 Thou didst instil me, then, with his instilling  
 In the Epistle, so that I am full  
 And upon others rain again your rain"  
 While I was speaking, in the living bosom  
 Of that combustion quivered in effulgence  
 Sudden and frequent in the guise of lightning,  
 Then breathed "The love wherewith I am inflamed  
 Towards the virtue still which followed me

Unto the palm and rose of the field,  
 Wills that I breathe to thee that thou delight  
 In her, and grateful to me is thy telling  
 Whatever things Hope promises to thee  
 And I — The ancient Scripture — and the new  
 The mark establish and the holy it me  
 Of all the souls whom God hath made his friends  
 Isaiah saith that each one is garmented  
 In his own land shall be with two fold garments,  
 And his own land is the delightful life  
 Thy brother, too, far more explicitly  
 There's here he traveth of the robes of a life,  
 Thus revelation manifest to thee  
 And first and near the ending of these words,  
 'Speret te' from over it was sent,  
 To a hush to pause and end all the world  
 Thereafterward a light among them brightened  
 So that if Cancer once such crystal had  
 Winter would be a month of a cold day  
 And as a priest goes and enter the dance  
 A winsome maiden only to do honour  
 To the new bride and not from a wishful long,  
 Even thus did I behold the brighten splendour  
 Approach the two who in a wheel revolved  
 As a beam coming to the radiant in a  
 Into the song and music there it entered  
 And fixed on them my lamp for look,  
 Even as a bride did not and I could not  
 "This is the one who lay up in the heart  
 Of him our Pelican and this, I think  
 To the great office from the cross elected"  
 My Lady that but the reason none the more  
 Did move her sight from its own gaze  
 Before or afterward there's a day of here  
 Even as a man who gives and endures  
 To see the eclipsing of the sun a little  
 And who by seeing sightless cloth become  
 So I became before that latest fire  
 While it was said — Why do thou dare thyself  
 To see a thing which he hath no experience?  
 Lark in the earth in body is and shall be  
 With all the others there until our number  
 With the eternal proposition talker  
 With the two garment in the blessed cloister  
 Are the two lights alone that have ascended  
 And this shalt thou take back into your world."  
 And at this utterance the flaming circle  
 Grew quiet with the dulcet intermingling  
 Of sound that by the trial breath was made,  
 As to escape from danger or fatigue  
 The oars that erst were in the water beaten  
 Are all suspended at a whistle's sound.  
 Ah, how much in my mind was I disturbed  
 When I turned round to look on Beatrice  
 That her I could not see although I was  
 Close at her side and in the happy World!

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## BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HILORT

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

THUS then, much care-worn,  
 The son of Healfden  
 Sorrowed evermore,  
 Nor might the prudent hero  
 His woes avert  
 The war was too hard,  
 Too loath and longsomed,  
 That on the people came,  
 Dire wrath and grim,  
 Of night-woes the worst  
 This from home heard  
 Higlac's Thane,  
 Good among the Goths,  
 Grendel's deeds  
 He was of mankind  
 In might the strongest,  
 At that day  
 Of this life,  
 Noble and stalwart.  
 He bade him a sea ship,  
 A goodly one, prepare  
 Quoth he, the warling,  
 Over the swin's road,  
 Seek he would  
 The mighty monarch,  
 Since he wanted men  
 For him that journey  
 His prudent fellows  
 Straight made ready,  
 Those that loved him  
 They excited their souls,  
 The omen they beheld  
 Had the good-man  
 Of the Gothic people  
 Champions chosen,  
 Of those that least  
 He might find,  
 Some fifteen men  
 The sea-wood sought he  
 The warrior showed,  
 Sea-crafty man  
 The landmarks  
 And first went forth  
 The ship was on the waves  
 Bore under the cliffs.  
 The barons ready  
 To the prow mounted  
 The streams they whirled  
 The sea against the sands  
 The chieftains bore  
 On the naked breast  
 Bright ornaments  
 War gear, Goth like

Nothing loathsome  
With a ship-crew  
Scathe us might  
Ne'er saw I mightier  
Earl upon earth  
Than is your own,  
Hero in harness  
Not seldom this warrior  
Is in weapons distinguished,  
Never his beauty belies him,  
His peerless countenance I  
Now would I fain  
Your origin know,  
Ere ye forth  
As false spies  
Into the Land of the Danes  
Farther fare.  
Now, ye dwellers afar off!  
Ye sailors of the sea!  
Listen to my  
One-fold thought.  
Quickest is best  
To make known  
Whence your coming may be.'

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT  
AGAINST THE BODY

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

MUCH it behoveth  
Each one of mortals  
That he his soul's journey  
In himself ponder,  
How deep it may be.

When Death cometh,  
The bonds he breaketh  
By which united  
Were body and soul

Long it is thenceforth  
Ere the soul taketh  
From God himself  
Its woe or its weal,  
As in the world erst,  
Even in its earth-vessel,  
It wrought before

The soul shall come  
Wailing with loud voice,  
After a sennight  
The soul, to find  
The body  
That it erst dwelt in,—  
Three hundred winters  
Unless ere that worketh  
The eternal Lord,  
The Almighty God,  
The end of the world

Crieth then, so care-worn,  
With cold utterance,  
And speaketh grimly,  
The ghost to the dust  
"Dry dust! thou dreary one!  
How little didst thou labour for me  
In the foulness of earth  
Thou art wearest away  
Like to the loam!  
Little didst thou think  
How thy soul's journey  
Would be thereafter,  
When from the body  
It should be led forth"

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD

FROM THE SWEDISH

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides  
Valleys and mountains, and hills but on the fourth side was the ocean.  
Birch woods crowned the summits but over the down-sloping hill-sides  
Flourished the golden corn and man-high was waving the rye field.  
Lakes, full many in number their mirror held up for the mountains,  
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers  
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.  
But in the valleys full widely around, there fed on the greensward  
Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail.  
'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there a vast countless number  
Of white-woolled sheep as thou seest the white looking stray clouds,  
Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.

## TRANSLATIONS

Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm winds,  
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder [shoes  
Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel  
The banquet hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir  
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)  
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule tide  
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm oak,  
Polished and white, as of steel, the columns twain of the high-seat  
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree,  
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet.  
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black  
Scarlet red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),  
Thorsten sat with his friends Hospitality sitting with Gladness.  
Oft, when the moon among the night clouds flew, related the old man  
Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings  
Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea.  
Hush sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's  
Lips, as a bee on the rose, but the Skald was thinking of Bragé,  
Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated  
Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's  
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition  
Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned for ever the fire-flame  
Glad on its stone-built-hearth, and through the wide mouth smoke-flue  
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall,  
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order  
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them  
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots  
More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened,  
White as the orb of the sun or white as the moon's disc of silver  
Ever and anon went a mud round the board and filled up the drink horns,  
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed, in the shield her reflection  
Blushed too, even as she,—this gladdened the hard-drinking champions

### FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION

#### FROM THE SWEDISH

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run,  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya peeping rosebuds gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport,  
Swarming in its gorgeous splendour is assembled all the court,  
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground away,  
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey

See, the queen of the chase advances! Frithiof gaze not on the sight!  
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white  
Half of Freya half of Rota yet more beautiful than these two,  
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue

Now the huntsman's band is ready Hurrah! over hill and dale  
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,  
But with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyria comes

\* \* \* \* \*

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,  
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knees his head,  
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms  
On his shield calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon a bough  
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow,  
Take his queen, for she is thine and once the bridal kiss she gave,  
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave"

Frithiof listens, hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough  
"Though no human eye beholds thee Odin's eye beholds thee now  
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber? a defenceless old man slay?  
Whatsoever thou winn'st thou canst not win a hero's fame this way"

Thus the two wood-birds did warble, Frithiof took his war-sword good,  
With a shudder hurled it from him far into the gloomy wood.  
Coal-black bird flies down to Nistrind but on light unfolded wings  
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens "Sweet has been my sleep, he said,  
"Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.  
But where is thy sword O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?  
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered, "in the North are other swords,  
Sharp O monarch is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful  
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades spirits from the Niffelhem, [words,  
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.

~ ~ ~

### SILENT LOVE

FROM THE GERMAN

Who love would seek,  
Let him love evermore  
And seldom speak  
For in love's domain  
Silence must reign  
Or it brings the heart  
Smart  
And pain.

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### CHILDHOOD

FROM THE DANISH

THERE was a time when I was very  
small,  
When my whole frame was but an  
ell in height  
Sweetly as I recall it tears do fall  
And therefore I recall it with de-  
light

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a horseback on best  
father's knee  
Alike were sorrows, passions, and  
alarms  
And gold, and Greek and love, un-  
known to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less  
in size, [far  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked  
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars  
arise,  
And longed for wings that I might  
catch a star

I saw the moon behind the island  
fade,  
And thought 'O were I on that  
island there  
I could find out of what the moon is  
made,  
Find out how large it is, how round,  
how fair!

## TRANSLATIONS

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through  
western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at  
night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with  
crimson light,

And thought of God, the gracious  
Heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun  
on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-  
strung together,  
Dropped, clustering, from His hand  
o'er all the sky

With childish reverence, my young  
lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught  
to me  
"O Gentle God! O, let me strive  
always  
Still to be wise, and good, and  
follow thee!

So prayed I for my father and my  
mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the  
town,  
The king I knew not, and the beggar-  
brother,  
Who, bent with age, went, sighing,  
up and down

They perished, the blithe days of boy-  
hood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace  
I knew!  
Now have I but their memory, fondly  
cherished,—  
God! may I never, never lose that  
too!

### ~~~~~ DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE FRENCH

THE archbishop, whom God loved in  
high degree,  
Behold his wounds all bleeding fresh  
and free,  
And then his cheek more ghastly grew  
and wan,  
And a faint shudder through his  
members ran.

Upon the battle field his knee was  
bent,  
Brave Roland saw, and to his succour  
went,  
Straightway his helmet from his brow  
unlaced,  
And tore the shining hauberk from his  
breast,  
Then raising in his arms the man of  
God,  
Gently he laid him on the verdant  
sod.  
"Rest, Sir," he cried—"for rest thy  
suffering needs"  
The priest replied, "Think but of  
warlike deeds!"  
The field is ours, well may we boast  
this strife!  
But death steals on,—there is no hope  
of life,  
In paradise, where the almoners live  
again,  
There are our couches spread,—there  
shall we rest from pain.  
Sore Roland grieved, nor marvel I,  
alas!  
That thrice he swooned upon the  
thick, green grass  
When he revived, with a loud voice  
cried he,  
"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint  
Marie!  
Why lingers death to lay me in my  
grave?  
Beloved France! how have the good  
and brave  
Been torn from thee and left thee weak  
and poor!"  
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady love,  
came o'er  
His spirit, and he whispered soft and  
slow,  
"My gentle friend!—what parting  
full of woe!  
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou  
see,—  
Whatever my fate, Christ's benison on  
thee!  
Christ, who did save from realms of  
woe beneath  
The Hebrew prophets from the second  
death,"  
Then to the paladins, whom well he  
knew,  
He went, and one by one unaided  
drew  
To Turpin's side, well skilled in  
ghostly lore,—



No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore,  
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he  
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity

The archbishop, then,—on whom God's benison rest!  
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast,—  
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,  
And many a wound his swollen visage bore  
Slow beats his heart,—his panting bosom heaves,—  
Death comes apace,—no hope of cure relieves.  
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed  
That God who for our sins was mortal made—  
Born of the Virgin,—scorned and crucified—  
In paradise would place him by his side

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,  
In battle great and eke great orison  
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion,—  
God grant to him his holy benison!

~~~~~  
RONDEL

FROM FROISSART

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee! I do not know thee,—nor what deeds are thine  
Love, love what wilt thou with this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee! Shall I be mute or vows with prayers combine?  
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me  
Love, love what wilt thou with this heart of mine?  
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!

RONDEL

FROM THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

HENCE away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholy!  
Think ye thus to govern me  
All my life long, as ye have done?  
That shall ye not, I promise ye,  
Reason shall have the mastery  
So hence away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholy!  
  
If ever ye return this way,  
With your mournful company,  
A curse be on ye, and the day  
That brings ye moping back to me!  
Hence away, begone, I say,  
Carking care and melancholy!

~~~~~  
RENOUVLAU

FROM THE FRENCH

Now Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,  
And clothes him in the embroidery  
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky  
  
With beast and bird the forest rings,  
Each in his jargon cries or sings,  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain  
  
River, and fount, and tinkling brook  
Wear in their dainty livery  
Drops of silver jewelry,  
In new-made suit they merry look,  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain

~~~~~  
THE NATURE OF LOVE

FROM THE ITALIAN

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,  
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade,  
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,  
Nor before love the noble heart was made.  
Soon as the sun's broad flame  
Was formed so soon the clear light filled the air,

## TRANSLATIONS

Yet was not till he came  
So love springs up in noble breasts,  
    and there  
Has its appointed space,  
As heat in the bright flame finds its  
    allotted place

Kindles in noble heart the fire of  
    love,  
As hidden virtue in the precious  
    stone

This virtue comes not from the stars  
    above,  
Till round it the ennobling sun has  
    shone

But when his powerful blaze  
Has drawn forth what was vile, the  
    stars impart

Strange virtue in their rays  
And thus when Nature doth create the  
    heart

Noble and pure and high,  
Like virtue from the star, love comes  
    from woman's eye

### FRIAR LUBIN

FROM THE FRENCH

To gallop off to town post haste,  
    So oft, the times I cannot tell,  
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—  
    Friar Lubin will do it well  
But a sober life to lead,  
    To honour virtue, and pursue it,  
That's a pious, Christian deed,—  
    Friar Lubin cannot do it

To mingle with a knowing smile,  
    The goods of others with his own,  
And leave you without cross or pile,  
    Friar Lubin stands alone  
To say his yours is all in vain,  
    If once he lays his finger to it,  
For as to giving back again,  
    Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle  
    tone,  
To woo and win some guileless  
    maid,

Cunning pander need you none,—  
    Friar Lubin knows the trade.  
Loud preacheth he sobriety,  
    But as for water, doth eschew it,  
Your dog may drink it,—but not he,  
    Friar Lubin cannot do it

### ENVOI

When an evil deed's to do,  
Friar Lubin is stout and true,  
Glimmers a ray of goodness through  
    it,  
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

FROM THE GERMAN

O, HOW blest are ye whose toils are  
    ended !

Who, through death, have unto God  
    ascended !

Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still in  
    prison

We are still as in a dungeon living,  
Still oppressed with sorrow and mis-  
    giving,

Our undertakings  
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart  
    breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers  
    sleeping,  
Quiet, and set free from all our  
    weeping,  
No cross nor trial  
Hinders your enjoyments with denial

Christ has wiped away your tears for  
    ever,  
Ye have that for which we still en-  
    deavour

To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear have  
    haunted

Ah ! who would not, then, depart with  
    gladness,

To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?  
Who here would languish  
Longer in be-availing and in anguish ?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains  
    that bind us !

Lead us forth, and cast this world  
    behind us !

With thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest ap-  
    pointed.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

SONG

FROM THE SPANISH

AH, Love !  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !  
Enemy  
Of all that mankind may not rue !  
Most untrue  
To him who keeps most faith with  
thee !  
Woe is me !  
The falcon has the eyes of the dove !  
Ah, Love !  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !  
Thy deccits  
Give us clearly to comprehend  
Whither tend  
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !

They are cheats,—  
Thorns below, and flowers above !  
Ah Love !  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

~~~~~

SONG

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

If thou art sleeping, maiden  
Awake, and open thy door [away,  
'Tis the break of day, and we must  
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor  
Wait not to find thy slippers,  
But come with thy naked feet  
We shall have to pass through the  
dewy grass  
And waters wide and fleet.

THE END

